

The Australian

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

March 13, 1957

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

9



The Queen in Portugal

Tact deodorant soap

safeguards your freshness,

all over, all day

as no ordinary soap can..



New miracle

Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

☆ PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past.

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.

G11 HEXACHLOROPHENE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with ordinary soap and thousands of these

germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

**BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP
IN THE BIG BATH SIZE...
and SAVE MONEY!**

REGULAR SIZE 1' - BATH SIZE 1 1/2

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 1880, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 4089, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 306A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 4910, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

MARCH 13, 1957

Vol. 24, No. 4

"BRING OUT A BRITON"

THE Federal Government's sound plan to find jobs and homes for British migrants is getting under way.

Since Immigration Minister Townley announced the Government's "Bring out a Briton" campaign a month or so ago, organisations throughout the country have backed the new drive.

The campaign, designed among other things to help British migrants who can't find an Australian nominator, is one which brings in the whole community.

It is part of the challenge to every Australian to help people this immense and isolated country during the greatest migration period in modern history.

And if Australians don't measure up to this challenge, which won't come again, other countries will get the people they need while the almost empty Commonwealth lags behind.

This is a drive for national survival in which women, through their many organisations and privately, can play just as important a part as men.

For women are realists who often see right through the trees while men waste time arguing how to get around them.

"Bring out a Briton," however, does not mean that non-British peoples are not welcome, or that the significant contribution to this country by European migrants is not deeply appreciated.

But this is a British country, with blood ties and responsibilities within a British Commonwealth, and Australians would naturally like to keep a reasonable balance between British migrants and those who come from other countries.

Our cover:

● The Queen and Prince Philip are pictured stepping ashore from the Royal barge during their State visit to Portugal. The ancient gilded barge is below the level of the wharf in the picture, but some of the oarsmen can be seen. They wore scarlet uniforms with black, tasselled caps. When the Royal couple returned to England the Queen announced that she had created her husband a Prince of the Realm. A notice in the "London Gazette" said he "shall henceforth be known as His Royal Highness the Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh." The new title does not confer the same status as that of Prince Consort, which was the title of Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert.

This week:

● Knitters will find plenty to interest them in this issue. Instructions for all but two of the designs are complete in the paper. For the others, a baby's shawl and a man's Aran guernsey, we have prepared instructions on printed pamphlets. Readers can obtain them by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to our Knitting Department, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. The baby's shawl is an exquisite lace creation, the man's guernsey features an effective, intricate pattern.

Next week:

● Are you dieting to attain a slim figure? Do you find it difficult? Does hunger defeat you? There are lots of little tricks you can use to delude that clamorous appetite. We tell you all about them in a special feature next week. They are designed to help you stay on a diet, and in dieting it's the staying power that counts.

● Two pages of pictures show the Paris look for fashionable heads. On one page you'll see the latest hats, on the other there are three color pictures of charming headdresses for the adornment of pretty heads after dark.

● New fish recipes are always welcome, and especially so during Lent. Our cookery page next week is devoted to fish, and the dishes are varied and attractive.

BOOK REVIEWS by AINSLIE BAKER

Romantic novelist writes about dogs

● Ursula Bloom, best-known for her light romantic novels, has written a book about dogs—"No Lady Has a Dog's Day."

HER own comment in the preface sums it up: "If you don't like dogs, don't read this book, because you won't like it, and anyway it isn't meant for you."

But if you do like dogs, then you'll have some pleasant hours with a lively account of the dogs who've graced and disgraced the home of this popular English writer.

The dogs in her life have varied from deerhounds to pekes, from cairns and scotties to dachshunds and foxies.

They have answered to such names as Lilac, Destiny, Marzipan, and Romeo.

One, Boozlums, was taken on a holiday, "took a frightful fancy to a trawler, and joined up with the fishing fleet

as leading cat-hand, leaving home forever."

No dog, says Ursula Bloom, should be an "only dog." Like children, they need the companionship and understanding of one of their kind.

Only pups can stand up to a changing background.

"The dog seeks an established system of living; he likes to know where things are kept, the method of getting them, the hour at which certain things are likely to happen, and where."

Cats are admitted to this "casual book of reminiscences," though in a suitably minor way. Of them the author observes profoundly, "Since I have grown up I have come to the conclusion that there are precious few tomatoms in this world, and most of them in the end have kittens!"

That statement will find an echo in the experience of many of her readers.

Published by Hutchinson.

THE LIGHTHEARTED QUEST, by Ann Bridge (Chatto and Windus). A not-too-deep novel from a usually pleasing writer. Owing to the author's liking for foreign backgrounds, this turns out to be something of a travelogue, with the adventures of a blonde, by no means dumb, occasionally taking second place to the scenery. All the same, you'll probably like it.

THE GOLDEN QUILL, by Bernard Grun (W. H. Allen). This fictional treatment of the life of the composer Mozart becomes a romantic costume novel, with a fair-sized chunk of European history thrown in for good measure.

A gay love story
By PAUL ERNST
ILLUSTRATED BY KICKHEFER

She learned to say NO!

PEG BARNEY hurried along Lexington Avenue, soft red lips pursed in dismay, like a small child going to a spanking. Ward McKenny II would be furious. Well, not furious; he was a contained and controlled young man. Let's say he would be impatient to a marked degree.

She was to have met him at five-twenty, and it was ten to six. According to any mathematics, that was a half-hour late, and Ward regarded time as the ancient Romans—or was it the Greeks?—regarded the eternal fire in the temple. He himself would have been on the corner of Forty-Fifth since five-eighteen.

There he was, tall and conservative-looking, complete with brief-case, appearing less like a manufacturer and seller of fire engines than like something turned over lightly and basted to smooth perfection in the State Department. He had blue eyes and dark brown hair, and no hair was ever out of place, and neither eye ever expressed anything stronger than—impatience.

Peg hurried up to him, a small, well-assembled blonde, with a sweet mouth and eyes that asked you to like her, please, because she liked you very much. She said, "Ward, I'm sorry, sorry, sorry."

"It's all right," Ward sighed. "I suppose there was the usual airtight reason."

"Yes. Anne Reese had this appointment with her oculist, and there was this mirror-insurance policy to be typed for the Grace Hotel. They've redone their lobby, with expensive mirrors."

"That," said Ward, "could have been left to my intelligence to deduce. So you're a little late. And last time you were a little late. And the time before that."

"Well, things always come up. Last time Tom Lindley raced off to the hospital because it looked as if the baby were due. And the time before that Mary Krouse had an awful headache."

"And it's always Peg Barney they turn to," said Ward. "Why do you suppose that is?"

"I don't know, Ward," she said meekly. He was so much smarter than she and knew so much more about things.

He took her arm and walked her north. "It's because you've made a patsy of yourself, that's why. You're too anxious to please people, dear. You're too eager to have everybody like you. And it's a one-way street. Comes the day when you need something yourself, you suddenly find no patsies. The people you've put yourself out for are suddenly busy elsewhere."

Peg frowned. It was an expression that did not look at home on her lively, pleasant face. She frowned because Ward had uttered a thought which she found hard to accept. "That's a lemony kind of thing to say."

Hurrying up to Ward, Peg said quickly, conscious of how late she was, "Sorry, sorry, sorry."

"It's the truth. I know. Listen to me, Peg." It was said in the high-brass manner. Now, hear this. "You've got to stop being such a door-mat, darling. You've got to learn to say no when people try to impose on you."

"But a favor . . . You aren't being imposed on when people ask a favor."

"So I'm not being imposed on when I stand on a street corner for twenty minutes, a half-hour—once almost forty-five minutes—waiting for prospective fathers or first-aid for ailing switchboard girls?"

Peg sighed in her turn. He had a point.

He said, "I know you can change, dear. If I didn't know it—well, I'd hate to look forward to a lifetime with a combination Red Cross aide, relief pitcher, and jellyfish."

It was hard to irritate Peg. She was almost disastrously even-tempered, and she was forever putting herself in the other fellow's shoes and realising the motive that produced an unkind saying. But this set a barb of anger through her. "Now, just a darn minute!" she said.

"I take back the jellyfish. You're really a firm little character, even if you are a sucker for a sob story."

Peg's anger was replaced by swift anxiety. She glanced up at Ward McKenny II's aristocratic countenance. She had never got over wondering how one so undistinguished as she had attracted this paragon, and, having attracted him, how she could have induced him to propose matrimony.

She admitted that she'd worked pretty hard at it, giving in to him in matters big and little, doing and acting as she thought he'd want her. The thought of losing him sent a shiver through her. On top of everything else, she loved the lug.

"You're probably right," she said. "What ought I to do about it, darling?"

"What I said in the first place. Learn to say 'No!'"

"No?"

"No! In clear, ringing tones, when somebody tries to smile you into doing something you have neither the time nor the desire to do."

"It sounds simple."

Ward patted the small hand that lay appealingly on his arm. "You try it, will you?"

Peg didn't hesitate long. "I'd hate to look forward to a lifetime with a jellyfish!" Her future as Mrs. Ward McKenny II was hanging in the balance.

"I promise."

"That's my girl!" said Ward. "From now on you won't let yourself be imposed on. That's settled. Now let's get along to the St. Regis. I have tickets for the ballet later."

Peg trotted thoughtfully beside him for a moment. Then she said, "No."

Ward broke stride in surprise. "No?" he echoed.

"No," said Peg.

"You don't want to go to the St. Regis?"

"Or the ballet," said Peg.

"Well, what would you like to do?"

"I'd like to go to the Pen and Brush for dinner, and then to that de-luscious Bill Holden movie."

Ward laughed comprehendingly and squeezed her arm. "Why, you're doing it! Darling, that's wonderful! You're doing just what I said. And it wasn't so hard, now, was it?"

Peg looked even more thoughtful and faintly surprised.

"No, it wasn't hard. Not at all."

Tess Moore, Peg's room-mate, was ready for bed when

To page 45



Cherished by
generations of
lovely brides...

Finlay's sheets



For over eight generations, Finlay's have woven Sheets and Pillowcases which have been cherished dearly by discriminating brides. To-day's bride is the luckiest; she can have the perfected product with 200 years of sheetmaking experience behind it. The best quality cotton goes into Finlay's Sheets and Pillowcases: the modern, decorator colours of blue, primrose, apricot, nil-green, rose and dark rose are a delight great-grandmother never knew!



IN WHITE AND DECORATOR COLOURS

Sheet beauty you've got to see to believe... and, remember, it's an old Scottish custom to date your Finlay's Sheets to see how long they'll wear! Make your choice from plain or twill weave.

Also ask for Finlay's genuine Scottish Window Hollands—they're guaranteed indestructible!

MADE IN SCOTLAND **FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS**

8A/142.71



THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN

A complete short story **By NANSI PUGH**

CHRISTOPHER BLACKDOWNE had brilliant blue eyes, black hair, and classical features. These were on a small scale, for he was a small man. His hands and feet were beautifully shaped, he had a pleasant speaking voice and a great deal of money.

Given these considerable advantages, he found life very pleasant. His parents had been drowned when their yacht sank off the coast of Norway, but, even after paying the death duties, he was left with ample means, so, although he grieved that he had lost his parents, there was a certain compensation in being free to follow his inclinations.

The two houses which had been left to him—one in the country and one in London—were graciously furnished, his father's family being an old and wealthy one, his mother a woman of perfect taste. Spending a few days at one and the rest of the week at the other, Christopher decided that neither house needed the slightest alteration, that every piece of furniture was absolutely right, that every ornament had been placed at exactly the correct angle to catch the light, to display the shape, to please the eye.

He stood on the terrace of the country-house and agreed with himself that his trees, water, grass, and flowers, provided they were cared for as they had been for the last two hundred years, were the most charming in the country, and in London he was positive that his window-boxes were the pride of the square. All the servants elected to stay on. Butler, chauffeur, housemaids—they all knew a good place when they had it. "Mr. Christopher" was promoted to "Mr. Blackdowne," and they were at his beck and call.

After a suitable period of mourning he gave some parties which appeared to be extremely successful. He was a lively and charming host and his guests were happy to come again. Looking at them seated at the oval table in London or ranged down the sides of the long table in the country, interesting men, beautiful, well-dressed women, Christopher had a sense of satisfaction.

How very easy it all was! And, raising his glass to admire a very fine Burgundy, he thought: "And soon I shall marry one of these lovely creatures looking so eagerly in my direction and found a family, calling my eldest son after my father and my first daughter after my mother..."

It was at this moment that he caught the eye of the slender, fair-haired girl whose dress glittered with gold sequins. She smiled at him, radiant that her host should be regarding her so intently, and hastily he gave his full attention to the bold, dark-haired young woman on his right, an earl's daughter, equally ready to smile at the delightful Christopher Blackdowne. But quite suddenly Christopher gave the faintest of nods to the elderly cousin who was acting as his hostess, and she, surprised but agile, rose to her feet and swept the ladies from the room.

The men moved up and the port went round. Christopher let them talk. He lit a cigar and gazed at the chandelier. The beauty of the crystal was enough in itself to hold the attention of any man of discrimination, but Christopher for once did not see it. He was, he reflected, surrounded with perfection. It was stifling. There was no room in it for growth at all. And he realised that he was possessed with an exquisite boredom.

He recollected very little of the rest of the evening, though, as they thanked him for their entertainment, the fair siren, the dark beauty, each pressed his hand to indicate how gladly they would accept another invitation.

Next morning he cancelled an appointment with his tailor and went for a walk. Although it was autumn in London, the sun shone brilliantly on turning leaves and barrows heaped with chrysanthemums. He wandered through unfamiliar streets. "I am suffering," he thought, "from a surfeit of peaches. What do I want instead?" He had no idea.

Hunger drove him into a public-house, but, after standing a pint all round, he decided that getting to know the lower classes was not just then the answer. He went on wandering until it was nearly dusk. As the lights went on in a second-hand furniture shop he decided to go in and look round. An old man behind the counter nodded to him but left him alone, and he toured the small shop in peace. Chairs, tables, cupboards were piled against the walls, plain and ornate together, and all as vulgar, as tasteless as the china that filled a long shelf.

By the door was a Victorian hat-stand, and before this Christopher stood in wonder. It was carved and polished and there was a small brass ridge from which hung two moth-



Hannah, resplendent in a gown of peacock-blue, received the guests standing with Christopher in front of the enormous figurehead.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

eaten clothes brushes. He had, he reflected, never seen anything quite so ugly before. His upbringing had spared him a great deal, but he did not, of course, realise this.

"How much?" he asked the man, who regarded him in astonishment and then hastened round the counter towards him.

"Like it, guv'nor?" he inquired guardedly.

"Well, no," said Christopher. "I can't say I do. Do you?"

"A bit old-fashioned," admitted the man. "Most people have the pram in the hall these days and there isn't much room for these things. Sell it to you for a quid."

"Get me a taxi," commanded Christopher. "I'll take it with me."

Sefton, his butler, was pained, but Mr. Blackdowne was evidently quite sober. A beautiful marble-topped Empire table was banished from the front door and the hat-stand put in its place. Christopher hung his bowler hat upon it and stepped back admiringly. "Perfectly hideous!" he murmured.

Before he gave his next party he had acquired two pictures. One was a portrait of a lighthouse-keeper's wife gazing out into the storm, her dying husband stretched at her feet. It was called "Keeping the Light Burning." The other was an embroidered text, stitched in red and green: "Joy cometh in the morning."

The first, which was very large, he hung in the dining-room in place of the Gainsborough portrait; the second took the place of a small Dutch flower picture which had formerly held the place of honor in his London study. Out of curiosity, he tried them on the two most attractive young women he knew. He invited the earl's daughter to lunch alone with him and seated her where she could not fail to share the anxiety of the lighthouse-keeper.

"Like it, my dear?" he inquired casually.

She gulped a little before answering, anxious to please but utterly without a hint from his expression. "It's priceless," she said at last. "Absolutely priceless!"

"Oh, no!" he replied. "It may be in time, of course. But it only cost me seven and sixpence."

The American girl gazed admiringly at the text. "How cute!" she said. "Mamma said Victorian things were 'in.' That's why she bought me this watch." And she displayed a dainty gold ornament pinned to her jacket.

"Yes," he said indifferently, "but that, of course, is beautiful." And he changed the subject.

When January came, and poking about in small, cold, badly lit shops was no longer entertaining, he went abroad. He wandered about Europe, avoiding the well-known beauty spots, delighting in the odd, the eccentric, the curious, but purchasing only the objects which were irresistible to him,

so that when he stood before them for the first time it was as if he received a blow upon the chest.

Gradually—only gradually, the packing-cases went back to London, where Sefton unpacked them and placed the contents where instructed, scratching his old head but doing what he was bid.

In the middle of the season Christopher returned to London. His town house awaited him and he went from room to room, followed by a Sefton too delighted at his master's return to express his doubts about the new furnishings.

"And you've put the old things in the attic?"

"Yes, sir." And after a moment's hesitation: "Would you like me to get them down again?"

"Good Lord, no!" exclaimed Christopher. "Everything is exactly right as it is. Sefton, I intend to give a large party. The full horror of my home must be introduced to high society."

High society came willingly, stood for a moment dumb with surprise, and then, like birds, to twitter. "Charming!" gushed a dowager duchess, standing before a case of stuffed stoats. "Such a breath of the country!"

The earl's daughter, single still and rather sulky, took her umbrella huffily from the hat-stand and went home early, but the fair American sipped her sherry bravely and stayed on. She wanted to tell Christopher that she was going to persuade her father to buy her the twin of a thin modern bronze figure with six toes and no neck that had the place of honor in the drawing-room.

But Christopher was being monopolised by an art critic. "My dear fellow," his guest was saying. "I don't know what you've done to this room. I came here once to a reception your mother gave. I remember thinking it was exquisite. Couldn't get it out of my mind for days. But now . . ."

"I'm delighted you are reacting the right way," said Christopher. "Have a champagne cocktail, will you?"

The art critic made a few notes on the back of his invitation card. Something would have to go into his newspaper about this new cult, but it would have to be carefully phrased.

On the night of the great ball which the earl and countess were giving for their daughter, Christopher received his dinner guests standing beside a huge figurehead, once the pride of a sailing vessel and now given chief place in his London drawing-room. The enormous, coarse features, the flaming-orange hair of the wooden woman dominated the company. Once she had gazed over tossing waters, searching horizons; now she seemed to embrace the pink and white, the brown and grey figures of London society in a stare that disturbed even the unobservant.

"She makes them look like absurd, mechanical dolls," Christopher thought delightedly, and when the beautiful American laid a timid hand upon the figurehead and said uncertainly, "My, Christopher, you certainly collect things!" his only response was a small, mocking bow.

Afterwards at the ball he danced with her and with the earl's daughter, but, though they tried desperately to woo his attention, neither of them felt she was being successful. He danced as gaily as usual, he was handsomer than ever, but his mind, too, was fixed upon far horizons.

In the early hours of the morning he let himself into his house again and pulled back the velvet draperies for the uncertain light to penetrate the drawing-room. The wooden figure in this summer dawn had lost her sneer. She seemed to scan distance more worthwhile than the West End. Christopher, a little tipsy, saluted her. "I'm off, dear girl," he said. "You mind the house." And he went abroad again.

His travels were pleasant, if fairly uneventful. Occasionally he made a purchase and had it sent back to the faithful Sefton. It was not until the late autumn that he came face to face with the greatest curiosity of all.

It was a bright, fine day after a week of rain. Gratefully he blinked his eyes in the sunshine and walked down to the quay of the small French fishing village where he was staying. And on the quay he met Hannah.

At first he could hardly believe she was true. He could scarcely see her for the pain that smote his chest, the mist that came over his eyes. But when he had steadied himself somewhat he found she was still there, this unimaginable young female, sitting on a pile of rope, knitting a magenta-colored jumper. Until she stood up he could not guess how tall she was, but even seated she appeared massive.

Her features were strong and rather broad, the mouth wide, the eyes resembling those of a cow. She was dressed in a vivid orange which matched her untidy mop of hair, and the magenta wool she was holding shrieked in dismay at the color contrast. She was fascinating, she was awful, and she reminded him of someone.

Pacing the quay, he tried to think who she was like. Not, surely, that he had ever met anyone like this? But as her ball of wool rolled suddenly to his feet he realised the resemblance. The figurehead! She might have been the model for that astonishing drawing-room ornament of his.

He picked up the wool and approached her, bowing civilly. "Madame, c'est a vous?" As she had the other end of the wool held to her bosom it could scarcely belong to anyone else.

She looked gravely up at the handsome little Englishman.

To page 48



at last...

Sportscraft

for all the girls in the family!

Sportscraft becomes a family affair... Now both Mother and daughter can enjoy that peak of perfection tailoring that has made Sportscraft famous. Forget alteration problems... forget those "near-fits," because Sportscraft has carefully tailored their Autumn and Winter range of skirts, slacks and jodhpurs in three age groups and in three proportioned lengths. All in an exciting new range of colours in tweeds, tartans and worsteds in pure wool Federal Fabrics*

Sportscraft Classics: Tailored skirts and slacks in three perfectly proportioned lengths. Sizes XSSW-XOS, from **£6/19/6**.

Sportscraft Shirts: Tailored classics in lightweight Ingola. Sizes XSSW-XOS, from **£3**.

Sportscraft Juniors: A new range of skirts in three perfectly proportioned lengths for teeners. Waist 22 in.-25 in., from **£3/19/6**.

Junior Shirts: Grown-up styling in Ingola. Bust 28 in.-38 in. (in 2 in. rises), from **£2/10/6**.

Sportscraft Kilties: Sportscraft for beginners—skirts, slacks and jodhpurs for girls from 2-13 years, from **£2/15/-**.

Sportscraft Tines Ingola Blouses: Adaptions from our well loved shirts, priced from **£1/17/6**.

* **Federal Fabric**

makers of the finest woollen and worsted fabrics in Australia

ASK FOR SPORTSCRAFT SKIRTS & SLACKS IN PURE WOOL FEDERAL FABRICS* AT FINE STORES ANYWHERE IN AUSTRALIA

COLD HANDS

A short story
complete
on this page

By CEE
JOHNSON

IT was the only vacant seat in the cafeteria. He had to take it. He sat down quickly, scowling, and began to unload his tray. Silently Sheila stacked up her used plates to give him room on the little table.

He ignored the courtesy, placing his now empty tray in the side rack, and tackling his meat pie and vegetables as though he were alone with them on a desert island.

She was intent on her lighter and her cigarette, and after that her coffee and the crocodile of people wriggling its jerky way round the servery. Conscious that she had half-turned from him, he flicked her a swift, searching look.

The red hair was coiled up, high and gleaming, with a careless elegance which caught and held the eyes of the crowd. The rather too broad forehead was as white and as furrowless as a sheet of quarto and the lips were relaxed, slightly parted, and very young. She held herself easily and dressed easily, too.

Only the eyes gave the lie to this harmony with, this acceptance of, life. Great grey things, which should have been candid and wide, they were narrowed defensively, and in their attempt to conceal only revealed—something that hurt.

He frowned and looked at his plate uneasily, unseeing, hurriedly munching his lunch. His mind went back to Kensington, to life as it had been—up to a week ago. Life with Sheila had been fun enough in their courtship days. After they'd scraped up sufficient money to marry and take that series of furnished attics each known as the flat—why, life with Sheila had been incredibly warm and delightful then. He must admit it, to himself.

There'd been the first day there, when they'd moved in their clothes, books, etceteras, and endeavored to squeeze them into the odd drawers and the odd cupboard and shelves, and to tidy up the overflow, trying to make it look as though it were intended. And their childish delight in standing out on the two square feet of balcony and calling it "the grounds!"

Half a hundred early incidents crowded his memory: the time when Sheila had served him a cup of solidified coffee and they'd discovered she'd used epsom salt instead of sugar; the calamity of their first little dinner-party, when the meringues wouldn't meringue and

the crockery wouldn't go round at the last moment.

They'd both worked, they'd had to, right from the beginning; there was no other way of satisfying London's clamor for their money. But it had been fun. Yes, it had been fun until their first and last quarrel, a week ago.

Rashly they'd sworn they wouldn't speak to each other again—not until an apology was tendered. Angriily he'd moved into the little box-room and tried sleeping on the ottoman; he'd finished up on the floor, and after the first two nights had been content to start from there.

Every morning he'd found the bathroom door locked against him. After his shave all he would see of her would be the stump of her morning cigarette and her cup with the lipstick on it and her plate with the toast crumbs, neatly left on the draining board.

Miserably he'd gone off with the boys every night after work, taking

his tea in cafes and not returning until late. As he came up the ladder-like stairs he'd hear her soft, regular breathing coming from her room, and, trying to get to sleep on the box mattress in the corner of the floo-room, he'd alternate exhaustingly between misery and fury.

Some communication had been essential, but it had not been by word of mouth. Icy half-sentences on scraps of paper had told him "No milk today" or "Paper money due," and one which particularly infuriated him, saying, "Don't snore—rattles floorboards—complaints below."

Over the weekend the temperature had been very low. On Friday evening, pottering aimlessly about the flat, he'd meant, sixty times, to turn to her and say sorry, and sixty times he hadn't done so, somehow. After a while she'd put her hat on and gone out quietly, and he'd felt curiously helpless and voiceless.

Late that night he'd had a long

talk with himself on the box-room floor. Tomorrow, Saturday, he'd march brightly and sensibly through, draw her curtains, and give her morning tea in bed, with his apologies. All would be well and as it had been, and he'd cease to feel like Roger the lodger and all that.

But the late Saturday sleep habit had persisted and defeated him treacherously.

"Why, it's Johnny, playing bears or sleep-walking or something," Susie's voice had piped, smashing his dream of a far lagoon and Sheila. "Come in, Johnny, it's clean-up day for this flat of yours, you know."

He'd forgotten that Susie and Jane and Stella would be coming over to help Sheila this morning. Once a month they beat up each other's flat and flatlet in turn; it was more fun, they said, and they could talk at the same time.

Fuming, he'd dressed and departed, his good resolution dissolved in ire. On Sunday Sheila had gone out for the day before he was up.

And now it was Monday, always a dour and difficult day.

He lingered over his sweet, wondering.

"John."

The word came softly from the other side of the table, bringing him from the flat in Kensington back to the cafeteria with bewildering swiftness. His grey eyes were looking straight into his.

He didn't answer for a minute. He couldn't. Sudden things had happened and must be dealt with, a lump inside his collar and—horror of horrors in a grown man!—a wetness in his eyes. Then whole sentences rushed struggling to find their way to her at one and the same time. They all boiled down to:

"Sheila, forgive me, dear. Will you?"

The grey eyes widened and glistened. She made no attempt to recall her tears, and somehow, woman-like, managed to look beautiful and happy, not ridiculous, as the two eloquent little streams made their way down her cheeks.

"Of course. Will you me?"

"Of course."

"I'm so glad, Johnny; so glad."

Her face, looking up quickly, catching the light, reminded him of the

He tackled his meal as though he were alone on a desert island and no one within a thousand miles of him.

rain-wet lilac they'd stood under once last year, as they'd lingered over parting the night they became engaged.

"So like you," he said fervently, "so like you—to say the first word, to make it up. Fly back tonight after work—we'll celebrate—paint the town scarlet, darling. Somewhere very, very posh. What d'you say?"

She smiled, shaking her head. "No. Not two things, Johnny. I don't want to celebrate somewhere 'very, very posh'—there's nowhere posher than our flat for me tonight. And I don't want to take credit for something I didn't do."

"Didn't do?" he echoed. "Darling, I didn't speak the first word . . ."

"You did, darling; you said John."

"Oh, yes, I said 'John,' true enough. I'll tell you why—it's just struck me it's rather funny."

Her smile widened reminiscently. "Remember," she said, as though it were many years ago, "remember why we quarrelled, darling? Because you would sing so much in the flat, and I got tired of the neighbors complaining? Remember the particular song you liked and thought you could sing, and I hated and thought you couldn't—'Your Tiny Hand Is Frozen'? Rather funny we should quarrel over that, darling."

"Why? I don't see it."

"Well—you see, John—that's what actually started this ice age we've been living through this last week and that's what set up the thaw, too, strangely. I had to speak; I had no choice. My hands are cold—it's time for me to go—and, you see, dear, you're sitting on my gloves."

He looked at her, seriously, then his grin spread across his thin face. "Cold hands—warm heart. I must be honest, too, darling. I knew they were there all the time."

They smiled, the serene, secure smile of reunion, and light-footedly made for the door.

Outside in The Strand, under the bright wintry sun, they kissed proudly before everybody's bustling, impersonal world, and said goodbye—until the evening should come and bring back their own world again—unbustling and definitely personal.

(Copyright)

THE
BURN

The innocent pursuit became a desperate race
... beginning an exciting three-part serial

A lift into

COLMAR

By EDITH PARGETER

AS soon as the first sweeping curves of the ascent had raised him clear of the valley of the Meurthe, Jonathan Craig stopped the car in a by-pass scooped deep into the steep roadside, and looked back towards St. Die.

The terraces of the motor road went hering-boning away from him down into the green valley, steaming gently in the mid-morning mist, and, scattered on both sides of the river, the tufted heads of the foothills of the Vosges shook their plumes in an air already quivering with heat. Toy mountains, playful as puppies about the solid flanks of the main range, erupted as far as his eye could see, and the road, threading them at leisure, lay open to view for several miles.

No splash of bright red moved on the ribbon of whiteness. A few cars were visible, dark spots trailing faint feathers of dust, but none of them flaunted the unmistakable color of Hilary's wicked little car. He'd shaken her successfully at last.

Either that, or she had deduced correctly that there was nowhere for him to go in this direction except over the Col du Bonhomme, and was, therefore, in no particular hurry to catch up with him. She could, as he knew only too well, overhaul his old bomb whenever she chose to push it. And with Hilary you never could tell!

The thought of that exasperating minx hunting him thus across France brought the inevitable scowl of displeasure to his thick brown brows; but as he drove on up the long traverses of the mountain road the equally inevitable grin followed the scowl.

She was a spoiled little devil, who had never in her life wanted anything without having someone run to buy it and give it to her, and it was no wonder adolescence caught her as unprepared for realities as he had found himself for the reality of her womanhood.

He had known her since she was seven years old, and maybe he wasn't entirely innocent of the crime of helping to spoil her, for he had been in and out of her father's house as regularly as an uncle, and preserved an affectionate and indulgent relationship with her through all the mysterious years of her growing up.

No wonder the whole affair had caught them both off-balance. It was the normal ritual of their meetings that she should throw herself into his arms and kiss him, and that he should return the hug and the kiss with enthusiasm.

And then, quite suddenly, something in the way she failed to relax in the clinches, a certain deliberation about the new hairdo and the re-styled make-up, and a look in the large guileless eyes that was far from guileless—and he had found himself backing out in consternation from the predatory arms of a totally strange young woman.

Unnerving, to say the least of it. He could no longer pull her hair and tell her to go and play, and she couldn't get used to the idea that there was something nobody was going to be able to buy for her.

But she was certainly game. What nobody could give her she had set out, with disarming candor, to take for herself.

He couldn't go to a party but she would be there, he couldn't even take a long holiday and remove himself across the Channel but she would appear suddenly, smiling and demure, and take her seat at his table for dinner on the very first night at Le Touquet, fresh from the air ferry with her little red car that could run circles round his.

As often as he gave her the slip she picked up his trail and followed. This morning he'd eluded her at Raon-l'Etape by getting up and breakfasting at seven, an hour she did not acknowledge as having any legitimate place in her day; but he knew very well that the waiter would tell her which road he had taken, and other hapless bystanders, wherever she turned the battery of her innocent and demoralising eyes, would rush to give her the latest news of his progress.

What chance had a man against a girl like Hilary?

What he loved about her was that she could still laugh about it. It was a matter of life and death to her, but she could still see that it was funny and conduct herself accordingly. She might be a pestilential little nuisance, and her campaign as indecorous as desperation could make it, but both it and she had style.

If he could remain on the run for a few more months, he felt, paying her the compliment of ascribing to her a quite unusual tenacity, she would be over him, as children are over measles when the quarantine ends, and fit for civilised society again. Then he could kiss her, and she wouldn't even remember that she had any reason to blush at the impact.

He drove on up the coils of the easy rise, until the modest saddle of the Col du Bonhomme opened ahead, with its brightly colored post-cards and souvenirs, and its hotels, and its Resistance memorial. In Flanders everyone still talked of the battles of World War I as though they had happened yesterday, but here in the Colmar Pocket they commemorated quite a different warfare, something nearer to present-day reality.

Instead of the monstrous cemeteries of Loreto, this stone and handful of flowers, and instead of the anonymous expendable thousands upon thousands, still in uniform under the

To page 56

"I think you are looking for someone," said Eisinger to Hilary, "you were asking about a certain car!"





...completely
feminine

Cherish yourself with
cooling, absorbing Goya
talc and skin perfume...
the perfect combination
to make you
completely
feminine.



Perfumed Talc
superfine, fragrant
in Goya's lovely pastel
blue tin. 5/7.

Skin Perfume
echoing famous Goya
perfume fragrances. 6/6.
Large Size 15/9.

Goya

PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK • MELBOURNE

Travel to England via North America



an incomparable travel adventure by the
new Matson Liners

MARIPOSA and MONTEREY

Sail the Blue Pacific route in air-conditioned luxury by
these twin super-modern liners that take you via New
Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tahiti, and so to Hawaii and golden
California. All first-class accommodation. Luxurious state-
rooms with private bath. Famous cuisine. Built-in theatre.
Polynesian Club and Pool terrace.

SAILING DATES from Sydney: MARIPOSA—April 20, June 7, July 24;
MONTEREY—May 10, June 28, August 14, October 4.

For details of sailings from Melbourne and Sydney, see your Travel
Agent or Matson Lines Offices at Burger House, 22 Elizabeth Street,
Sydney. Booking details across America and the
Atlantic can be arranged. Telephone: BW 4901.



Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I HAVE a large family, and so have a lot of work to
do. Sometimes I get very downhearted and think
I will never get through the day. The wash itself would
frighten most people. One day my son heard me
grumbling about all I had to do, and said, "Don't look
at what you've got to do, Mum, look at what you've
done." This works miracles, believe me. Now I can
do my work and get through it twice as quickly.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Dyer, Lance Creek, via Wonthaggi,
Vic.

HOW sorry I feel for Her Majesty and the Duke, trying
to live normal lives in a goldfish bowl, with the whole
world as audience. It must be exceedingly hard under such
circumstances never to frown or to look preoccupied lest
that be seized upon as new evidence of calamity.

10/6 to Mrs. H. Heness, 12 Clarence Ave., Deewhy, N.S.W.

I WONDER why most brides choose wedding dresses that
are really evening frocks? Surely a dress that has a high
neckline and looks like a wedding dress is more suitable for
the occasion. Veils once were used really to cover the head
instead of just being caught to the back of the hair as so
many are today. Brides will have plenty of other occasions
to wear evening frocks without wearing one on the wedding
day.

10/6 to Miss A. Cormack, North Adelaide P.O., S.A.

WHY not establish church matrimonial bureaus in the larger
cities and towns? Many single men and women who
have no opportunity of meeting the right partners aimlessly
wander about filling in time. If these matrimonial bureaus
can be conducted profitably as a commercial venture, surely
the churches should be able to make an even better job of
it in a way that would offend nobody, and perhaps bring
happiness to a lot of lonely people.

10/6 to "Lonely," Granville, N.S.W.

TWO speakers on the radio recently were discussing the
conditions on the border fence separating the States of
S.A. and N.S.W. and Queensland and N.S.W. It offended me
greatly when one speaker said the children in the area were
wild and ran away to hide from visitors. What nonsense!
I know all the families living along this fence, and the children
are the opposite to shy. They welcome the sight of a visitor,
are equally polite—and less cheeky—than the majority of
children in towns and cities. Their standard of education is
on a par with that of any other child in the State of N.S.W.

One speaker said the children had no schooling by corres-
pondence, because of the irregular mail services. We live on
the most remote station on the fence, right in the extreme
corner of the State where N.S.W., Qld., and S.A. meet, and
we get an excellent mail service. The only times this service
is interrupted is during the rainy season. My children are
taught by the Blackfriars Correspondence School, Sydney, and
are doing well.

10/6 to Mrs. M. J. Miller, White Catch (private bag), via
Tibooburra, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best
letter of the week as well as
10/6 for every other letter pub-
lished on this page. Letters
must be the writers' original
work and not previously pub-
lished. Preference will be given
to letters signed for publication.

Schoolgirls' ties

I DISAGREE with Mrs. Dahl (13/2/57), who suggested bows
instead of ties for schoolgirls. I am a high-school student
and am proud to wear my school tie. As for tying them, they
may be tricky at first, but we soon get the knack of it. After
discussing this letter at school, the majority of girls said pin-on
bows are too babyish for secondary school, and they would
not wear one. We all think school ties are smart.

10/6 to Dawn Nolan, 96 Cairns Terrace, Red Hill, Qld.

That missing address

MRS. E. M. LIDDELL'S letter (13/2/57) said senders of
sympathy cards should add their addresses. I have long
advocated that this idea be extended to Christmas and greet-
ing cards as well. There are friends one hears from only once
a year, and often in that time an address can be changed, for-
gotten, or mislaid. For example, last year a friend who had
married a man we did not know sent a Christmas card
signed only "from John and Mary." No surname or address.

10/6 to Mrs. S. W. Marshall, Coobowrie, York Peninsula,
S.A.

Family affairs

OUR girls (aged ten, eight, six, and four years) used
to argue and quarrel about small household tasks
set them on Saturday mornings. Now we have a small
basket containing slips of paper, on each of which is
written a job, such as sweep paths, garage, go short
messages, rake up leaves, clean birdcages, tidy books
and papers.

With eyes closed the children each pick out a slip,
the elder girls taking a greater number in proportion
to their ages. None is beyond the youngest's ability if
she is watched. The element of chance and expectation
has made the scheme a great success. The little dears
even hurry back to see what next could be their lot!
No grumbles now about Mummy not being fair.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Isobel M. Crawford, 55 Paradise St.,
Highgate Hill, Qld.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be
given a workable solution. Each week we will pay
£1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your
family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

WHAT one-track minds
popular song-writers
have!

I've been listening to some of their
latest efforts on the radio.

"Hey, there! You with the stars
in your eyes," "Jealous lover," "To-
night you belong to me," and so on.

The composers sound like roman-
tic young fellows who think about
nothing but girls.

Yet I got a surprise when I was
taken to a cafe in New York where
song-writers go.

The geniuses there looked just
like fat, middle-aged businessmen.

This would not necessarily stop
them from thinking about girls.

Still, I don't believe they are as
romantic as they make out.

Middle-aged men usually worry
about their families, their work, and,
above all, about money.

Take the gloomy citizen opposite
you in the train.

He is not upset because somebody
stole his gal, or because a tiff with
his sweetheart is the talk of the
town.

HEY, THERE!

He is probably thinking about the
bill he just got for water rates.

The man next to him—the one
with the stars in his eyes—is dream-
ing of a lottery win.

Song-writers are, no doubt, the
same as other men in these respects.

But the poor chaps are not al-



lowed to write about what is really
on their minds.

The public doesn't want a blues
number bemoaning the rise in water
rates.

It prefers someone to sob: "Dinner
for one, please, James!"

So you have the typical plight of
Al Garfinkle, a fat, bald song-writer
with acid stomach.

His house needs painting. His
car has broken down. The bill for
his dentures has come and the family
wants him to take an expensive house
for the holidays.

Feeling depressed, Al gets up from
breakfast and goes into the music-
room.

He is working on a song called:
"Honey, you're wonderful!"

It's no good. He can't get into
a romantic frame of mind.

Then he has an idea.

He changes the title to: "Money,
you're wonderful!"

He finishes it in a rush of inspira-
tion—and it's a wow.

That is probably how the fat men
in New York often write song hits.

When they are not in the mood
for love, they start off with: "If you
were the only dough in the world"
or "I don't want to walk without
you, gravy."

The rest is easy, I dare say.



These are Australian

Echidna

ECHIDNA (*Tachyglossus aculeatus*) is one of the only two egg-laying mammals in the world. The other is the platypus. Both are found only in Australia.

Echidnas are nocturnal animals, and are remarkable burrowers. Although they find burrowing difficult on a hard surface, they sink with amazing rapidity on ordinary or soft ground.

They can make off at a good pace, and, if surprised, will curl into a ball of spines like a porcupine.

The echidna uses his leathery and sensitive snout for probing, and since he is forever sniffing, the sense of smell must be an important guiding factor.

Echidnas eat a variety of small insects. Termites or white ants are high on their diet list. In captivity they will eat bread and milk, chopped hard-boiled egg.

The echidna, unlike the platypus, has a pouch for carrying the young.

They are widely distributed throughout Australia and are most at home in rocky areas.

Picture above by Dr. Allen Keast, of Sydney, and, at right, by Dr. R. A. Westerman, of Reservoir, Victoria.



Nothing else gives you the same concentrated washing energy as **TriX**



*... and nothing else
so safe and gentle!*

With all its concentrated washing energy—there's nothing so safe and gentle as TriX. As you yourself know, woollens washed in suds tend to become hard and matted. But TriX-washed woollens stay soft, fluffy and "in perfect shape." Nylons and silks never need rub-a-dub scrubbing—for TriX just soaks them clean. Try it. Dip your soiled nylons in a basin of warm TriX-in-water. Straight-away the water will cloud up—proof positive that TriX absorbs dirt and grease out of the fabric into the water! Again—TriX makes rinsing easier and more complete. There's no soap scum—no harsh powdery deposit to give them a dingy look.

Concentrated Energy for WASHING MACHINES!



The concentrated washing energy of TriX stays deep down in the water—gets right after the dirt in the clothes. Your wash comes out REALLY clean—not half-clean. Remember, too, that a washing machine cannot be truly efficient if thick suds slow down the free "swishing" action. With TriX there are no heavy suds—it's all energy, concentrated washing energy.

Concentrated Energy for WASHING-UP!



Ordinary soaps and powders give you a sinkful of lazy suds that leave a germ-laden film on every dish. But TriX is non-sudsing—it's all concentrated washing energy. Because TriX leaves no streaking, no greasy film—there's NO NEED TO DRY UP. Just stack the dishes to dry sparkling, hygienically clean.



* Price slightly higher in some country areas.

**Insist on
TriX**
the non-foaming
detergent with
Concentrated
Washing Energy

Beards in bloom



NORBERT GRIFFIN, Consular Agent for France in Adelaide:
"Wife made a fuss."



LAURENCE WEST, furniture designer, of Brisbane:
"Bid for individuality."

Businessmen, professors, and artists revive hairy fashion

● All over the world beards and whiskers are staging a great revival. The Duke of Edinburgh grew a magnificent blond, Edwardian beard during his long tour abroad, and encouraged the members of his staff to do the same; and sideburns are now permitted in the United States Army.

THE Barbers' Journal of the United States says that there are 200,000 beards flourishing in the U.S. today, in styles ranging from mutton chops and Plymouth Naval to Vanddyke and Cossack.

An American psychiatrist claims that the great outcrop of beards and whiskers is "Man's attempt to regain his once dominant position in society over women."

Be that as it may, it seems certain that there'll be a great outcrop of beards—in a startling variety of shapes and colors—making their appearance on the formerly clean-shaven faces of our Australian menfolk.

Before you know it the beard fever might well spread

to your own household. It has already spread to mine.

My husband, without warning, began to cultivate a ginger fuzz last November. It has passed through an uncomfortable toothbrush-bristle stage

By ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

to a quite respectable ginger-brown beard which, I have to admit, has grown on me.

Many people in England began to grow beards about five years ago when Queen Elizabeth came to the throne. Enthusiasts claimed that the beard was part of the new Elizabethan era.

In 1955, the Honorable Company of Pogonotrophiles —lovers of the cultivation of

the beard — was formed in London.

Sir Compton Mackenzie, Benn Levy, and William Empson, novelist, playwright, and poet respectively, are all members.

Barbers put most of their bearded customers in three categories:

- Men who for one reason or another want to be slightly different from their fellows.
- Men who are too lazy to shave.
- Men who want to save money on blades, brushes, and soap.

But in spite of sneers from their beardless fellows, ridicule from small children, and protests from wives, the Australian man seems to be reviving the bearded fashion.

Mr. Phillip Law, of Victoria, Director of the Antarctic Division, Department of External Affairs, first grew a beard as a matter of necessity on an Antarctic expedition 10 years ago. Now he wears it all the time because his wife likes it.

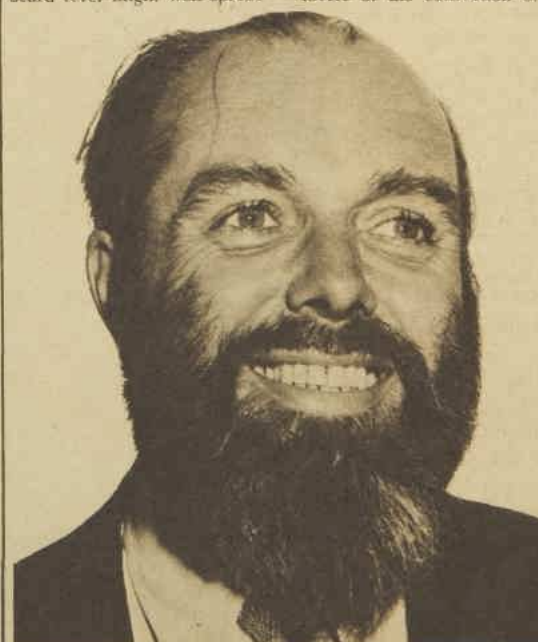
Although he finds the beard a fundamental time-saver on his expeditions, letting it grow unheeded, at home he trims it into a neat Van Dyke.

The only disadvantage on Antarctic trips is that the beard tends to ice up and has to be allowed to thaw and drip off.

Mrs. Law thinks it would be a pity if every man wore a beard. One of the beard's attractions, she says, is that it gives a man individuality at a time when modern drab dressing makes all men look alike.

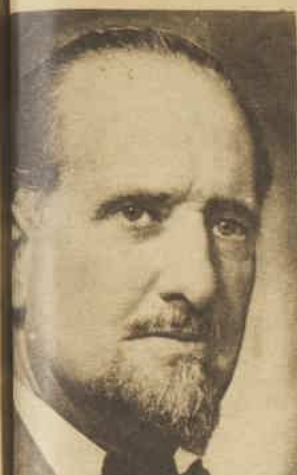
Brisbane's best-known beard belongs to colorful personality Terence Lambert, radio announcer - caricaturist - writer and a great-grandson of the Marquis of Conyngham, County Meath, Ireland.

He "just let his whiskers grow" as a young man work-



PAUL BEADLE, sculptor, of Newcastle:
"Had it a long time."

WHY DO THEY WEAR THEM?



TERENCE LAMBERT, Brisbane radio personality:
"Captures imagination."



PHILLIP LAW, Antarctic Division, External Affairs Department:
"Matter of necessity."



RAY COLES, young Sydney artist:
"Boost to male ego."



PROFESSOR JOHN FRANCIS, Queensland University:
"Unaware of its existence."



PETTY-OFFICER L. MEAKINS, of H.M.A.S. Melbourne:
"To avoid shaving."

ing on a pastoral property in New South Wales.

Later, settling in Brisbane to make a career in radio, he found the beard immediately "paid off," stamping him with an identity which captured the public's imagination.

He warns, however, that beards are only forgiven and tolerated in old age.

"In youth and middle age beards are suspect," he said. "People want to know what is the gimmick behind the wearing of a beard."

Nevertheless, Mr. Lambert is dedicated to the preservation of his beard. He trims it each week, and grooms it with a few light strokes with a hair brush.

Unruly curls

FINE, dry weather, he said, is best for beards. Atmospheric dampness encourages unruly curls.

Mrs. Lambert reserves judgment about her husband's beard.

She married him with it and doesn't really know whether she really likes it or is simply used to it.

"A beard is a man's last bid for individuality in a world where women poach on every masculine preserve," said Laurence West, young Brisbane designer of classical contemporary furniture.

His thick, dark brown beard began unromantically during an attack of mumps five years ago.

He recalls resembling Henry VIII for a fortnight with a swollen, unshaven face.

Mr. West warns that "a

man really sticks his chin out when he grows a beard.

"His boyhood has gone and he is acutely aware of being regarded as an extremely responsible citizen, a man of action, or an interesting eccentric," he said.

"A man with a beard has to live up to all that's expected of him. For instance, I've been able to swim since I was a kid, but last year I also took some swimming lessons with my three children.

"I realised that on the beach the public not only expects a man with a beard to swim but to do it better. A woman can let her hair down—but a man never his beard."

Mr. Rennie Clayton, lecturer in Economics at Armidale University, who returned recently from 18 months overseas, grew his beard eight years ago, and has had it ever since.

Mr. Clayton, a man with a dry sense of humor and a twinkle in his eye, said:

"Most people have very little conversation. The beard makes an excellent conversation point."

Distinction is the keynote of the Imperial worn by Mr. Norbert Griffin, Consular Agent for France in Adelaide. Mr. Griffin first adopted the beard 27 years ago when he was living in Indo-China.

Many years later he decided to dispense with it, but "my wife made just as much fuss about losing it as she formerly made about me growing it," and so it remains today.

Artist Ray Coles, of Mount Colah, N.S.W., wasn't nagged

into it. He has experimented with a beard before, and explained that he let it "take its own course at first, but now it gets carefully trimmed.

"I suppose," he added, "you might say I grew it to boost my ego. The male has vanity, too, you know."

Beard cycle

MR. N. S. COTTER, Sydney solicitor, considers that "the beard is an aid to reflection. To stroke a hairless chin after wearing a beard is about as encouraging as rubbing a bald head. Nothing comes of it."

Mr. Cotter, who has been cultivating a beard for 10 years "off and on," has a legal story to tell concerning his present beard.

In a Sydney court recently, a solicitor referred to him as "Mr. Montague Woolley."

Mr. Cotter objected and Mr. E. R. Harvey, S.M., from the Bench, said, "Do you want me to take judicial notice of your change of front, Mr. Cotter?"

Petty-Officer Leonard Meakins, of the aircraft carrier H.M.A.S. Melbourne and from Mackay, Queensland, began his present beard last May because shaving in the tropics gave him a rash. All naval men have to apply for permission to grow beards, and also get permission to cut them off again.

"Mine must meet requirements," said Petty-Officer Meakins, "because I haven't been ordered to take it off yet."

Sydney furrier Bernard Hammerman's beard was only three weeks old when we saw it. Mr. Hammerman grew it to win a bet.

"A friend bet me a beautiful little piece of sculpture that I couldn't grow a beard in three weeks," he said. "Well, I won, and now I think I'll keep the beard as well as the sculpture."

Professor John Francis, Dean of the Faculty of Veterinary Science at Queensland University, neglected to shave for a week during a working holiday at the veterinary school's experimental farm at Kenmore 12 months ago.

With the approval of his wife, the Professor decided to retain a neatly groomed chin beard and moustache. His nut-

brown beard, he says, has now become such a part of his personality that he is usually quite unaware of it.

Sculptor Paul Beadle, of Newcastle, has had his beard since he was in London in 1938.

"There were few young artists in London at that time," he said, "who did not experiment with a beard."

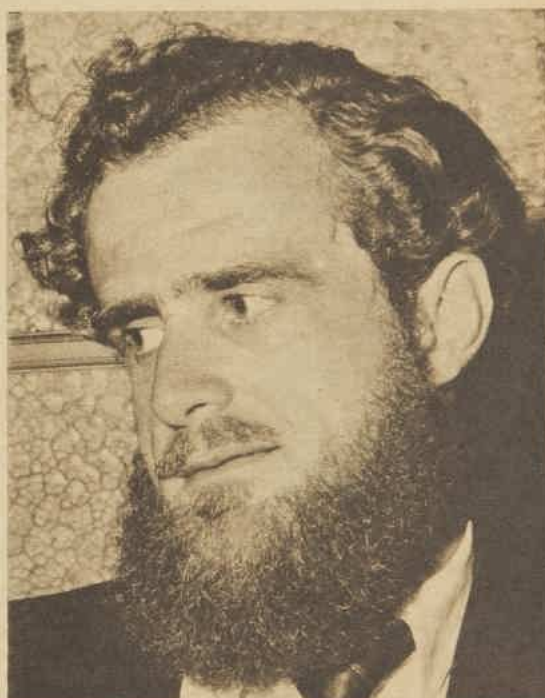
A striking brown beard is worn by Mr. C. B. Martin, Senior Philosophy Lecturer at Adelaide University.

Mr. Martin and his wife considered the vital question "to be or not to be" for some time before they decided that the beard should be grown.

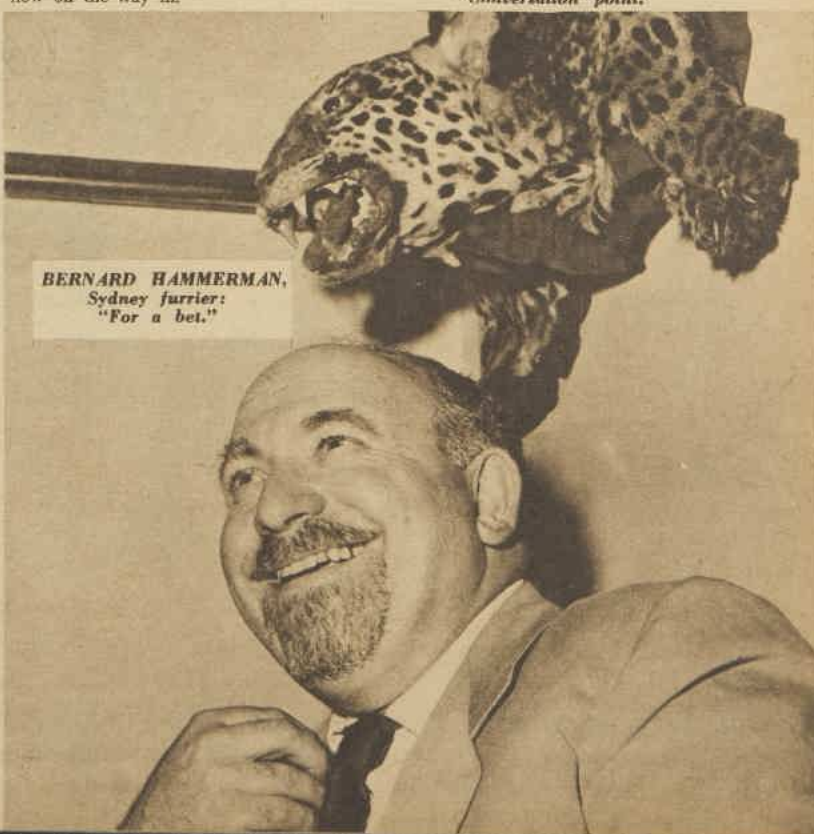
And now that it has been established for three years, the family agree it is to remain.

Mr. Martin said he had two reasons for growing his beard—vanity and laziness.

Young freelance writer David Reese and his wife, John Fraser, both of Victoria, believe a beard adds to a man's masculinity. They think that fashions for hairy or hairless faces go in cycles and agree that a beard cycle is now on the way in.



RENNIE CLAYTON, Lecturer in Economics at Armidale University:
"Conversation point."



BERNARD HAMMERMAN, Sydney furrier:
"For a bet."

• Beards have figured prominently in history.

When a heathen king shaved off the beards of King David's ambassadors, David avenged the insult by war. And the disgraced ambassadors received the order "Tarry ye at Jericho until your beards be grown."

The early Greeks and Romans grew beards. Most of their gods were supposed to wear a lot of hair on their chins. Later, Rome made a cult of shaving until the Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 76-136) grew a beard again—probably to hide some ugly growth on his chin. After him beards became the vogue again.

Early Christians, including priests and monks, wore beards. St. Benedict was the first to make the monks of his order, which was founded in 529, shave their faces.

Peter the Great of Russia, who wanted to civilise his people, ordered all Russians to shave off their beards. And in 1714 he introduced a beard tax on all those who refused to comply with the order. To have a beard then was an expensive business.



Relax

Relax that jaded palate with the cool crispness of the perfect peppermints . . . Allen's **STEAMROLLERS**. 3d.



Refresh

Refresh with deliciously fizzy fruit flavours that tingle your tongue . . . Allen's **FRUIT TINGLES**. 3d.



Remember...

Remember to buy two or three packets of these luscious fruit drops with the pure flavours of orange, lemon, pineapple or lime . . . Allen's **Q.T.'s**. 4d.

ALLEN'S SWEETS ARE GOOD SWEETS!

POPETTES — Q.T.'s — STEAMROLLERS — COCOANUT QUIVERS — TRUMPS — TOOTY FROOTY — FRUIT TINGLES — HAYAPAK BARLEY SUGAR — HAYAPAK BUTTERSCOTCH — IRISH MOSS GUM JUBES — BUTTER MENTHOLS — TARZAN JUBES — CURE-EM-QUICK . . .

FPA68

PRIZE-WINNING poetess Mrs. Jean Cox, with a copy of the music to which Alfred Hill set her poem, "I Saw a Tui."



"I'll live until I die," says widow poet

● To Mrs. Jean Cox, c/o The People's Palace, Sydney, has come a letter to tell her of another success in a craft that "brings happiness, but no money."

THE words are hers, but Mrs. Cox, a bright-eyed, keen-minded gentlewoman, has adapted her life to meet the money lack, even to visiting the "old and lonely" who have not her vital interest in living.

The letter was from London to announce that Mrs. Cox had won second prize in an international verse contest.

Conducted by the Poetry Society of London and judged by English poet Sir John Squire, "The Oriole Contest" called for poems based on "The Spirit of Place."

Of Mrs. Cox's poem, "A Singer Flies Home," Sir John said: "Certainly the best craftsmanship of the three prize-winning poems."

Written some years ago, it tells of Mrs. Cox's loneliness in San Francisco; of her longing to be home in the bushlands of Olinda, Victoria.

Mrs. Cox is a Legacy widow. Her husband, Edward Cox, who served in World War I, died in 1950.

● Here are three verses of Mrs. Cox's poem: "A Singer Flies Home"

"Oh, let me go! The day is breaking now
In that far-distant, dear Australian sky;
Magpies are carolling the dawn, while I,
Kin to those sons of tune,
Sit songless in this Californian noon.

"There lies Olinda, lovely in the hills,
With flowering gum, and golden wattie trees,
And those wild singers, flocking on the breeze,
Whose piercing clarion notes
Sound my recall, blown from a thousand throats.

"And so, farewell—my swift exultant wisp,
Oh, San Francisco! bear me to the place
Where birds and poets thrive—the sun, the space,
The silence, and the songs
Of green Olinda, in the Dandenongs."

Before his death they were for many years in New Zealand, where Mr. Cox was a schoolteacher after his retirement from the Army. Mrs. Cox has lived at the People's Palace, Sydney, for some years.

"I have had to learn about living alone," she said, "but I am determined to live until I die. Too many people are

over-concerned with age. They grow mentally static."

Monetary necessity bars luxuries she once loved—symphony concerts, a radiogram.

Her self-imposed food ration is one really good meal a day, plus tea and toast. At midday she usually eats at a chain-store cafeteria—"interesting as a parakeet's cage,"

she says—or at a church-run restaurant.

Daughter of a Victorian clergyman, Mrs. Cox is keenly interested in church work. On behalf of the Central Methodist Mission, she visits people who are "old and lonely," giving new interest to her own life in cheering them.

Each week she spends a day with her sister, Mrs. Lilian Barrett, who is confined to her home. The sisters enjoy talking about old times.

Soon after leaving school, Mrs. Cox began her craft as a poet. A parody she wrote on Charles Kingsley's "Three Fishers" was published in a Melbourne magazine, bringing the young writer the thrill of seeing her work in print and a postal note for 2/6.

Through the years many of her poems have been published in English, Australian, and New Zealand magazines.

Two of her verses have been set to music by composer Alfred Hill. One of these, "I Saw a Tui" (New Zealand bird), has been recorded and is often broadcast.

"I was given the record," Mrs. Cox said, "but have not heard it yet. I haven't a gramophone or a radio."

Visiting Legacy and attending meetings of the Poetry Society of Australia are activities Mrs. Cox enjoys.

"There is no time, no scheme, no pattern to writing verse," Mrs. Cox said. "I just put down the words as they come."

"One poem sprang from the remark of a writer who said, in effect, that no one could burst into verse about pumpkins."

Long afterwards, Mrs. Cox, on the pumpkin theme, produced a poem, "Not Daffodils," of which one verse reads:

Oh, Beauty flashes where 't will,
Heedless of label, place, or hour,
And I, who had no daffodil,
Have found it in a pumpkin flower.

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter.

At any price you won't find

BETTER FINISH

and **FIT . . .**

BETTER VALUE

than you do in

CHESTY

BOND

ATHLETICS

Why? Because all Bond's knitted underwear is made from super-carded cotton that's softer, more comfortable and longer-lasting.

6'11



Now!
MATCHING
KNEE PANTS
in super-carded
cotton **9'11**

Ask for **Chesty Bond Junior Athletics 4'6**

FOR COMFORT AND FIT . . . IT MUST BE KNIT . . . BUY BOND'S

Nothing cleans windows like
KIWI GLINT
Time-saving cleaner for glass and chrome

Use Kiwi Glint straight from the bottle. No water to add . . . Glint is waiting to give you the cleanest windows ever. Just wipe on . . . wipe off. No waiting or time-wasting polishing with Kiwi Glint. Next time you're cleaning windows let Kiwi Glint do the job better—and faster.

N.B. Kiwi Glint cleans car chrome and glass cleaner—quicker!

Mitchell Will finalists

NINETEEN young women are meeting in Sydney for the finals of the third Peter Mitchell Quest.

The girls, whose written examination marks exceeded 70 per cent., are:

NEW SOUTH WALES: Deirdrie Carroll, home economics teacher, Port Macquarie; Barbara Cash, physiotherapist, Parramatta; Lillian Fleming, school counsellor, East Maitland; Josephine Glen-Doepel, medical student, Vaucluse; Janet Johnson, physical education teacher, New Lambton; Margery

McIntyre, librarian, Turramurra; Jill McLauchlan, clerk, Five Dock; Diana Pitkethley, physiotherapist, Cammeray.

QUEENSLAND: Eleanor Cooke, home duties, Clifton; Julianne Drynan, Arts student, Brisbane; Millicent Hassell, physiotherapy student, Rockhampton; Gweneth Johnson, teacher, Brisbane.

VICTORIA: Constance Browning, university student, Campbell's Creek; Anne Buckland, teacher, Frankston; Jean Dadsell, teacher, Red Cliffs; Margaret Fisher, teacher, South Yarra; Lila Hansen, medical librarian, St. Kilda;

Shirley Merrylees, teacher, Euroa.

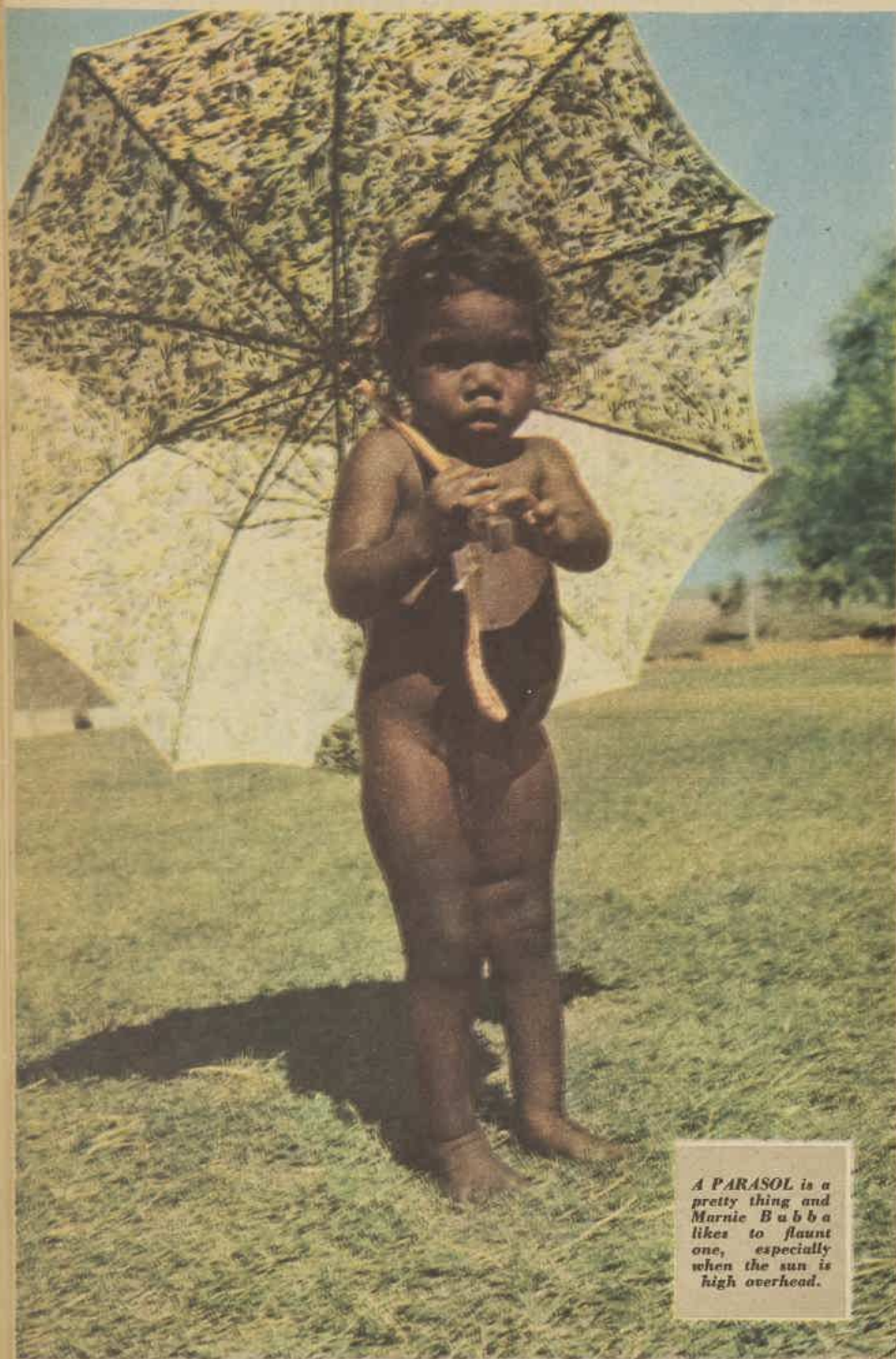
TASMANIA: Patricia Bale, doctor, Hobart.

During their four days in Sydney, the girls will appear twice before the judging committee and meet the trustees of the Peter Mitchell estate.

Peter Mitchell, a grazier, of Bringenbrong, near Albury, N.S.W., left a fortune to provide annual prizes to promising young men and women.

Under the terms of his will, the committee will choose 15 prize-winners, with first, second, and third placings, and 12 other awards. The winners' names will be announced later.

LITTLE PICCANINNIES PLAY IN THE SUN



A PARASOL is a pretty thing and Marnie Bubba likes to flaunt one, especially when the sun is high overhead.

Homestead reward for shining faces

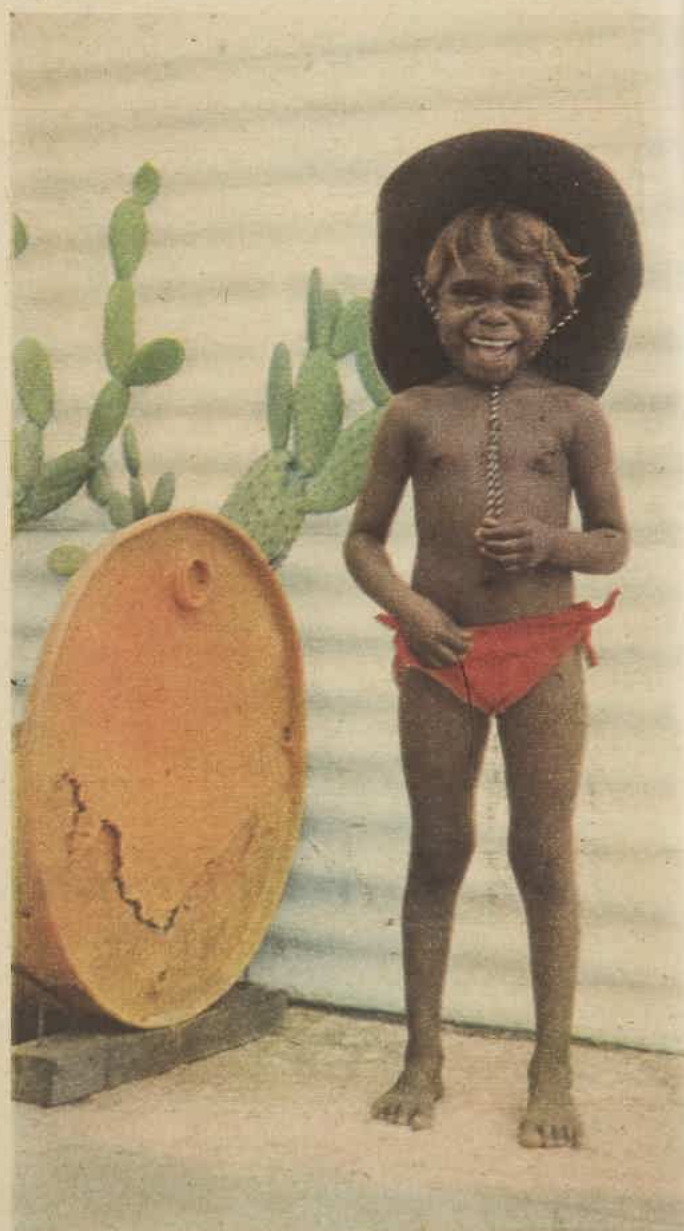
● Five little piccaninnies of the Njangumarda tribe, who live at the famous Wallal Downs station, via Port Hedland, Western Australia, are pictured on these pages in the grounds of the homestead.

Wallal Downs station, with its 90-mile beach front, belonged to the late Mr. Harley Lacy, and Mrs. Lacy, who now lives in Perth. Their daughter, Mary, took these pictures.

Sammy, aged ten, is the eldest of the piccaninnies. He considers himself a stockman and helps muster the sheep. The girls are Lindy Lou, six, Janet, five, Daisy Bell, and Marnie Bubba.

Every morning at Wallal shrieks rend the air while the children's mothers give them the compulsory bath before they are allowed inside the homestead fence. They appear in fresh dresses with drenched hair and clean, beaming faces for the apples or other treat they receive in reward.

But in no time at all, summer and winter, the dresses are pulled off and left on the nearest shrub.



LEFT: Janet has a busy time washing shells and laying them out to dry. She collects them from the beach, which is only half a mile away from the station homestead.

ABOVE: Daisy Bell wears her "cowboy" costume to sing the Western songs she has learned parrot-fashion from many fascinating hours of gramophone listening.





FAVORITE pastime of the piccaninnies is playing on the beach and splashing away in the hot sunshine at the water's edge. Here Janet, left, Sammy, and Lindy Lou bathe in the rock pool on the beach, where they can swim even when the tide is out. Appropriately, "wallal" is the aboriginal word for water.



ABOVE: Marnie Bubba with Sherry, her constant companion, takes time out from playing for a breather. Sherry, a golden labrador, is an ever-popular playmate with the five children.

RIGHT: A woman's work is never done, says Marnie Bubba — particularly when the sun and the surf are calling — but a cool, housecleaning costume can be a help, as all housewives know.



QUICK...the Solyptol!



ABRASIONS need Solyptol ANTISEPTIC

Be certain that those childish cuts and scratches never become infected. Cleanse and bathe them in a solution of SOLYPTOL—Australia's own powerful, safe antiseptic. Play safe—insure your family—keep Solyptol handy.



IF IT'S FAULDING'S . . . IT'S PURE

TELEVISION PARADE

by R.C. Parker

● Those of you, dear readers, who don't own a set may wonder what the great Dyer is like on TV. Is his moustache as ferocious as Eric Baume's? Is his toupee as distinguished as Bing Crosby's? Are his pranks as silly looking as they sound?

LAST week, as I crouched nervously before my TV set, there unfolded before me the entire panorama of glorious D-week. So I can report now that the answer to all these questions is Yes.

Dyer's moustache is inches longer than Baume's. His toupee is as distinguished as Bing Crosby's, and his pranks are not only stupid, they are also vulgar and poorly conceived.

It does not take much imagination, intelligence, or showmanship to throw a pie in somebody's face, while milking a cow to the strains of a Viennese waltz seems to me an infantile and not terribly amusing way to fill out a TV programme.

However, I have no doubt Dyer will be popular and it can perhaps be argued that to be popular is to be good.

After the smarmy, almost indecent familiarity of Dyer, it was a pleasure to turn to the genuine entertainment offered by a slightly careworn Jack Davey.

Davey is as good on TV as he is on radio. He doesn't ham, he doesn't falter, he doesn't stumble, he doesn't say

the painfully obvious like so many other TV personalities.

In fact, he has transplanted his radio personality on to the video screen without any apparent trouble whatsoever.

His shows are interesting, well presented, and at all times tasteful. They are, in a word, family entertainment; which is more than can be said for Mr. Dyer.

Before leaving glorious D-week it might be appropriate to note that although the publicity ballyhoo that heralded its entrance referred to the shows of Dyer, Davey, Dearth and Dear as "live," they are, in fact, telerecorded days in advance, and some of them so badly that it is difficult to distinguish between comper and contestant.

WITH "Four Star Playhouse," viewers have an ideal medium—a half-hour show that carries an effective punch with the age-old formula of giving viewers just what they want but not quite enough of it.

At the end of thirty minutes, they have experienced a first-class sample of the best in show business, and wait for more.

The stars are Charles Boyer, David Niven, Ida Lupino, and Dick Powell.

Guest stars include Joan Fontaine, Teresa Wright, Joanne Dru, Merle Oberon, and Lili Palmer.

The scripts are well chosen and written with a wide variety of backgrounds from a vivid and exciting Western, with David Niven as an Anglican priest, to an international drama, with Charles Boyer as the head of police in a dictator State.

"Four Star Playhouse" is telecast over TCN Channel 9 each Tuesday night at 8.30.

"SYDNEY from the Bridge," an on-the-spot report of what goes on round the Harbor, will be shown on ABN Channel 2 on Saturday, March 9, at 3 p.m.

For the first time a TV camera will operate from a boat moving round the harbor.

The signal from the camera will be relayed back to the A.B.C.'s O.B. van at the foot of a Bridge pylon, and sent thence to the transmitter—and viewer. Other cameras will be on top of the pylon lookout.

During this "two-hour kaleidoscope," as producer Mungo MacCallum calls it, viewers will see—

● The Water Police launch Nemesis and police skin-divers

in action recovering a "body" from the harbor.

● The R.A.N. dockyard, Fort Denison, and other harbor points.

● A mid-air interview with a member of the Bridge maintenance staff.

● R.A.N. crew going on shore-leave.

● Sailing races and vessels entering and leaving port.

● Activity in the wharf area.

● Shots of Sydney from unusual angles compared with the localities in early days.

NEW CONTEST

HAVE you sent in your entry yet for our new contest, "Strange But True," announced in last week's issue? Some true incident or story in your life could win you the main prize of £10.

Prizes of £2 will be awarded for all other entries printed.

All you have to do is write about that odd experience in your life and which is covered by the title of the contest, "Strange But True."

Here are the rules of entry:

- Your entry must be no longer than 250 words, written clearly, and addressed to "Strange But True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
- The story must be true and must not previously have been published.
- Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their relatives are not eligible to enter.

First winning entries will appear in our March 27 issue.

What is the dog saying?



"Dog Talk" No. 15

THERE'S prizemoney totaling £100 to be won by readers who enter bright and descriptive captions for the Pomeranian with his head out of a car window in the picture at left.

The Pomeranian is the 15th in our "Dog Talk" Contest series, and the prizemoney is made up of one award of £50, three of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

First prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 12 was won by Mrs. M. Irving, 6 Coach Rd., Yallourn, Vic.

Mrs. Irving's entry was: "I had a bad cold, so Hillary and Tensing went on without me."

£10 prizes to: Mrs. J. Grant, 15 Godfrey Rd., Artarmon, N.S.W.

"Just wheel my chair to the window to watch the troops go by."

Mrs. D. Bryant, Tent House 67, Brigalow St., Mt. Isa, Qld.

"Oh, I feel fine, but it won't last."

Miss Sandra Brown, 210 Rokeby Rd., Subiaco, W.A.

"It's not that I MIND modelling for Aage Thaarup."

£5 prizes to: Mrs. C. Lee, 156 West Beach Rd., Marleston, S.A.

"My wife's managing the jumble sale, so I'm wearing ALL my clothes till it's over."

Mrs. M. Doherty, 16 Blackwood Rd., North Curl Curl, N.S.W.

"Certainly I grieved, but kept a stiff upper lip."

Mrs. Mary Lynn, Flat 3, "Creery," 122 Old South Head Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

"The sergeant-at-arms will remove the honorable member from this house."

£1 prizes to: C. Ward, Evans Lookout Rd., Blackheath, N.S.W.

"The wife will give you the pattern any old time."

Mrs. H. J. Tipping, Narangba, N.C. Line, Qld.

"It's time you went home, young man. I can't sit here all night!"

Mrs. G. F. Devlin, Parkhurst, via Rockhampton, Qld.

"My grandpa wore one, and HE lived to be ninety!"

Mrs. D. E. Wells, c/o Wells Motors, Mount Barker, W.A.

"The Antarctic is no place for the aged."

Miss E. Glover, Ponde, River Murray, S.A.

"I think I'll join the Foreign Legion and get away from it all."



"I had a bad cold, so Hillary and Tensing went on without me."

Pains go . . .

Why this "liquid" pain-reliever is safer, yet fast-acting

WHY IT ACTS SO FAST

When you drop Disprin into water, the tablets foam and dissolve quickly—to form a liquid. This liquid pain-reliever has the power to pass more quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. That is why it acts so fast.

WHY IT IS SAFER

Speed of action is the first major advantage of Disprin. The second is that the pain-relieving agent in Disprin has been made effectively non-acid.

There are no irritating acid particles in the liquid solution of Disprin. This is the reason why Disprin is safer.

Take Disprin for headaches, colds, feverishness and rheumatic pain.

Period pains. Disprin at such times is a real blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves are rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



DISPRIN
dissolves pain
quickly and safely

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon below.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 15 will close on MARCH 18. Winners will be announced in our APRIL 3 issue.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can

be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON
The Australian
Women's Weekly
"Dog Talk" Contest
No. 15, March 13,
1957.

Every floor... carpet, lino or wood **VACUUMED-POLISHED-SCRUBBED** in 1 simple straight-through job



Home cleaning made easy—
Thanks to the
FILLERY
MIRACLE LEVER!

Yes, every job you can do with a vacuum cleaner . . . every job you can do with a polisher/scrubber, are the normal functions of FILLERY, the world's only machine that does *all* floor cleaning jobs . . . thanks to the Miracle Lever. Just a finger-touch on the wonderful lever changes powerful vacuuming to powerful polishing or scrubbing. Because you have no leads, plugs or machines to change, you can go right through the house, cleaning *every* floor as you come to it—without even having to switch off your machine.



ONLY

SAVE money . . . time . . . work . . . with **Fillery**

Only one machine to buy . . . saving UP TO £25 on the purchase of an ordinary cleaner plus ordinary polisher!

You only plug in *once* for all floor cleaning. No need to change plugs, leads or machines between vacuuming, polishing and scrubbing.

No retracing steps to polish where you've already vacuumed, because FILLERY vacuums while it polishes picking up the light dust you would normally have to sweep away.

Only one machine to store, saving space and offering greater convenience.

PRICES
SLIGHTLY
HIGHER IN
QUEENSLAND

ONLY
48 gns.
including complete scrubbing set. (Easy terms readily available.)

FILLERY

VACUUMS and POWER POLISHES and SCRUBS

Made in Australia by OGDEN INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.
AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING RETAILERS.



this space reserved
for a second tooth
that must last for 63 years

YOU: They tell me that over 98% of Australian children are affected by tooth decay.

US: Yes. And, on the average, a 14-year-old child has already lost two permanent teeth.

YOU: I don't want that to happen to any child of mine! Can't anything be done about tooth decay?

US: Certainly. In fact, that's why IPANA contains WD-9.

YOU: How can WD-9 help?

US: WD-9 destroys the bacteria that cause decay. It foams into tiny crevices where even the toothbrush can't reach.

YOU: Mm—and that's so important when it comes to children's teeth. But, tell me, is it really important to brush as soon as possible after eating?

US: Yes. Your dentist will support that. Incidentally, 8 out of 10 dentists recommend IPANA above any other toothpaste.

YOU: Well, nothing could be more convincing. My family will start using IPANA to-day.

US: And you'll find IPANA has such a sparkling-fresh flavour, everyone will love to use it.

Protect your family's teeth
with...



Recommended

by 8 out of 10 dentists

- New King-size cap.
- Tube stands upright.
- Easy-to-use, hard to lose.
- (Available, for the moment, in Economy tube only.)

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS
Page 20

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

MEET THE Australian Gabors



RELATIVES planning a party for Mrs. Jolie Gabor are (from left) great-niece Julie Sugar, Leslie Sugar, nephew Thomas Harvey and his wife, niece Mrs. Katherine Sugar, and Jolie's sisters, Mrs. Janette Harvey and Mrs. Rosalie Reiss. They are migrants from Hungary.

Family reunion in Sydney for mother of Zsa Zsa, Magda, Eva

● "Jolie, she arrives!" was the excited reaction to an airletter from New York which told Sydney relatives that Jolie Gabor, mother of Zsa Zsa, Eva, and Magda Gabor, would arrive in Australia next month.

FLYING here on a honeymoon trip with her third husband, Edmund de Szigethy, Jolie will have a family reunion with two sisters, a nephew, a niece, and a great-niece when she steps on to the tarmac.

There to meet her will be her elder sisters Janette (now Mrs. J. Harvey, of Manly) and Rosalie (Mrs. E. Reiss, of Mosman).

With them will be Mr. Thomas Harvey, of Wiloughby (son of Janette), Mrs. Katherine Sugar, of Mosman (daughter of Rosalie), and Mrs. Sugar's daughter, Julie, aged 10½.

Mr. Harvey and Mrs. Sugar are cousins of Zsa Zsa, Magda, and Eva Gabor; Julie Sugar is their second cousin.

All have migrated from Hungary in the past eight years. Most recent arrival is

Mrs. Rosalie Reiss, who, with blue eyes, pink-and-white complexion, and fair hair, shows a familiar resemblance to her famous nieces, and to Jolie, whom she saw last in November in Vienna.

"I had nothing when I got there," said Mrs. Reiss. "My husband and I had lost our home in Budapest. It was

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

bombed. We walked for four nights to reach the border.

"From Vienna, I wrote to Jolie. She came at once, bringing a big bag with everything I needed. There were shoes, 30 pairs of stockings, underclothes, and 20 frocks!

"This," said Mrs. Reiss, of the dress she was wearing, "is one of the frocks."

Accompanied by staff photographer Ron Berg, I was

interviewing Mrs. Reiss and other members of the family at a Mosman restaurant owned by Mr. Leslie Sugar.

His wife, Katherine, the daughter of Mrs. Reiss, has not seen her Aunt Jolie since before the war, but remembers her vividly.

Said Katherine: "There is something unusual about Jolie's personality. It is almost hypnotic. If she enters a place, it becomes electric. She made the success of Zsa Zsa, Eva, and Magda."

Four sisters

DAUGHTER of a Budapest jeweller, Jolie is the youngest of the four Tillemann sisters, the eldest of whom, Mrs. Dora Klein, is still in Budapest.

"I was the most beautiful as a child," smiled Mrs. Janette Harvey, who arrived in Australia a year ago, "but Jolie had the most beautiful figure."

"Ah, yes," said the family. "And Jolie can still wear the pedal-pushers, or the shorts, and bra top. For Jolie, time is going backwards. She is slowly becoming a teenager."

"Jolie will have a party when she arrives in Sydney," said Mr. Sugar. "We had one for Mrs. Harvey, then one for my mother-in-law, Mrs. Reiss. There will be another for Jolie."

Likes liver

FOR Jolie there will be meat dishes flavored with her favorite sauces, chillies and paprika, as well as goose liver, the delicacy she likes most.

"We all enjoy Hungarian food," said Mrs. Harvey. "Jolie and her girls like frankfurters, and salami, and goulash for breakfast. We still eat them, but Jolie always has had to watch her figure."

At that a sigh came from plump sisters Mrs. Reiss and Mrs. Harvey, whose fondness for Hungarian food is tem-



GRANDMOTHER Jolie, in pedal-pushers, photographed in Vienna with Professor Louis Bardoly. Jolie and third husband Edmund de Szigethy plan to honeymoon in Australia.

American glamor four



SALAMI AND FRANKFURTS are favorite foods of (from left) Magda Gabor, her mother, Jolie, and sisters Zsa Zsa and Eva. "We are four girls together," says Jolie, who owns a jewellery shop in New York. The "four girls" total 15 marriages.

pered by the thought of future dieting.

Said Mrs. Sugar: "Aunt Jolie has been married three times, I think. We must check on that. Zsa Zsa has had three husbands, Eva three, and Magda four. Each of us has had only one. I have been married 12 years."

"And I for 33," said Rosa-lie Reiss.

Wed 20 years

"I AM a widow now," said Janette Harvey, "but I was married for more than 20 years."

The Sydney relatives recall Zsa Zsa's first marriage, when she was 17, to Turkish diplomat Burhan Belge. Zsa Zsa's pet Afghan hound, wearing collars to match her wedding dress, posed with her for photographs.

Said Mrs. Reiss: "Zsa Zsa was always crazy about dogs, the French poodles, the bulldogs, Alsatians, and the Afghan hounds."

Zsa Zsa, according to her relatives, was originally brunette, but by the time she left school had decided that blondness suited her. Since then her hair style and cut have changed many times, "with each new husband," they said.

(The husbands following Burhan Belge were millionaire hotelier Conrad Hilton, and film star George Sanders.) "Now we read that Zsa Zsa's hair is green," relatives said.

According to them, the Gabor sisters have different personalities.

Eva, determined to be a serious actress, "studied Shakespeare, was quieter, more thoughtful, and interested in the arts."

Magda was politically minded. "She saved many people from the Nazis, hiding them in the Portuguese Embassy in Budapest."

"She hid me," said Mrs. Reiss, "and saved my husband, too."

The coming of Nazism, then Communism to Budapest, and finally last year's revolution saw the loss of 14 jewellery shops run by the family.

Mr. Thomas Harvey has established a jewellery store in Sydney. Mr. and Mrs. Reiss hope to open one soon.

"Jolie," said Mrs. Reiss, "has told me that she will open a shop in Sydney, and my husband and I shall run it for her."

Famous shop

"MY sister Janette and I will go to New York for a while with Jolie," she said. "Her jewellery shop there, it is a palace! It is a society centre!"

Though separated for years, the family has not lost touch with the Gabors in New York and Hollywood. Letters pass back and forth. Magazines are exchanged, Jolie, Zsa Zsa,

Eva, and Magda receiving regular copies of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Said Mrs. Sugar: "Eva often sends clothes. The dress I am wearing was hers."

The dress, deep blue and patterned with white stars, had an unusual back collar draping that could be arranged in seven ways, making a sundress or cocktail gown.

Zsa Zsa, mother of 10-year-old Francisca Hilton, has sent some of Francisca's clothes to Julie Sugar.

From Hollywood have arrived parcels containing night-dresses, gay skirts, pedal-pushers, rainboots, and brightly knitted gloves with matching caps for winter.

Julie, a bright, chestnut-haired little girl, has not been in Hungary since, at the age of three, she was smuggled across the border in a laundry basket.

Enthusiastic about her school (Mosman Primary), she writes regularly to Francisca Hilton.

"I tell her about school, and about swimming at Manly or Balmoral Baths," she said. "I can swim 400 yards."

When I asked whether any of the Australian relatives had ever thought of acting on stage or films, there was a shaking of heads.

"Julie learnt tap and ballet dancing and acrobatics for a while at the Tivoli," said Mrs. Sugar, "but I really don't think she's cut out for it."

Sailor-suited schoolgirls



ZSA ZSA (above), of Hollywood, has changed unrecognisably since this years-ago childhood outing to a Budapest amusement park. The three sailor-suited girls in the centre are Eva, Zsa Zsa, and Magda. With them are their now Australian cousins, Katherine Sugar (far left) and Thomas Harvey.

OUT MONDAY!



WHY

pay 1/- for a picture-paper when you can get the world's best news, feature and fashion pictures for just 6d.? You don't have to

PAY

twice the right price for this new, breezy, exciting pictorial newspaper. Why buy LESS for 1/- when for 6d. you can get

MORE?

LOOK FOR

Telegraph
PICTORIAL

OUT ON MONDAY
PRICE SIXPENCE

now **ALL**
'LIGHTNING'
 packaged zippers
 have
 matching metal 'n tape
 in **COLOUR!**

Permanently coloured 'LIGHTNING' Zippers
 melt into the fabric . . . give that
 invisible line of distinction to all your
 clothes . . . There's a guaranteed
 'LIGHTNING' packaged zipper for every
 need, in a range of sizes
 and colours to suit any style.

Select from the 'LIGHTNING'
 dispenser at your favourite store.

BLACK pack for frocks.
 RED pack for skirts.
 GREEN pack, open-end,
 for cardigans and jackets.



Manufactured by:
 IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
 OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LTD.

ZF 3261



MODERN WEDDINGS

By
London writers
ANNE EDWARDS
and
DRUSILLA BEYFUS

● Today the feeling that you have to make a show of your wedding is much less prevalent. It is considered more as your personal affair.

IT is entirely the bride's choice whether she has a full-scale white wedding trailing orange blossoms, bridesmaids, and tradition, or whether she prefers a swift quiet wedding at which she appears in whatever she would normally be wearing that day.

Since so many couples prefer the non-palaver wedding today, particularly if it is a second marriage for one of them, it is only a few grannies and others of the Old Guard who disapprove of it and are left Thinking the Worst.

Common to all weddings is a general let-up on the old conventions.

The settlement

ONCE upon a time the fathers of the happy pair got together over the port and haggled over the marriage settlement. The idea was to send the bride off to her husband complete with a dowry, a trousseau, and a bottom drawer of linen.

These days she does what she can towards collecting a trousseau, and relies on the wedding presents to help towards the linen, and, as for the dowry, the husband is an exceptionally lucky man if she brings anything but herself to the marriage.

For the tendency of the modern father, we have noticed, is not to have any money to settle on her, or to hold on to it if he has.

Financial arrangements

THESE are much more likely to be fixed between the bride and groom themselves. But a good long-term idea which too often seems to slip away because it is never the right time to broach it, is the idea of a separate personal allowance for the wife, quite apart from the housekeeping allowance.

To begin with, it seems churlish, for clearly she is top priority, and he would love to buy her a new dress. Later, it is too late, for her husband is encumbered with married men's bills to pay and the question of a new dress for her is at the bottom of the list.

Trousseaus

THE idea of a tremendous wardrobe of new clothes has been steadily cut down over the past years until most brides now settle for enough new clothes to see them through the honeymoon.

Oddly enough, economising on the trousseau does not reach to the underclothes.

Brides cling fondly to a vision of themselves in handstitched, lace-trimmed, elaborate underwear, and spare no expense on it.

But the facts are that so long as her underclothes are pretty, the Average Husband, alas, is not likely to appreciate a goffered, hand-embroidered slip. So if a bride wants value for money in terms of allure, she had far better spend the cash she has on the dress that goes on top.

Presents

THE rule remains that anyone who accepts the wedding invitation should send a



INSTEAD of exchanging gifts of jewellery, now they would much rather have something for the house.

present. If they turn it down it is now mostly left to their feeling for the couple whether they send one or not.

Presents are customarily sent to the bride's parents' home before the wedding day, and it is her responsibility to write and say thank you for them, if possible before the wedding, though sometimes the groom writes to thank his own friends for their presents.

These days brides are far less coy about asking for what they really want. Some even leave a list of their requirements, from 2/6 upwards, at a local shop, and people cross off the list what they have chosen to give.

One bride we know went so far as to list her pet dislikes, too, and write in bold capitals at the bottom of her list, "No gold lustre china, please!"

The nature of presents, too, has taken a more practical turn, and orthodox presents of apostle teaspoons in a case are being replaced by a solid saucepan or two, or a cheque.

The convention that the bride and groom should exchange jewellery as presents has also been supplanted by the view that they would really much rather have something for the house.

If the bride is married from her own home, she sometimes puts all her wedding presents on display, each with its own card. This is supposed to be for the entertainment of the

guests, but it has other uses, too.

If she has been given five picnic sets, there is always the chance that one of the givers, seeing the other four sets, will offer to exchange the gift.

But the practice of displaying presents is fading now that so many couples prefer a cheque, or something given later when they know what they want for their home.

The wisdom of asking for what you want and not feeling shy about it was discovered by one young couple. He asked outright for cheques and collected enough money from his side of the family to

decorate and furnish

their home.

She felt diffident about asking for money, and collected from her side of the family — among other typical wedding presentery — 11 waste-paper baskets.

Informal receptions

IF the bride chooses an informal wedding she is not bound to have the formal afternoon reception, although she can if she likes. These days a Registry Office bride is more likely to hold a cocktail or a champagne — and — wedding cake party, or invite a few friends to a lunch party.

Since there is no convention about the time of the informal wedding, there is none either about the time of the party, and brides pick an hour to suit their travel plans.

Nor do they feel obliged to keep to the other wedding formalities over wedding invitation cards, speeches, and wedding cake, although they can if they like.

When to leave

THE new dilemma for a guest at an informal, cocktail-party wedding reception is whether to treat the occasion as a cocktail party (arrive later and leave before the bride and groom), or whether to treat it like a formal wedding reception, where the form is to arrive on time and leave after the bride.

Most brides who give this kind of reception circulate for about two hours before leaving, and most guests, unless they have another pressing date, wait to see her off.

As for the formal wedding reception, the general rule is that if you accept the invitation you send a present. Of those who refuse, not everyone sends a present, but those who don't usually send a telegram.

NEXT WEEK:
The White Wedding

GOLDEN GIRL . . . Penny Weekes, of Mosman, N.S.W., needing only the sun's spotlight to flatter pearly skin, pretty neck and arms. Just 16, Penny is a true Australian beauty-in-the-making, her skin knows only the gentle care of Rexona Soap.



REXONA soap helps skin blemishes disappear

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is especially medicated with Cadyl, a fragrant blend of rare beauty oils, cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth. Just one lather with this mild, pure soap helps restore skin to radiant, natural loveliness.

Bath Size 1/5 Regular Size 1/1

MEDICATED WITH CADYL
TO GUARD YOUR
NATURAL LOVELINESS ALL OVER



X.139.WW142g

Page 23

Australia's most beautiful kitchens are kept beautiful with JOHNSON'S Pride & JOHNSON'S Glo-Coat



Beauty begins at floor level in Home Economist Margaret Fulton's well-appointed Sydney kitchen. . . . Johnson's Glo-Coat keeps the floor gleaming without rubbing, and Johnson's Pride preserves the brilliant showroom finish on her beautiful refrigerator and home freezer, as well as her electric mixer and other kitchen appointments.

Wipe on richer lustre as you wipe off stains with JOHNSON'S Pride

CONTAINING
SILICONE



Here's the revolutionary new way to keep your refrigerator and kitchen appliances as bright and shining as the day you bought them! Simply apply Johnson's Pride, let it dry, then wipe it off. Sticky stains and fingermarks instantly disappear. You'll like the way that Johnson's Pride gives longer-lasting wax protection to your washing machine, too.



Polishing floors with JOHNSON'S Glo-Coat is as easy as dusting!

Johnson's Glo-Coat is a completely new way of polishing floors — without rubbing. Just apply a thin film of Glo-Coat, let it dry — and stand back and admire your gleaming floor! Johnson's Glo-Coat does the hard work for you because it is a self-polishing wax. Its regular use preserves the beauty and colour of all floors.

JOHNSON'S

THE WORLD'S
LARGEST MAKERS
OF WAX POLISHES

JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT • JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX • JOHNSON'S PRIDE
JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX • JOHNSON'S BEAUTIFLOR

WWS

BUTCH



"You're coming now, Butch. It don't matter if you're entitled to dessert on the seven shillings luncheon."

MOTHER



"Next time Mother tells you to take your raincoat, I hope you'll remember!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

AT the University of Illinois, in America, Professor Robert Ferder has conducted a survey on surveys. He says that many people questioned in public-opinion polls discuss things they know nothing about. It isn't clear why the professor had to hold a survey to learn this. Most so-called general conversation consists of a number of people discussing things which they don't understand. It's the most pleasant conversation of all.

When people do know what they are talking about the conversation is called "shop" and is considered boring by outsiders.

It is also more pleasant to argue on topics of which one is relatively ignorant. A lack of knowledge enables one to hold sweeping opinions, to condemn or praise without twinges of conscience.

Thorough knowledge of most subjects leads to caution, a realisation of two or even ten sides to a question, an awareness that the thing can't be reduced to terms of black and white.

This informed opinion is admirable in itself, but it destroys all the pleasure in arguing.

★ ★ ★

IT is always a pity when a mystery of long standing is solved.

The latest disappointment of this kind is provided by Thor Heyerdahl, the Kon-Tiki explorer, who has announced a simple explanation of the method by which the huge stone statues of Easter Island were placed in position.

Natives showed Mr. Heyerdahl how huge rocks can be rolled on small logs and stones placed underneath, gradually lifting the rocks.

It's disappointingly easy to understand, the way he describes it.

And that's another body-blow to children's wonder books. The thought that "nobody knows why" or "nobody knows what happened" is delightful to a child.

For that matter it's pleasing to an adult. I always dislike seeing explanations of such mysteries as that of the Mary Celeste. Fortunately nobody can prove the explanations of that.

Indeed Thor Heyerdahl can't actually prove that the Easter Island statues were placed in position as shown by modern natives.

Which allows the imaginative to retain their dreams of a race of giants who subsequently emigrated en masse to another planet.

★ ★ ★

BEETHOVEN symphonies are played before each session of one of Japan's local government assemblies, with the idea of "inspiring assemblymen and providing clean and fair minds."

What a solution to the problem of Parliamentary broadcasts! The orchestra could continue as an accompaniment to debates, rising to crescendos in the middle of the duller speeches.

A SECOND guided missile has escaped from its U.S. Air Force controllers.

The latest one, a Martin Matador jet, ran away over New Mexico. The first, a Snark, broke from the control of a Florida base last December. Both went off into the blue just at the point where they should have turned round and come home.

There is something eerie about these happenings. The thought of guided missiles rebelling against direction gives a frightening glimpse of the shape of things to come.

These missiles weren't carrying explosive warheads. Their wild flights, however, are a reminder that such weapons, obedient or disobedient, are meant to be fitted with explosive warheads if necessary.

If it's any comfort, there'll probably be a few scattered survivors of that final war. And what will they do? Start off all over again until one day some ingenious man whittling away at a piece of wood says, "Look, dear . . . a boomerang."

★ ★ ★

THE world's first television train will run between Glasgow and London next month. Programmes will be produced in a converted guard's-van and relayed to carriages. One report of this train stated, "Passengers will not need to look out the windows."

The telegraph poles whiz backwards, and the children with coal-grimed knees, Gazing entranced on the landscape, stare at the marching trees, "We want to look out of the windows," was ever the young's refrain, The world passed by and receded—it was plenty to entertain.

The changing note on the bridges, the rivers wide and slow, The curving course on the mountains—how wonderful, long ago . . . And most of all I remember, once on a windswept plain, Seeing a house, and a woman who stood and stared at the train.

Her dress was pink and shabby; she shaded her eyes with a hand, Waving a silent greeting, alone in a lonely land. And whether the train brought comfort or only a wistful sigh, She stayed engraved on the memory of the child who passed her by.

Soon, with the windows curtained, shading the light of day, Passengers, sitting in silence, will gaze on a quiz or a play, And children, reared in an era of life revealed on a screen, Will miss the drama of tunnels while the world flashes by unseen.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND - IN WINTER!



Beaverlure

Regd.

As good to own as a faithful hound, these Beaverlure garments are just as hard to part with. Styled for good looks plus comfort, Beaverlure is right for any wear — anywhere. Best of all, it washes and washes — comes up just like new every time.

G87 is a rugged Canadian jacket style that zips all the way up to its cosy collar. Two jettied side pockets and zipped top pocket set it off.

He's also wearing the new "J.B." beret-cap ... combining the comfort of a beret and the smartness of a cap. Worn everywhere overseas — and now introduced here by Jones Brothers.



G76 is a real cold-cheater. Both the waist and wristbands are elasticised, whilst the shawl collar can be either worn open as illustrated or buttoned across.

G74. The crew-neck pull-over in an exclusive Beaverlure basket weave is something really new this season. Featured in the full range of 8 wonderful Beaverlure colours.



Genuine Beaverlure is registered and branded. Beware of imitations.

Available at first-class stores everywhere
Made only by —

JONES BROTHERS PTY. LIMITED

Smith & Campbell Streets, Surry Hills, N.S.W.
And at Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.

(JB-147)

**NEW SEASON
CHAR COLOURS**
are
another Beaverlure first!

3 Combinations
to pick from —



CHAR PINK



CHAR GREEN



CHAR RED



G75. Beaverlure styles the ever popular v-neck pullover in a distinctive herringbone pattern. Available in the new "Char-colours" and 8 other Beaverlure shades.





SOFT
BEAUTY
OF



glowing pearls

FABULOUS LASTING BEAUTY FOR YOUR FINGERTIPS...

New Iridescent Nail Polish jewels your fingertips with the glowing beauty of pearls... brings a sparkling allure to your hands, even after dark! Outwears all Other Polishes... like precious gems, Pearl Cutex has a finish that defies chipping. Goes on in minutes... lasts for days. In Lustrous White Pearl... and three other iridescent fashion colours.

For lasting beauty...

Pearl CUTEX
6/3d.

The name to ask for
when you are buying
curtain tape... is

'Rufflette'

(Pat. & Regd.)

BRAND

Although the supplies of 'Rufflette' brand curtain tape are temporarily limited because of import restrictions, housewives who want the best curtain tape will still be able to find genuine 'Rufflette' brand, but it may not be in stock in every shop at present. Ask for it by name, and look for the brand-mark 'Rufflette' on the tape. Use genuine 'Rufflette' brand hooks or rings, too, for best results.

Trade enquiries to Cooke & Daincey (Pty.) Ltd., Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth.



Not in every shop
...but worth looking for!

For delicious, non-fattening recipes, buy *The Australian Women's Weekly Low Calorie Cookbook*, on sale at all newsagents, price 1/6. It contains a complete calorie chart.

Caroline's christening



THANKSGIVING SERVICE for the birth of their daughter was attended by Princess Grace and Prince Rainier. Outside Monaco Cathedral they were greeted by Bishop Gilles Barthe (above). Princess Caroline (right), photographed by Howell Conant.



From
ANNE MATHESON,
in Monaco.

Rehearsal by godmother aged twelve made Rainier fidget

● The baptism of Princess Caroline, daughter of Princess Grace and Prince Rainier, in historic Monaco Cathedral, followed a more rigid protocol than any baptism of a member of the British Royal Family.

EVEN Prince Charles' christening was a quiet family affair compared with the ceremony that attended Princess Caroline's.

Although only a 5½-week-old baby in the arms of her Swiss nurse, Miss Margaret Stahl, Princess Caroline had her own procession to and from the cathedral.

Her retinue consisted of her cousins, the four children of Prince Rainier's sister, Princess Antoinette, who for the day of the baptism were known by one of the Grimaldi family names—de Massy.

But protocol did not allow these children seats in the cathedral close to Prince Rainier. The order of precedence included only the Prince's mother, father, step-grandmother, and sister.

Wide smile

PROTOCOL also did not permit the parents of the youthful godfather, Prince Festitex, a seat near Prince Rainier. They are related, but too distantly to take the family away from the seats allotted to other guests in the cathedral.

For the ceremony, godfather Prince Festitex had a seat all his own, as did godmother Margaret Davies, Princess Grace's 12-year-old niece, who drove to the cathedral with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly.

But protocol was skipped the night John B. Kelly and Margaret Davies, his eldest granddaughter, arrived by plane from America for the christening. It took Her Serene Highness Princess Caroline exactly two minutes to break through all formalities.

A "burp," a crowd of delight and a wide smile, and all protocol was forgotten.

Godmother Margaret Davies in her excitement in meeting the new baby forgot the carefully rehearsed curtsy for

Auntie Grace and Uncle Rainier. Grandpa Kelly, with a "Hiya, Grace," made straight for Princess Caroline. She was in her bath.

The bath finished, Princess Caroline was dressed in a nightdress of finely embroidered Swiss muslin and put carefully into Margaret Davies' arms by Nurse Stahl. "I know I shan't drop her," said Margaret, "I've been practising."

A moment later she had spun round with the baby in her arms. Prince Rainier lost for a moment that look of comfortable pride he cannot conceal when Princess Caroline is being admired.

The nervous twitching of his mouth was a sure indication he'd be glad when godmother Margaret had finished her brief rehearsal.

The smoothness of the christening ceremony was a tribute to Princess Grace, who has not only studied the procedure of Monaco ceremonial but is quick to take advice from those who know its details.

Princess Caroline arrived at the cathedral before her parents, who were met by the Bishop of Monaco, Monaco officials, and the Rev. Father F. Tucker, the Prince's chaplain.

When the Prince and Princess, the ministers and dignitaries of Monaco were seated, the first part of the ceremony was performed. Then Princess Caroline was carried to an altar in the cathedral transept for the second part. She was placed on the right of this altar until it was time for her to be taken from the cathedral, after which the Birth Act was signed.

Holy water from every part of the Christian world was offered for the ceremony, but Monaco water was used.

Father Tucker, who returned from Rome the day before, brought the Apostolic blessing from the Pope.

At this signing of the Birth Act, the full blaze of arc lights installed for television and newsreel cameras was extinguished.

The whirl of cameras started as the cathedral was again floodlit for the departure of the Royal parents and their guests.

Ex-King Farouk of Egypt was not at the ceremony, neither was his daughter, Princess Ferial. The King brought his daughter to

Monte Carlo, for the Rainier wedding. They called on Princess Grace and Prince Rainier, but neither was free to entertain them, so they left their cards.

On her return to the palace Princess Caroline was again presented to her people—she already had been presented formally the day before. She was held aloft by her parents to receive the cheers of the people gathered in the courtyard and square below.

Hundreds of pigeons were released at the Princess' presentation, and a few minutes later there was a volley of fireworks from the fortifications.

Two parties

IT was children's day in the afternoon. While Prince Rainier and Princess Grace gave an exclusive christening party in the palace, with champagne for all, there was a gay party in marquees at the Place Saint Devote, to which every Monegasque child was asked.

Meanwhile, Princess Grace has decided to do away with some of the outmoded protocol that has governed Prince Rainier's family.

She will not have her daughter called "Madame" until Princess Caroline is 18.

Princess Antoinette has been her mentor and guide on these matters, recalling how ridiculous her own position was when, as a tiny child, she was called "Madame."

So the Princess will be called Caroline in the nursery and among the family, but addressed by any one of her three titles, except "Madame," when being spoken to formally.

Princess Grace, who is forbidden to enter the Casino at Monte Carlo—and who has no particular desire to do so—insists that her daughter should not be subjected to such restrictions if she does so outside Monaco.

Another ruling on Princess Caroline's movements has been relaxed. Later, when she wishes to travel outside Monaco, she will not have to ask permission of her father or his Government.



GODMOTHER, Margaret Davies, is Princess Caroline's 12-year-old American cousin.



WED AT ST. MARK'S. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Coogan leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Mary Stephen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Stephen, of Edgecliff, and Allan is the twin son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Coogan, of "Aroombal," Tenterfield.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Antony Maurice are offered cake by Elinor Maurice, an attendant at their wedding. Mrs. Maurice was formerly Brooke Weston. Groomsman David Aitken is at back. Brooke is daughter of the "Jock" Westons.



LEAVING ST. MICHAEL'S. St. Michael's Cathedral, Wagga, are Mr. and Mrs. George Gooden. Bride was Janis Cornell, daughter of Mr. King Cornell, of Lockhart, and Mrs. Irene Cornell, of Rose Bay.

NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Crossley, who were married at Holy Trinity Church, Orange. Mrs. Crossley was Norah Latham, daughter of Mrs. Henry Latham, of Orange.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

MEMBERS of the American community in Sydney are busy arranging impromptu parties for the American naval officers who will arrive on board U.S.S. Chemung on Thursday, March 7.

The Chemung will leave Sydney on March 13. And on March 29 the 25th Destroyer Squadron will arrive.

The four destroyers—U.S.S. Carpenter (the flagship), Radford, Fletcher, and O'Bannon—will leave Sydney on April 3.

MR. and MRS. J. S. Meaney and their son John, of Lismore and Vaucluse, sailed for America on board Mariposa for a six months' visit to the Meaney's daughter, Mrs. John Hunter. Mrs. Hunter's husband is a neuro-surgeon at the Boston General Hospital—they live in Boston with their three children.

GARY JOHN HOUSTON, the four-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Houston, of "Karraba," Mungindi, was christened at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Afterwards a christening party was held in the Houstons' suite at the Australia Hotel.

BRIEFLY . . . Sydney Hordern are the names chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Baillieu Myer for their son. Sidney is the first grandchild for the Sam Horderns, of Bellevue Hill, and the ninth grandchild for Baillieu's mother, Mrs. Sidney Baillieu Myer.



OFFICERS' LUNCHEON. Lieut. (J.G.) Brandon Grove (left), Mrs. Russell Hauslaib, Lieut. (J.G.) Dick Cover, and Mrs. Frank Coles at the luncheon given by the captain and officers of U.S.S. Tulare during their visit to Sydney.



STAR OF "SOUTH PACIFIC" Virginia Paris with Ensign Edward Di Prete (left) and Ensign Gregory Payne (both from U.S.S. Tulare). Miss Paris gave a farewell concert at the Sydney Town Hall, and leaves for London at the end of April.



ON BOARD MARIPOSA. Dimity Davis (left) was farewelled by Charles Warne and Gillaine Bell before she sailed with her parents for ten months' holiday overseas. Dimity will meet her sister Ann in London, and they will tour the Continent together before returning home.

DATES for your diary . . . March 16 for the "March Masquerade" at the Killara Memorial Hall. This informal dance is being arranged by the ex-students' younger set of P.L.C., Pymble, and will help raise funds for the school chapel . . . April 18 (Easter Thursday) at the Trocadero for the dance in aid of the Palm Beach kindergarten. P.B. residents Mrs. Harry Nott, Mrs. Dick Martin, and Mrs. Tony Walcott are helping organise the dance.

SISTERS Mrs. Patricia Lloyd-Jones and Mrs. Edward Baring leave on board Orion on March 12. They will leave the ship in Honolulu and fly through America to England to Mrs. Baring's home in Rye, Sussex. Mrs. Lloyd-Jones plans to stay overseas for about six months—she will be a guest at the wedding of Mrs. Baring's daughter Perella Boden, who marries Adrian House in May.

Anne

Only

Dri-Glo TOWELS

HAVE ALL THE COLOURS YOU WANT
ALL THE PATTERNS YOU WANT!

*Choose your favourites from flower fresh pastels,
deep tones and gay combinations. Only Dri-Glo
gives you so many glorious colours, so many delightful
patterns, all designed to glamourise your bathroom,
to give it its lightest, brightest look ever!*



THE DOUBLE UNDERWEAVE MEANS YEARS OF EXTRA WEAR!

*Dri-Glo Towels are "double woven" in the length
(where all the stress and strain occur). Scientific tests
prove that Dri-Glo "Double Underweave" has far greater
strength than the single underweave. That's why Dri-Glo
Towels are your best buy, they last so much longer!*

Bathmats



YOUR BABY DESERVES THE SOFTNESS OF DRI-GLO BABY NAPS



*So soft, so absorbent
and so gentle on tender
skins—and that famous Dri-Glo
"Double Underweave," found in all Dri-Glo
products, means so much longer wear.*

DRI-GLO TOWELS and DRI-GLO BABY NAPS are products of the famous

BOND'S

Industries Group

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Teenagers with older brothers and sisters who are interested in them are very lucky. They reap the benefit of their experience and are saved from the heartburning caused by unthinking social mistakes.

A YOUNG girl in this situation has written this week. Here is her letter:

"I AM 16 and have just started going regularly to dances. I go with my elder brother and sisters. Often I meet a nice boy during the night, but cannot accept his invitation to go outside with him, because if I did my brother and sisters would not take me out again. They would probably tell my parents, too. My brother and sisters never get catches of their own and I find their company dry. I am allowed a good social life, really. Do you think I should be satisfied with this or try to get permission to go outside with boys? This would be hard as I am a lot younger than the rest of the family and am treated rather as a child."

"Downhearted Sis," Qld.

You are a lucky girl and I think you know it, too. You are having a good time, because you have a brother and sisters who are sufficiently interested in you to take you out.

Social life can be very difficult for a young girl just taking her place among adults, and you are benefiting from the wisdom of your older brother and sisters.

They, no doubt, have observed and know that girls who "go outside" with boys enjoy the wrong sort of popularity which would ruin your chances of a happy social life later on. I think you would be wise to leave things as they are at present.

"I AM 16 and like a very nice boy of 18. He took an interest in me at first and I went to the pictures with him once. He made two other dates with me but broke them, and got his mate to make his excuses. One excuse



A word from Debbie...

WANTING to serve a select few with a supper that is a gourmet's delight? Here's the recipe that will prove to them that you have cookery know-how.

Open and drain a tin of asparagus (spears or cuts depending on the state of the budget). Put drained asparagus in an ovenproof dish with a few lumps of butter and heat under a low griller, turning once. Cook 1 cup grated cheese, salt, pepper, and mustard to taste, 3 tablespoons milk, and 1 egg-yolk in double saucepan until the consistency of thick sauce. Pour over asparagus and brown under a hot griller. Serve with fairy toast.

You could follow it with shop ice-cream with your own luscious home-made sauce. Mix two level tablespoons cocoa and 1 tablespoon cornflour with 1 cup milk, 2 cup sugar, and a pinch of salt. Stir in half a cup of golden syrup and half a cup of strong black coffee. Place over gentle heat until boiling, stirring all the time, and simmer for two minutes after it comes to the boil. Take off heat and beat in 2oz. of butter. Serve hot or cold on vanilla ice-cream.

was true, the other showed he had lost interest in me. Is he just leading me on? I can't get him out of my mind. He comes from a good family and keeps good company. His friends are always nice to me. He has not got any reason to be ashamed of me. Could you please help me?"

"Downhearted," Qld.

Yes. This boy has shown you quite plainly that he doesn't like you. Leave him alone. The sooner you face facts and learn that everyone you know doesn't like you, the nicer, happier person you will be.

"I AM a 23-year-old air-hostess. I am considered to have an excellently proportioned figure and a wonderful personality and mix freely with the opposite sex.

However, I have had many teenage romances, but no one has ever suggested marriage and I am very much afraid of being left on the shelf, as most of my friends were married in their late teens. Could you tell me where to meet the right type of man who is interested in marriage?"

"Old Maid," Newcastle, N.S.W.

No, but the Commonwealth statistician can. Look up the population statistics and go where the men outnumber the women. New Guinea is the ideal spot for husband-hunting, I hear, but I'm sure there are towns and villages on the mainland where someone with your qualifications should be snapped up. Or do you, I wonder, give men the impression you are a little too eager?

***** DISC DIGEST *****

AT last we can hear "The Ballad of Mack the Knife" sung in its original context as part of the score of Kurt Weill's satirical "Threepenny Opera," which has been issued on MGM-02-7513. It is performed by the cast, headed by Weill's wife, Lotte Lenya, which presented the play "off-Broadway" way back in March, 1954.

The fact that it is still running at the same theatre, long after many elaborate New York shows have bitten the dust, is proof beyond doubt of the merit of this free adaptation of John Gay's 18th-century "The Beggar's Opera." The plot remains basically the same. You'll meet Polly Peachum and Macheath (Mack the Knife), but this

time they are found in the Soho of the early 1800s.

Theatrically speaking, "Threepenny Opera" has a chequered history. Its moderately atonal music and grim lyrics by Bert Brecht shocked Berlin first-nighters in 1928. This, however, did not prevent it from having a five-year run and dozens of successful presentations all over Europe.

The film version, subsequently vetoed by the Nazis, is now regarded as a film classic.

As Jenny, the waterfront slattern who betrays Macheath, Lotte Lenya is outstanding in her recordings of "Pirate Jenny," "Solomon Song," and "Tango-Ballad." In the last-mentioned she is partnered by Scott Merrill,

who portrays the evil but fascinating underworld "hero." Other fine musical characterizations in this sardonic, off-beat musical play are contributed by Jo Sullivan as Polly and Charlotte Rae as her scheming mother.

Every now and then you'll spot little tricks-of-the-trade, originated by Weill and Brecht, no doubt, but which in the interim have been "adopted" by less inventive writers. "Threepenny Opera" should have a wide appeal, not only for those who enjoy musical plays but also for the student of modern music. It's also a "must" for those who already have the LP (KLC507). "Lotte Lenya Sings Berlin Theatre Songs by Kurt Weill."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

1/2 THE WORK FOR LOVELIER, MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS



RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW QUICK Home Permanent with the amazing, non-cloudy, crystal-pure Wave Lotion!

EXTRA PENETRATING... because the New Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion has no opacifiers, thickeners, oils or gums like ordinary cloudy lotions, which deposit a film or residue on the surface of the hair and retard the penetration of the waving lotion.
EXTRA FAST... because the Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so completely and quickly, that much more hair can be

wound on each curler. Give yourself a lovely, natural-looking perm in the latest fashionable soft styles, with only 20 curlers.

Just imagine that. Only 20 curlers for a perm... half the winding time, half the arm work. Remember, this amazing Wave Lotion is lanolized, too, and there's only 10 minutes waving time!

TWO NEW STYLE WAVES WITH ONLY 20 CURLERS OR ONE ALL-OVER PERM IN EACH BOX.

Richard Hudnut New Quick Wave Lotion is so pure and efficient that, unlike ordinary wave lotions, the unused half can be recapped and saved for another wave. If you want a soft, 20-curler wave you get two waves from the one box. If you desire an all-over perm, using more than 20 curlers, use all the wave lotion.

A MORE NATURAL-LOOKING, STRONGER, LONGER-LASTING WAVE, WHICHEVER STYLE YOU PREFER.

Whether you desire one of the latest 20-curler, modern-style waves or an "all-over" perm, you will find this amazing new Richard Hudnut development will give you the most natural-looking, strongest, full-bodied, longest-lasting wave you've ever known. No more weak surface waves... they're deep and won't wash out. No more dry, frizzy waves because Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is lanolized. And Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent leaves no unpleasant "after-permanent" odour.

Only 10 Minutes Waving Time...

—and the curlers are removed immediately after neutralising

—your hair is not on curlers for hours and hours.



Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

The Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent is made in two types—proved, tested formulations developed to wave any and every type of hair.

RED BOX. For EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in Normal Hair.

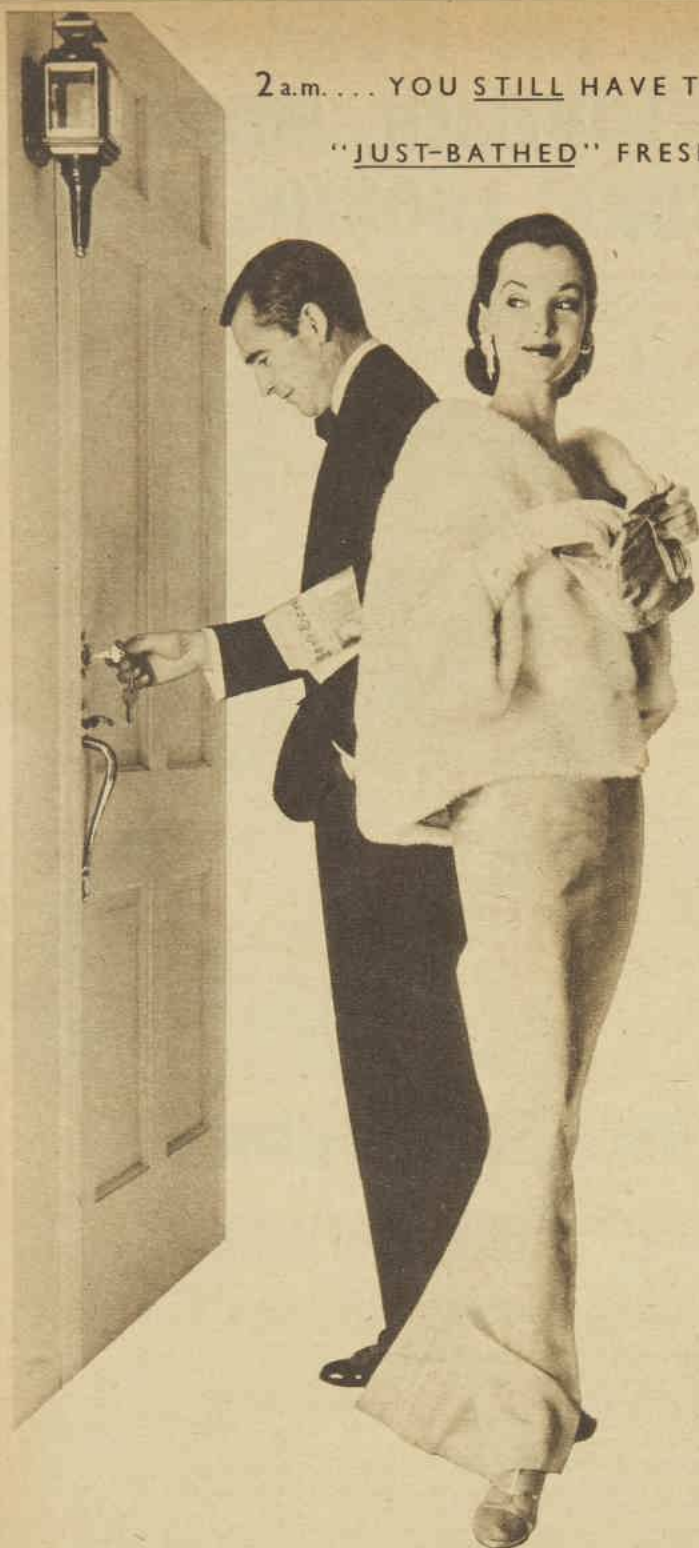
GREEN BOX. For HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in Normal Hair.

AT CHEMISTS AND

STORES EVERYWHERE

13/-

2 a.m. . . . YOU STILL HAVE THAT
"JUST-BATHED" FRESHNESS!



Stop perspiration odour
before it starts !

**Lifebuoy contains Puralin . . .
the wonder bath-to-bath deodorant**

You've never felt so clean . . . so confident of your personal freshness. The reason? It's Puralin, the miracle deodorant in Lifebuoy. Laboratory tests prove that Puralin removes up to 95% of skin bacteria—those active trouble makers that combine with perspiration to form odour. And Lifebuoy's Puralin protection stays with your skin—keeps you fresh and safe from one shower to the next.



NOW THE NICEST PEOPLE USE LIFEBUOY

DRESS SENSE

by
Betty Keep



DS231. — One-piece dress and matching stole. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material, 1½yds. 36in. silk, and ½yd. 36in. white pique. Price 4/11. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

This week my mail is full of requests for a smart autumn dress made in soft wool. The one I have chosen (above) has its own matching stole.

THIS letter is typical of the many received.

"Would you please design me a soft woollen frock suitable for the first cool day and to wear both at home and out. I don't want a frock with a low-necked bodice, and I want the skirt slim. I would also like a paper pattern in a 34in. bust for the style you suggest. Please tell me the newest shades for autumn and winter."

Illustrated (above) is the design I have chosen in answer to your letter. A matching stole converts the dress into a smart "outdoor" ensemble. The dress is high to the throat, beautifully shaped, and accented in white pique. Dark and light grey, all shades of brown and beige, black, deep olive-green (almost black), and red are all popular colors for the autumn-winter season. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I HOPE you will help me with a design for some white crepe for a frock for an afternoon wedding. A shirt-waist bodice always suits me, and as I am very thin I would like the skirt to feature pleating. I would also like a contrast in color for a belt or sash."

I advise you to have the shirtwaist bodice plus a skirt pleated to the waist in front and to a shoulder yoke at the

back. Have the dress sashed in polka-dotted silk; for the latter I like the idea of navy dotted in white.

"USUALLY I have very little social life, or the clothes for it, but have been invited to several functions calling for a late-day frock. I want a smart frock in black wool and would like your advice. I am aged 32, size 32in. bust, height 5ft. 5in. Will it be necessary to wear gloves and a hat?"

As you are tall and slim, practically mannequin proportions, I don't think you could have anything newer or smarter than an Empire-line dress. Have the bodice finished with an oval, untrimmed neckline, cut well away from the base of the throat, and short, set-in uncuffed sleeves. Under the bosom have a band of black satin (approximately 2½in. wide) curved slightly up in front and ending in two floating streamers at the back. At a function in a public place it is usual to wear hat and gloves. For a party in a friend's home, when the occasion is not strictly formal, go hatless and wear gloves.

"IS grey being worn? If so, what shades are newest?"

Grey is on the horizon as a fresh neutral for 1957 in pearl tones; by next summer it will probably be a challenge to the beige range so currently popular. When a grey is dark it is very dark, like pewter or black flecked with white to look like charcoal.

BABY CLOTHES
THAT Snap CLOSED
AND STAY SNUG



Komfi-Panties are on and off in a jiffy, with "Gripper" Fasteners.



Buy
Baby Clothes
with
LAUNDRY PROOF
Gripper
FASTENERS

Modern Gripper Fasteners are made to last the life of the garment they're built into and unlike buttons they cannot pop off... chip and break. Right now you can escape button bother forever by buying clothes with Gridders for your children, your husband and yourself.

REPLACE BUTTONS WITH
Gridders ON THE
CLOTHES YOU WEAR
AND FOR HOME SEWING
BUY A GRIPPER CARD



"GRIPPERS" are manufactured under license by CARR FASTENER Company of Australia Limited, Victoria. Australian Dist.: "J.B." Products, Victoria. STOCKS ARE AVAILABLE FROM LEADING SOFT-GOODS WAREHOUSES IN ALL STATES

Special
Feature

The New Knitteds

● Centuries-old designs from the fascinating Isles of Aran, off the west coast of Ireland, are high fashion news today. Two traditional patterns are shown below. More high-calibre knitteds are on following pages.

HERE are the instructions for the Aran cardigan shown at right:

Materials: 24 balls F. W. Hughes Bulkyknit wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 7 and 10 needles; 2 cable needles; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 23½ in.; bust, 32 to 34 in.; length of sleeve seam, 17½ in.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin. over pattern panel of "tw. 2, tw. 2"; 7 rows to lin.

Abbreviations: c.n. cable needle; tw. 2 b, k into the back of 2nd st. on left needle, then the 1st st. and sl. both sts. off; tw. 2 f, k into the front of 2nd st. on left needle then k into the 1st st. and sl. both sts. off; c 8 b, sl. 4 sts. on to c.n. to back, k 4, k 4 from c.n.; c 8 f, sl. 4 sts. on to c.n. to front, k 4, k 4 from c.n.; c 2/2f (using 2 c.n.) sl. 2 sts. on to c.n. to front; sl. 2 p sts. on c.n. to back, k 2, p 2 from c.n., k 2 from c.n.

PATTERN

1st Row (wrong side of work): K 1, p 12 (k 2, p 2) twice, k 2, p 17, k 2, p 8, k 2, p 16, k 2, p 8, k 2, p 17 (k 2, p 2) twice, k 2, p 12, k 1.

2nd Row: P 1, (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, * k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 11, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 1, * p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 1.

3rd and Every Alternate Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 f, tw.

2 b) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, * k 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 9, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 2, * p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 1.

6th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 2, c 2/2b, p 2, * k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 7, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 3, * p 2, c 8 b, p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 4 times, p 2, c 8 f, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2, c 2/2f, p 2, (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 1.

8th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, * k 4, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 5, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 4, * p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 1.

10th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, * k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 5, * p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 1.

12th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, * k 6, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 6, * p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 1.

14th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 2, c 2/2b, p 2, * k 7, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 7, * p 2, c 8 b, p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 4 times, p 2, c 8 f, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2, c 2/2f, p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 1.

16th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, * k 5, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 5, * p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 1.

18th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, * k 4, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 4, * p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 1.

20th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, * k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, * p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 1.

22nd Row: P 1 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 2, c 2/2b, p 2, * k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, * p 2, c 8 b, p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 4 times, p 2, c 8 f, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2, c 2/2f, p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 1.

24th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, * k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 11, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, * p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, (tw. 2 f, tw. 2 b) 3 times, p 1.

26th Row: P 1 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 13, w.fwd., k 2 tog., * p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, rep. from * to *, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 1.
Rep. rows 3 to 26 inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 120 sts. and work in rib of k 1 p 1 for 1½ in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 15 in., ending on wrong side of work.

To Shape Armholes: At beg. of every row, cast off 2 sts. 12 times, 1 st. twice (94 sts.). Cont. until armholes measure 7½ in. on the straight, ending on wrong side of work.

To Shape Shoulders: At beg. of every row, cast off 6 sts. 10 times, sl. rem. 34 sts. on to a holder.

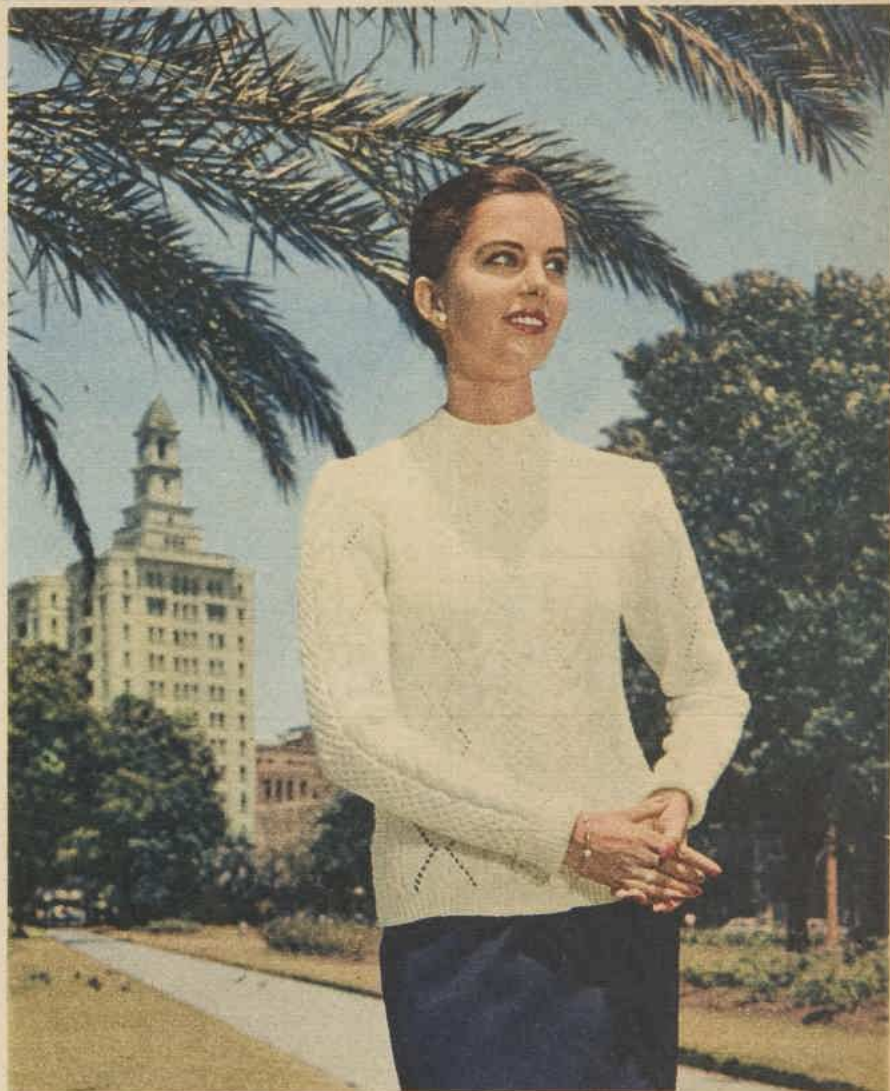
LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 70 sts. and work in rib of p 1 k 1 for 1½ in.

Next Row: Rib 10 sts. sl. these sts. on to a holder for front band. Change to No. 7 needles and work as follows for the 1st patt. row (wrong side of work): (P 8, k 2) twice, p 17 (k 2, p 2) twice, k 2, p 12, k 1.

2nd Row: P 1 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 3 times, p 2 (k 2, p 2) twice, k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 11, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 1, p 2, k 8, p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) twice.

Cont. working half the sts. from patt. inclusive until front measures 15 in., ending on wrong side of work.



RICHLy PATTERNED Aran cardigan. Directions for this little classic in sizes 32 to 34 are on this page.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 58 sts. and work in rib of k 1 p 1 for 4 in. Change to No. 7 needles.

Next Row (wrong side of work): P 9, k 2, p 8, k 2, p 16, k 2, p 8, k 2, p 9.

2nd Row: K 6, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 1, p 2, k 8 p 2 (tw. 2 b, tw. 2 f) 4 times, p 2, k 8, p 2, k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 6.

Cont. from patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 92 sts. Cont. until sleeve seam measures 19½ in. altogether, allowing for a 2 in. turnback of cuffs, ending on wrong side. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next alt. rows until 48 sts. rem. At beg. of every row, cast off 4 sts. 6 times, 24 sts. once.

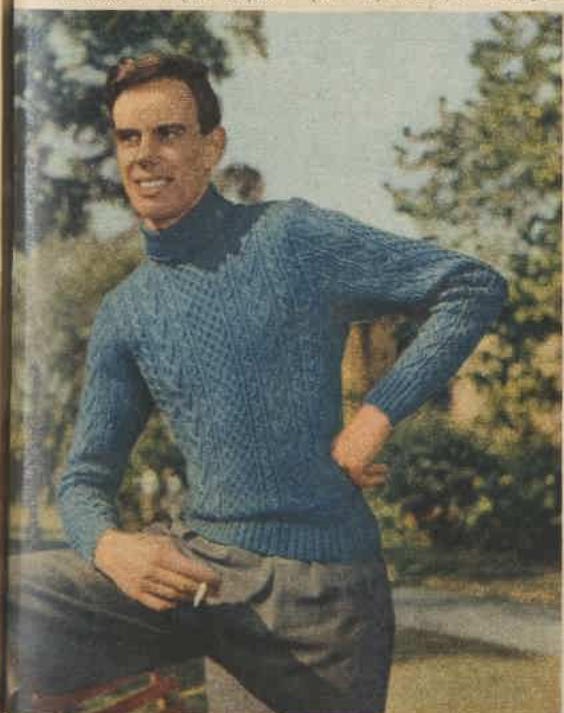
TO MAKE UP

Press well on wrong side. Using a small back-st., sew up shoulder seams. Using No. 10 needles, cont. ribbing the 10 sts. of left front until band fits

to neckline—leave aside. Work 1 row on the right front 10 sts., and make the 1st buttonhole on the next row as follows: Rib 5 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib to end of row. Cast on 3 sts. over cast-off 3 sts. on the next row. Make 6 more buttonholes at 3 in. intervals, the 8th is in the neckband. Cont. until band fits to neckline.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing you, rib 10 sts. of right front band, 8 sts. from holder, pick up and k 22 sts. up side of neck, rib 34 sts. from holder, pick up and k 22 sts. from side of neck, 8 sts. from holder, 10 sts. of left front band (114 sts.). Work in rib until 3 in. from last buttonhole. Make the 8th buttonhole on the next 2 rows. Cont. until band is 1½ in. in measurement. Cast off in rib. Stitch sleeve seams together. Sew up sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Attach bands to front edges. Sew on buttons. Finally press seams.



ARAN GUERNSEY for experienced knitters. To obtain free directions send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to our Knitting Department, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

NEW TWINSET

● Wide boatnecks are featured in both the cardigan and sweater of this delightful twinset. The sweater is knitted in a single color, the cardigan in two.

Materials: 18oz. Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool (11oz. main color, 7oz. contrast color); 1 pr. each Nos. 10, 11, 12, and 13 knitting needles; 9 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust. **Cardigan:** Length from top of shoulder, 22½ in.; sleeve seam, 17 in. **Jumper:** Length from top of shoulder, 21 in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

JUMPER BACK

Using No. 10 needles and main color, cast on 106(114) sts. Work in st-st. for 26 rows.

27th Row: Knit across row, working through stitch on needle and corresponding stitch of cast-on row to form hem. Cont. in rib until 50th row above cast-on is complete.

Change to No. 12 needles and work 28 rows in st-st.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row following until there are 128(136) sts. on needle and 146th row above cast-on is complete.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 5(6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row following until 106(110) sts. rem. Cont. until there are 46(48) rows in armhole, inc. 1 st. at each end of 33rd(35th) and every 6th row following (112 [116] sts.).

Neck Shaping: 1st Row K42(44), leave on holder, cast off 28(28), k 42 (44).

Still inc. at armhole edge every 6th row a further 2(3) times, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of 3rd and every alt. row 5 times in all, then 2 sts. at same edge of 13th and every alt. row following until 11 sts. rem. Cast off.

Join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle and work

to correspond with side already worked.

FRONT

Work as for back.

NECKBAND

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 13 sts. Work in st-st. for 320(340) rows. Cast off.

ARMBANDS

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 13 sts.

1st Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) 5 times, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) 6 times.

Rep. these two rows until 172(190) rows are worked. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder seams. Sew one edge of neckband to neck.

New Knitted

Fold in half and sew other edge to inside of garment. Sew armbands into position. Join side seams. Press carefully.

STRIPED CARDIGAN

Using No. 13 needles and contrast color, cast on 116(124) sts.

1st Row: K 3, (p 2, k 2) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 2, k 2) to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until 58th row is worked, inc. 1 st. at each end of last row.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt. of 2 rows contrast color and 2 rows main color in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 7th and every 8th row following until there are 136 (144) sts. on needle and 76th row above ribbing is complete; leave on holder.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles and contrast color, cast on 67(71) sts.

1st Row: K 3, (p 2, k 2) to end of row.

2nd Row: P 2, (k 2, p 2) to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until 58th row is complete.

Change to No. 10 needles and knit to end, cast on 11 sts. for front facing.

Work in patt. as for back, inc. 1 st. at side seam of 7th and every 8th row following 9 times, 87(91) sts., then cont. without further shaping until 76th row above ribbing is complete; leave on holder.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles and contrast color, cast on 67(71) sts.

1st Row: (K 2, p 2) to last 3 sts., k 3.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 2, k 2) to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: K 2, p 2, k 1, cast off 3 sts., rib to end.

6th Row: In rib, casting on 3 sts. in place of those cast off in previous row. Cont. until 58th row is complete, working further buttonholes in 31st and 57th rows.

Change to No. 10 needles, cast on 11 sts., then knit to end.

Cont. in patt., inc. at side seam in 7th and every 8th row following until 24th row is complete.

25th Row: K 3, cast off 3, k 10, cast off 3, knit to end.

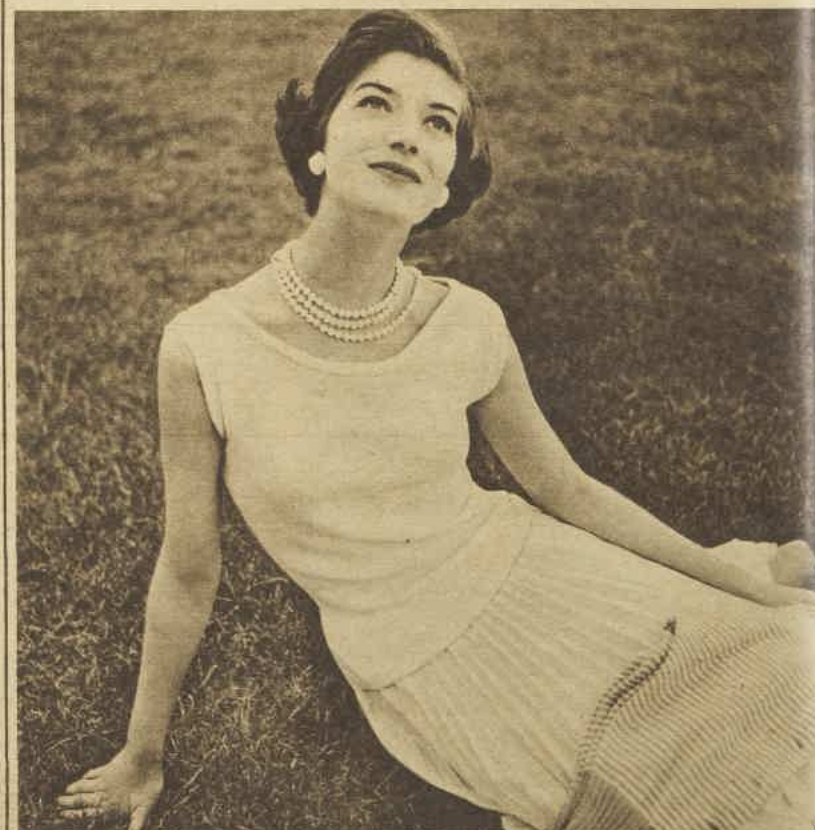
26th Row: In patt., casting on 3 sts. in place of each 3 cast off in previous row.

Cont. as for left front until 76th row is complete, making further buttonholes in 49th and 73rd rows; leave on holder.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and contrast color, cast on 72(76) sts. Work in rib as for back for 48 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of 7th and every 8th row following until there are 98(104) sts. on needle and 124th row above ribbing is complete; leave on holder.



SLEEVELESS and with a wide neck, this little sweater can be worn either on its own or as an overblouse, or with the striped cardigan to make a smart twosome. On its own the sweater looks elegant under a suit. Directions are given here for two sizes.



Linklace bracelets protect the gossamer beauty of

Lincoln

"ROSE RIBBON" 15-DENIER NYLONS

You'll wear each sheer, lovely pair of Lincoln "Rose Ribbon" 15-denier nylons so much longer... for only Lincoln give the exclusive protection of Linklace Bracelets at top and toe, stopping runs where they so often start! With arrow-straight, stay-in-place seams and a misty face powder finish... Lincoln "Rose Ribbon" 15-denier nylons are in flattering new Spring shades at your store now!

What is a "Linklace" bracelet?

The most fitting description is "a run arrestor". Rings of run-proof lockstitch at welt and toe arrest runs before they spread to the sheerness in between. It is impossible for any type of run—even one starting from a hole—to get past a Linklace Bracelet. Note: Lincoln Linklace Bracelets are a feature of "Rose Ribbon" 15-denier nylons only.

Lincoln "Rose Ribbon" 15-denier Nylons 12½

Lincoln "Jade Ribbon" 30-denier Nylons 11½

Sleek-fitting, longer wearing—"Jade Ribbon" nylons feature tailored ankles, flattering face powder finish and arrow-straight seams.

Prices may vary slightly in South Australia and Queensland.



"I'll take Lincoln thanks"

ANOTHER QUALITY PRODUCT FROM LINCOLN MILLS

..The separates theme

Top of Fronts, Back, and Sleeves: Using No. 10 needles, commencing at front edge and still working striped patt., work across the right front thus: K 85(89), sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., then across 1st sleeve thus: k 2 tog., k 94(100), sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., then across back thus: k 2 tog., k 132(140), sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., then across 2nd sleeve thus: k 2 tog., k 94(100), sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., then across left front thus: k 2 tog., k 85(89).

2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: K 84(88), sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2 tog., k 92(98), sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2 tog., k 130(138), sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2 tog., k 92(98), sl 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2 tog., k 84(88).

4th Row: Purl.
Cont. in patt., making a dec. above each previous dec. in every knit row, at same time making a buttonhole in 21st and 45th rows, until 58th (60th) row of armhole is complete 274(294) sts.

Change to No. 11 needles and, using contrast wool, cast off 11 sts., then complete row thus—

Smaller Size: (K 2, p 2) 6 times, k 2 tog., k 1, (p 2, k 2) to last 28 sts., p 2, k 2 tog., k 1, (p 2, k 2) 3 times, k 11.

Larger Size: K 2 tog., k 1, (p 2, k 2) to last 16 sts., p 2, k 1, k 2 tog., k 11.

2nd Row: Cast off 11 sts., rib to end.

Making further buttonholes in 13th(11th) and 35th (37th) rows, cont. in rib, with contrast wool, working 14 rows on No. 11 needles, 6 rows on No. 12 needles, 8 rows on No. 13 needles, 6 rows on No. 12 needles, and 14 rows on No. 11 needles. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams. Fold front facing to inside of garment and slip-stitch into position. Fold neck ribbing in half and slip-stitch to inside of garment. Press carefully and sew buttons into position to correspond with buttonholes.



ABOVE is the attractive striped cardigan to wear with the sleeveless sweater. The inset shows a close-up of the stripe pattern.

MUFFIN HAT

● This elegant little knitted hat (right) is made in white wool and banded with ribbon. It is illustrated in color on page 36.

THE MUFFIN HAT

Materials: Three balls F. W. Hughes Bulkyknit wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 11 needles; 1 yd. grosgrain, or cord made from contrasting wool.

PATTERN

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 132 sts.

1st Row: * K 2, p 4, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 4, p 2, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once. Change to No. 8 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: K 6, * pick up loop between sts., k into the back of it, k 10, rep. from * to last 6 sts., pick up loop between sts., k into back of it, k 6 (145 sts.).

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Next Row: K for fold of brim.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Next Row: K 6, * k 2 tog., k 9, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 2 tog., k 5 (132 sts.).

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once, then the 1st row once.

Change to No. 11 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 4, p 2, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 4, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

Next Row: * K 4, p 2 tog., rep. from * to end (110 sts.).

Next Row: * K 1, p 4, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: * K 4, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows once.

Change to No. 8 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K twice into next st., p 4, rep. from * to end (132 sts.).

Work 3 rows in rib of 4/2.

5th Row: * K 1, pick up loop between sts., k into back of it, k 1, p 4, rep. from * to end (154 sts.).

6th Row: * K 4, p 3, rep. from * to end.

7th Row: * K 3, p 4, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 6th and 7th rows 8 times, then proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 4, p 1, p 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Work 3 rows in rib of 4/2.

5th Row: * K 4, p 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Work 3 rows in rib of 4/1.

9th Row: * K 2, k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to end.

Work 1 row.

11th Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to end.

Work 1 row.



KNITTED in plain, simple stitches, the little muffin hat is a chic accessory to wear with winter suits or favorite tweed dresses. It takes only 3oz. wool to make. Make it in white or colors.

13th Row: * K 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to end.

Work 1 row.

15th Row: Sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3 tog., p 1 row.

17th Row: * K 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to end.

P 1 row.

19th Row: K 2 tog. to end of row.

Break off wool and run thread back through rem. 7 sts., draw tog., and fasten off securely. Press work carefully.

Sew up seam. Sl-st. underside of brim down. Press brim flat, trim with grosgrain or cord.

I know, and you know!



that washing is to get clothes clean, but washing alone cannot make your white clothes dazzling white"

says Mary Rowlin

... only

Reckitt's Blue

keeps white clothes truly white

Every woman knows that she can never hope for dazzling white sheets and shirts and other white things unless they have a last rinse in Reckitt's Blue. WASH to get the dirt out, RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, and then into RECKITT'S BLUE for that proud, lovely white. That's the secret.

...and for perfect starching

more and more women are now using Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch that does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and linens are crisp and fresh looking.

ROBIN Starch

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

Remember! Reckitt's Blue and Robin Starch —your perfect washday companions

"The Most Irritable Woman Ever known," Mother says

"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before. I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping their heads off just because the children get healthily boisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about it."

Someone should tell her. She's suffering from nervous tension; suffering as far too many other men and women are. Her body and nerve cells need concentrated nourishment. They need Sanatogen. A course of Sanatogen would nourish her nerves back to full health. Sanatogen contains concentrated amounts of protein together with phosphorus. These essential nutrients exercise a high, lasting tonic action, not only on the nervous system, but on the body as a whole.

Get a tin of Sanatogen from your chemist today and from the start you will begin to respond to its strengthening effect. Sanatogen is recommended by doctors the world over.

Sanatogen

The PROTEIN Nerve Tonic.

SAN 1-57

"Look what I've knitted in a few hours on my Matador Knitting Machine"—

says **Mrs. H. BADDOCK** of Benthleigh,

"It's quick, easy and a wonderful money-saver"



"I more than saved the cost of my Matador — 28 gns. — in the first few weeks . . .

I have knitted jumpers, pullovers and socks for the boys on my Matador and fancy jumpers for my daughter, also jumpers and pullovers for my husband and self and numerous garments for friends and relatives.

I used to be a hand-knitter, but that was much too slow. Matador is so fast that it often takes me longer to finish-off than to actually knit and you don't have to be a genius to use Matador either. It's quite simple and easy to work."

H. Baddock.

YOU, TOO, CAN KNIT AND SAVE THE MATADOR WAY

Thousands of thrifty Australian women, like Mrs. Baddock — and thousands overseas, too — are knitting and saving with magic Matador Home Knitting Machines. Make sure that you get Matador too. It's the machine with dozens of exclusive features and some which are incorporated in other machines twice its price. That is why more Matadors have been sold than all other Home Knitting Machines in Australasia.

It's the machine that does EVERYTHING . . . knits every kind of stitch, plain, fancy, Fair Isle, etc. It's the machine for you. But, hurry! See your local Distributor now! Matador will be rushed again this year!

NOW — A Matador RIBBER

Great news! Matador Super is made to take the new Matador Ribbing attachment. Light, portable and automatic, it can be fitted in a minute, providing you with the equivalent of a double-bed machine. Easy casting on and casting off, it knits bands, basques — or entire garments. It's the fastest and most up-to-date Ribbing attachment in Australia.

Now THREE MATADOR MACHINES

Matador STANDARD 28 gns.
Full instructions and tools

Matador SUPER — 32 gns.
Designed to take the Matador Ribber. Full instructions & tools

Matador RIBBER — 13 gns.
Full instructions

Available at all Distributors. Cash or Terms. (Prices slightly higher in Qld. and W.A.)

Enquire of your Distributor the cost of converting your Matador Standard to take the Ribber



Illustrated is the new Matador Super with the new Matador Ribber in place.



Matador

HOME KNITTING MACHINES

See them demonstrated
at your local Distributor

Vic. THE MYER EMPORIUM LTD. and FOY & GIBSON LTD., Melbourne, and leading Country Stores.

N.S.W. NOCK & KIRBY LTD., Sydney, and leading Country Stores.

W.A. FOY & GIBSON (W.A.) LTD., Perth, and Country Branches.

Qld. T. C. BEIRNE LTD. and FINNEY ISLES LTD., Brisbane. A. R. BAILEY LTD., Toowoomba, and leading Country Stores.

S.A. THE MYER EMPORIUM LTD. and COX BROS., Adelaide. Country Agent: MERCANTILE DISTRIBUTORS.

Tas. FITZGERALD'S & CO., Hobart. MCKINLAY'S PTY. LTD., Launceston. TAS. FARMERS' CO-OP. ASSOC. LTD., Burnie.

AND AT 200 COUNTRY STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.

N.Z. Agents: GEO. PIZZEE & SON (N.Z.) LTD.



GET THE MATADOR MANUAL

Most comprehensive book of its kind ever. Shows how to get most out of Matador; new stitch patterns, full instructions for many garments for all sizes and ages.

Pearls and embroidery

● Below are the directions for the lovely pearl-studded and embroidered evening cardigan shown in color overleaf.

Materials: 10 (B-11; C-11) or Villawool Horizon Crochet (equiv. 3-ply): small quantity in four contrasting colors for embroidery; 1 pr. each Nos. 11 and 13 needles; 10 small buttons; pearls for embroidery; 5 stitchholders.

Measurements: Bust, 32 (B-34; C-36) in.; length from shoulder, 20½ (B-21; C-22) in.; sleeve seam, 17½ (B-18; C-18) in.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin. (No. 11 needles). Instructions given for size A; any variations for sizes B and C are given in parentheses.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 108 (B-116; C-124) sts. in main shade wool.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in.

Change to No. 11 needles and st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row till 128 (B-136; C-144) sts. are on needle.

Cont. even in st-st. till work measures 13 (B-134; C-14) in. or length required.

To Shape Armholes.—1st Row (right side facing): K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows till 100 (B-106; C-114) sts. rem.

Now, cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. in 3rd. st. from each end of every 8th row 4 times (A-108; B-114; C-122 sts.). Cont. even till armholes measure 7½ (B-7½; C-8) in. measured on straight.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 13 (B-14; C-15) sts. at beg. of next 6 rows and place rem. sts. on stitchholder for neckband.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles and main shade wool, cast on 70 (B-74; C-78) sts.

1st Row (right side facing): * K 1, p 1 * rep. from * to * to last 20 sts., k 9, sl. 1, k 10 (front border).

2nd Row: P 20, rib to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows for 3½ in.

Change to No. 11 needles and st-st., keeping slipped st. at centre of border as before, and inc. 1 st. at side edge every 6th row till 80 (B-84; C-88) sts. are on needle.

Cont. even till work measures same as back to armhole.

To Shape Armhole.—1st Row (right side facing): K 1,

sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 11 sts., sl. 1, k 10.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows 13 (B-14; C-14) times, then inc. 1 st. in 3rd st. from armhole edge every 8th row 4 times, and at the same time when armhole measures 5 (B-5; C-5½) in. (measured on straight) shape neck as follows:

To Shape Neck (right side facing): K to last 24 (B-24; C-25) sts., turn, leaving these 24 (B-24; C-25) sts. on a stitchholder for neckband, work on rem. sts. only, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row till 37 (B-40; C-43) sts. rem. When armhole incs. are completed, cont. even in st-st. till armhole measures same as back armhole to shoulder.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 13 (B-14; C-14) sts. at armhole edge on next row and following 2 alt. rows. Place 9 markers along front border for buttons, the first ½ in. from lower edge, then evenly spaced up front, allowing for last one in neckband.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings

and making buttonholes opposite markers as follows:

To Make Buttonholes.—1st Row (right side facing): K 4, cast off 2 sts., k 4, sl. 1, k 4, cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 13 sts., cast on 2 sts., p 9, cast on 2 sts., p 4.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 60 (B-64; C-68) sts., in main shade. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 6 in.

Change to No. 11 needles and p 1 row, inc. evenly along row to 70 (B-74; C-78) sts.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row till 106 (B-110; C-114) sts. are on needle. Cont. even in st-st. till sleeve measures 17½ (B-18; C-18) in. with cuff folded back 3 in. (or length required to underarm).

To Shape Top of Sleeve.—1st Row (right side facing): K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows till 60 (B-64; C-64) sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. Using No. 13 needles commencing at

front edge of right front (right side facing) in main shade wool, knit across sts. on right front stitchholder, pick up and knit 32 sts. up right side of neck, knit across sts. on back stitchholder, pick up and knit 32 sts. down left side of neck, and finally knit sts. from left front stitchholder.

Work 3 rows in st-st. (keeping slipped st. in each front border), then make another buttonhole as before.

Work 4 more rows in st-st.

Next Row (right side facing): Cast off 20 sts., p to end of row. (P row is turn of neck facing.)

Next Row: Cast off 20 sts., p to end of row.

Cont. in st-st. for further 8 rows. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes matching shapings. Fold back neckband at purl row, and slip-stitch free edge to reverse side. Fold back front facings at slipped st. and sew free edge to reverse side. Sew around double buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Embroider flowers as illustrated below and sew on pearls. Press seams open. Press bands flat.



Instructions for baby wear and a charming bed jacket for yourself, are given in Patons Knitting Book No. 466 (Price 1/9d.). See Patons Knitting Book No. 467 (Price 1/6d.) for Toddler's Wear and a cosy dressing gown —

KNITTED WITH

Patons *Swiftaknit*
BOTANY WOOL
ALL PURE WOOL

If books unobtainable locally, write, enclosing 3d. extra for postage to—

PATONS & BALDWIN (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

Dept. 2, Box 1404M, P.O., Melbourne, Vic.

Dept. 2, Box 70, P.O., Mascot, N.S.W.

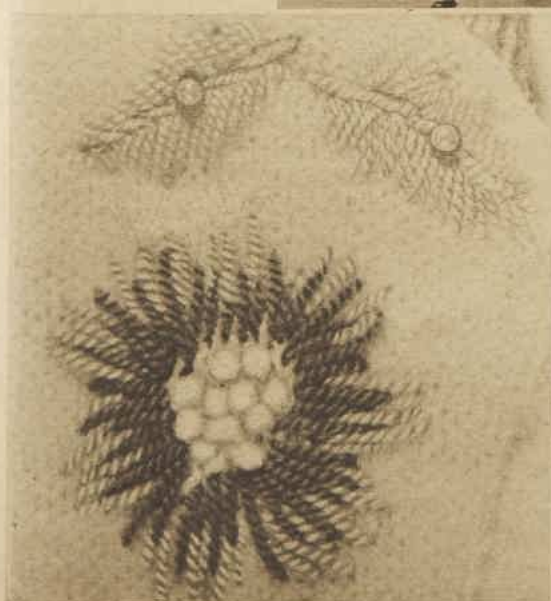
Dept. 2, Box 929M, G.P.O., Brisbane, Q'ld.

New Knit



ABOVE is the glamorous evening cardigan that can be knitted in dainty pastels or white and embroidered in shaded wools for a beautiful effect.

AT LEFT is a close-up of the embroidery showing the simple stitches used to make the petals and leaves. The centres are French knots.



YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system. When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills. They remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take Beecham's Pills at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

*.. the HEALTH
that comes with
BEECHAM'S PILLS

New Knitteds Forward trends in styling



THE MUFFIN HAT, shaped like the traditional Beefeater hat, sits smartly forward on the head. Knitted hats are fashion news overseas this year and the little model shown above is the smartest of all we've seen. In simple stitches, the directions are on page 33

• Here the beloved little muffin hat of America is shown in soft, white wool. The flowered cardigan, long-line jacket, and sleek overblouse have the stamp of Paris in their knitted elegance. Everyone will appreciate the lacy loveliness of the voluminous christening shawl and the promise of comforting warmth in the gay Afghan.



EVENING CARDIGAN shown above is knitted in fine wool and has dainty shaded embroidery on the front and shoulders. Tiny pearls are sewn here and there on the cardigan to give an extra touch of glamor. Cardigan directions are on page 35

SLEEK OVERBLOUSE

Illustrated at left

Materials: A-9 (B-9; C-10) oz. Villawool "Horizon" crocheted wool; 1 pr. No. 11 needles; 1 6in. zipp fastener; 1 stitchholder.

Measurements: Bust: 32 (B-34; C-36) in.; length from back neck: 21 (B-21½; C-22½) in.; sleeve seam: 10½ (B-11; C-11½) in.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin.

Instructions given are for size A. any variations for sizes B and C are given in parentheses.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 116 (B-124; C-132) sts. (Do not knit into back of sts.)

Work even in st-st. for ½ in., purl 1 row on right side of work, then cont. in st-st. for further ½ in.

To Form Hem: Turn up hem at purl row and knit tog. 1 st. from needle and 1 st. from cast-on edge all along row.

Cont. even in st-st. for 2 in., then dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every following 6th row until 100 (B-108; C-116) sts. rem.

Cont. even in st-st. till work measures 7 (B-7; C-7½) in.

Cont. in st-st. inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every following 4th row until 128 (B-136; C-144) sts. are on needle.

Cont. even in st-st. till work measures 12½ (B-12½; C-13) in. or length required to under-arm.

To Shape Dolman Sleeve: Cast on 4 (B-5; C-6) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then cast on 10 (B-11; C-12) sts. at beg. of following 4 rows, now cast on 24 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows and finally cast on 14 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. (A-288; B-296; C-304 sts.)

Cont. even in st-st. till work measures 17 (B-17½; C-18) in.

To Divide for Back Placket (right side facing): K 144 (B-148; C-152), turn, leaving rem. sts. on a stitchholder, work on right side only.

Cont. even in st-st. till sleeve edge measures 5 (B-5½; C-5½) in.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. at sleeve edge on next 11 (B-11; C-12) alt. rows, then cast off 12 (B-13; C-12) sts. at same edge on following 2 alt. rows, and finally cast off 6 (B-6; C-4) sts. at beg. of next alt. row. (A-26; B-26; C-28) sts.

Next Row: (Wrong side facing). Cast on 25 (B-25; C-27) sts. for neck facing, then purl across all sts. (A-51; B-51; C-55 sts.)

Cont. in st-st. dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every following alt. row until 41 (B-41; C-43) sts. rem.

Cont. even in st-st. till facing measures 1½ (B-1½; C-1½) in. Cast off.

Join wool at placket edge: to sts. left on a stitchholder. Work left side to correspond with right side, reversing shapings.

FRONT

Work as given for back, omitting back placket, until work measures 18 (B-18½; C-19½) in.

To divide sts. for front opening (right side facing): K 144 (B-148; C-152) sts., turn (leaving rem. sts. on a stitchholder), cast on 20 (B-20; C-22) sts., p 1 row.

Cont. in st-st. shaping sleeve edge to correspond with back sleeve edge shaping and at the same time inc. 1 st. at neck facing edge every 4th row 6 times.

Cont. shoulder shaping until 52 (B-52; C-54) sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. each end of every row till 32 (B-32; C-34) sts. rem. Cast off.

Join wool to sts. left on stitchholder at front opening edge. Work right side to correspond with left side, reversing shapings.

TO MAKE UP

Press all sections with damp cloth and warm iron. Fold back facings at centre front and centre back, right sides together, sew along cast-off edges, turn to right side and press flat. Sew zipper into back opening. Join upper sleeve, shoulder, and facing seams. Turn back facings and sew lightly at front and back, matching facing shapings. Press seam open. Join side and under-arm sleeve seams. Turn back ½ in. hem at lower edge of sleeves and slip-stitch to reverse side. Press all facings and hems. (Press seams) open.



HIGH-PEAKED NECKLINE, three-quarter-length dolman sleeves, and long straight lines make this knitted overblouse sleekly elegant. Make it in pastels for day wear and in black for the cocktail hour. Complete directions are given on this page.



THIS SHAWL is the loveliest we have ever seen. Made of the finest wool, it measures 66 by 62 inches. The wide cobweb-lace edging has a flared effect. It is joined to the 30 by 33in. garter-stitch centre. Free directions are available. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to our Knitting Department, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.



BULKY KNITTED JACKET shown above features a V-neck, a roll collar, and interesting front-panel treatment. Made in heavy wool, this will be a wonderful companion for sportswear, shopping, or just relaxing. Full instructions are on page 46



THE VICTORIAN ART OF MAKING AFGHANS is undergoing a popular revival. For sheer comfort, these convenient coverlets have no equal. They are so gay and so easy to make. This one is made up of a series of crocheted medallions.

GAILY COLORED AFGHAN

Illustrated above

Materials: Scraps of wool, any color; quantity of dark wool for edging and background; No. 13 crochet hook.

Measurements: Approximately 45in. by 52½in. Each medallion measures approximately 3½in.

Medallion: Make 5 ch., join into ring with a sl-st.
1st Round: 3 ch., (2 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr.) into the ring (1 ch., 3 tr.) into the ring, 3 times, 1 ch., join. (This makes 4 blocks of 3 tr. with 1 ch. between each.)

2nd Round: 3 ch., 2 tr. into first space, (3 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr.) into next 3 spaces, 1 ch., join.

Change wool color.

3rd Round: 3 ch., 2 tr. into first space, 3 tr. into next space, (3 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr.) into next space (corner), 3 tr. into next space. Cont. working 3 tr. into each space with (3 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr.) into each corner space to end of round, 1 ch., join.

Cont. in this way, changing colors every two rounds

until 6 rounds have been worked. Edge with one round of a light color and finish with one round of background color.

When 168 motifs (or desired number for required rug size) have been worked, join with a flat seam. Press lightly.

Edge with one round lighter color, two rounds of a second color, 1 round each of a third and fourth color, and 3 rounds of the background color.

Congratulations to AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU AWARD WINNERS 1957

These quality manufacturers chose the best fasteners for their garments—they used guaranteed 'LIGHTNING' Zippers



SUPREME
AWARD

Ada
OF CALIFORNIA

Leroy

City Costume Co.

CCC

EFFRON

HH

Henry Haskin

Toronto

Sportscraft

Princeton
SKIRTS & SPORTSWEAR
A SPINNE PRODUCTION

Stell-Ricks
OF MELBOURNE

LUCAS

Jane Heriote

Charlotte
Fifth Avenue Gowns

Aywon

Heathermoor

Cosmopolitan

Patross Knitwear

Merinda

Hit Parader
REGD.

You can rely on a

'LIGHTNING'
Zipper

'LIGHTNING' Zippers give that fashion finish to all your clothes

Quality guaranteed by the makers
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LTD.



ZF 3886

New Knitteds



CROCHETED in heavy wool, this stole will keep the shoulders warm in winter. In addition, it has a hood in the centre for extra comfort. The stole takes 12oz. wool, including the 3oz. for the fringe, and measures 70in. by 10½in. in width.

Warm fringed stole

● Winter warmth and feminine glamor are combined in this soft stole with dramatic contrasting fringe. Below are the simple directions for crocheting it.

Materials: 9 balls Patons' double-quick knitting wool (white); 3 balls Patons' double-quick knitting wool (black); 1 No. 8 crochet hook.
Measurements: Length, 70in.; width, 10½in.

Tension: 6 clusters to 3in.
Abbreviations: D.C., double crochet; w.o.h., wool over hook; ch., chain.
Using white wool, ch. 44 loosely.

1st Row: D.C. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in each ch. across row, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: (w.o.h., draw up a lin. loop) twice in 2nd d.c., w.o.h. and through 4 loops, w.o.h. and through 2 loops—cluster made, * 1 ch., miss 1 d.c., cluster in next d.c., rep. from * across row (21 clusters), 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: D.C. in top of cluster, * 1 ch., d.c. in top of next cluster, rep. from * across row, 3 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until the 9 balls are used, ending with 3rd row. Fold stole, having one side 5in. larger than the other. Sew from fold for 7½in. to form hood.

FRINGE

Cut a piece of cardboard 2in. wide by 4in. long, and hold at back of work. Using black wool, insert hook in first d.c. at one short end, * draw black wool through, wind round cardboard twice, insert hook under loops on cardboard, and draw working strand through, w.o.h., and draw through 3 loops on hook, insert hook in next d.c., rep. from * around stole, making 2 fringes in each corner, also on each long st., on sides, and 1 fringe in end of each row. Join and fasten off. (Withdraw cardboard after making each fringe.)

PATTERN STITCH in close-up shows the clusters that make up the design. This is a quickly worked pattern. Six of the clusters go to make three inches in width.





Marlborough Productions Pty. Ltd. of Sydney won the 1957 Supreme Wool Fashion Award for this sheath dress, which featured an intricately cut bodice and matched the cocoon cape in a wonderfully smooth blonde mink wool.

AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU

Fashion Awards 1957

The Australian Wool Bureau is proud to present the supreme award winner in the Australian Wool Fashion Awards 1957. In the following five pages you will see the fashions which won sectional awards.

The winning garments have been chosen by the panel of judges as examples of the highest standards of styling, workmanship and finish. Each one is part of a manufacturer's regular range and each one proves *there is no substitute for wool.*

Wool is the very basis of fashion for it holds its shape perfectly . . . drapes with ease and dyes the most beautiful colours.

Be fashion-wise... wear Wool

Watch For The Australian Wool Fashion Award Tag!

Each winning manufacturer in the Australian Wool Fashion Awards has the right to attach a special tag to reproductions of his Award garment. Let it be your guide when you're shopping — it's your guarantee of all that is finest in Wool.



Australian Wool Bureau



SHARENE CREATIONS of Melbourne won an award in the section day dresses under £15 with this attractive empire line dress. In winter-white woollen fabric by *Wendouree*, it shows the sheath dress is still a fashion favourite, but this year not quite so austere, as it has added a gentle blousing to the back.



RALEX of Sydney took the award in the section top coats over £15 and under £24 with this charming coat. In black woollen it is high-buttoned in the front and features a touch of black velvet trimming on the back yoke.



THE HOUSE OF LEROY, Melbourne, styled this dress in stone brown *Classweave* woollen fabric. A slim-fitting sheath, it features a full-length back panel which is caught at the waist and neckline where it forms a front collar. It won the section for day dresses over £15.



YARIMOVSKY of Sydney took the award for top coats £15 and under with this smart all-purpose coat in woven oatmeal fleck wool. Buttoned high, it has a large soft collar and attractive inset sleeves.



THE HOUSE OF LEROY, Melbourne, took first place in the section for suits under £20 with this tailored suit in cognac and white flecked wool. The jacket has restricted box pleats giving the back an interesting bloused look.



STELL-RICKS of Melbourne took first place in the section suits over £20 with this slim-fitting suit in stone beige soft wool. Its elegance is accentuated by a large brown fur collar.

Fashion Awards 1957

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR WOOL...



ECSTASY CREATIONS of Melbourne won an award with this elegant after-five dress in cognac light weight wool. An empire line sheath dress, it is enhanced by a soft front draping and high satin waist band.



CHARLOTTE OF FIFTH AVENUE, Melbourne, styled this award-winning evening gown. In mushroom pink fine wool, applied with heavy white lace, it features unusual cross-draping back panel.



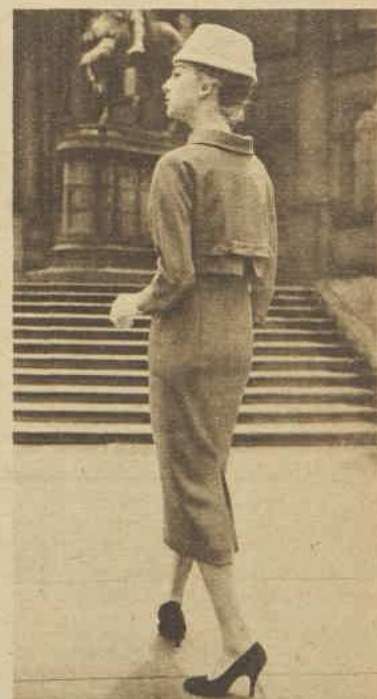
EDITH WILLIAMS CREATIONS of Melbourne won an award with this sophisticated theatre cape. In lustrous black woollen fabric, it features a smooth, round-shouldered look, loose neck tie, and an exciting scarlet lining.



ADA OF CALIFORNIA, Melbourne, won an award for skirts under £7 with this slim-fitting skirt made in diagonally woven two-tone woollen fabric (above, left). The front side pleat is saddle-stitched and the skirt is neatly belted at the waist.



TORONTO of Melbourne won the award for skirts over £7 with this formal skirt in dark grey wool from *Centenary*, featuring striking panels of pin-tucking (above, centre).



SHARENE CREATIONS of Melbourne won an award for ensembles under £20 with this glamorous day-into-evening woollen ensemble in taupe brown Crepe Mornay by *Darlington*. The empire line dress is matched with a Caraco jacket which buttons at front or back (above, right).

ECSTASY CREATIONS of Melbourne were awarded first prize in the top coat section over £24 with this distinguished coat of rich brown woollen fabric (left). High-buttoned, it has a wide fur collar, while the back is finished with a buttoned half belt.



Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1957



PATROSS of South Melbourne took the award in the knitted jersey co-ordinates with this all-purpose woollen 3-piece set. The accent is on a general neat trim outline.



W.G.K. of Melbourne won an award with this *Seasonaire* teenage suit in the section £20 and under. In an unusual shade of green pure wool fabric, it is ideal for the youthful figure with its fully pleated skirt and high-buttoned jacket.



SPHINX of Sydney took an award with their *Princeton* tapered slacks. Beautifully tailored in fawn flecked wool, they feature unusual deep cuffs.



STEL-RICKS of Melbourne won an award with this matron's coat. Elegantly styled in high-pile lustrous woollen fabric, it features a small round back yoke and intricately cut push-up sleeves.



RENNIE of Melbourne styled the winning entry in the teenager top coat section. In a brilliant shade of scarlet, it is buttoned down the front and features buttoned pockets.



THE HOUSE OF LEROY, Melbourne, won the knitted jersey dress section under £12 with this classical empire line dress. Styled in a knitted rough surface fabric in black and brown toning, it displays the versatility of wool jersey.

AYWON of Melbourne won an award in the open sportswear section with this casual duffle jacket. Following a lead from Europe, the duffle jacket has become extremely popular in Australia. This one is in charcoal grey woollen fabric by *Centenary*, and features wooden toggles.





AYWON of Melbourne won an award for these useful and attractive co-ordinates (right). In dark grey *Centenary* wool, the outfit comprises skirt, hooded jacket, blouse and tapered slacks, and is trimmed in scarlet.

DOUGLAS COX, Melbourne, were awarded first place in the section for teenager dresses, £15 and under, with this smart lightweight wool dress and matching Caraco jacket (below). In winter white with interwoven beige stripe, it is ideal for day-into-evening wear.



THE HOUSE OF LEROY, Melbourne, took first place in the section for knitted jersey dresses over £12 with this dramatic black dress. Fashioned in Janilaine wool jersey, it has a softly draped bodice and flowing sash.

There is no substitute for Wool



LUCAS of Melbourne styled this *Jane Heriot* model to take an award in the matron's section. In fine black woollen fabric, it has a slimming skirt and a soft rounded neckline trimmed with satin collar, satin buttons, and jet beads.



KIVA CREATIONS, Melbourne, presented this prize-winning matron's ensemble. In lightly flecked blue woollen fabric, it comprises a slim dress and matching short jacket. Panels of fine knife pleating are featured on the bodice of the dress and are repeated in the skirt.



M. BLOCK of Melbourne took an award with this tailored matron's suit. In black worsted wool, it has a plain skirt and double-breasted jacket eased into a natural waistline, giving a slimming effect.



HIT PARADER, by S. Stock of Melbourne, took an award with this matron's skirt. In smooth black woollen fabric, it is both tailored and feminine. Accent is on a large braid-trimmed pocket.



Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1957



HEATHERMOOR of Melbourne took first place in the open knitwear section with this black woollen jacket. It shows that heavy fishnet can be adapted for formal occasions.



HANRO of Melbourne presented this attractive high-buttoned hip length cardigan with magyar sleeves in finely ribbed beige wool. It won an award in the cardigan section.



R. C. MONICI OF PARMA, Melbourne, were awarded a first prize for this twin set. Finely woven in white wool, it is beautifully finished at the neck line. The set comprises short-sleeved jumper and long-sleeved loose cardigan.



MERINDA of Melbourne fashioned this *Simon Milstein* finely ribbed woollen sweater in vivid hot coral. The ribbing extends cleverly from the front and sleeves to shape the shoulders. It took first place in the sweater section.

MERINDA of Melbourne won a knitwear award for this delicate *Simon Milstein* two-piece evening set in Patons and Baldwins white wool. A touch of gold thread at the hemline adds to the cobwebby effect.



FOR MEN TOO

there is no substitute
for

Wool...

Left to right

R. C. MONICI OF PARMA, Melbourne, took the open award for men's knitwear with this bulky casual sweater. In aqua blue wool, the styling is accented with wide black bands.

MERINDA of Melbourne styled this *Simon Milstein* cardigan in finely knitted blue-grey wool. Beautifully tailored, it features wide and well-finished front bands. It won the award in the men's cardigans section.

R. C. MONICI OF PARMA, Melbourne, won an award with this cleverly styled men's pullover. Finely knitted in deep blue wool, it is trimmed in white around the sleeves and waist band.

INSERTED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 13, 1957

Peg came home. She noted the heightened color in the cheeks and the shining in the eyes.

"Have a nice time with old stuffy-shirt?" she inquired.

"Dreamy!" Peg said.

"Has old culture-knob finally got the day?"

"That's not fair. He is only waiting till I get to be better friends with his mother."

"Let me know next time you mean to try, and I'll provide you with a whip and a kitchen chair." Tess moved toward the day bed closest to the window.

"Okay with you if I take this bed again tonight? My sinuses . . ."

Peg came out of the blue and regarded her room-mate. The bed nearest the window was softer, more level, and airier. It was, furthermore, Peg's bed. She'd had it long before Tess ever moved in with her.

"No," she said.

Tess blinked. "Not okay?"

"Not okay," said Peg.

"Say, what's happened to you?" Tess sniffled experimentally, read continued, unexpected refusal in Peg's grey eyes and shrugged. "Well, a gal can try. 'Night."

"'Night," said Peg, wondering. This thing looked bigger the more she examined it. Just plain little old no, and she had her nice bed back again and had had just the sort of evening she wanted. It was, she began to suspect, a word as potent as it was brief. The biggest little thing since the invention of sliced bread.

She went to work next morning with her shoulders braced. Just let anyone try bending her to his will!

At the switchboard Mary Krouse said lovingly, "Hi, doll."

At the rail separating general office from reception space, Tom Lindley blew her a kiss.

"Seven and a half pounds," he said. "A boy, or I'd name it after you. Bless you, love."

In the too-small office shared with three other general-utility secretaries, Dorothy Naull said fondly, "I think your new dinner dress did it, dear. It's a dream. One more salvo and I'll have him. And thanks for the loan."

Peg almost weakened. The world was so full of nice people, all so friendly, how could you refuse them small favors. But then her lips firmed. Ward was right. She was a sucker. A patsy. Of course, people were nice to you—look what they got out of it. The day had come when she should do only what she wanted to do, not what others wanted her to do. Besides, she'd promised Ward.

So at lunch time, when Phoebe Jones wailed, "Peg! They've stuck me with a five-page letter to the Acme Home Office to go in the one o'clock collection, and I have a lunch date with Ed. Would you . . ."

Peg said promptly, "No."

"Darling, it's important."

"I can't," Ward had made it pretty plain. He would not settle for a weak-willed, spineless wife.

"Oh, well . . ." Phoebe turned forlornly to her desk. "I know you would if you could, sweetie. Thanks just the same."

Then Peg felt awful. She had nothing planned for the lunch hour and could have helped her friend as easily as not. She wondered if somewhere in this seemingly simple affair there was something more complicated than she knew. Or was Ward wrong? But that couldn't be!

Later that afternoon, however, there seemed nothing complex in her use of the little word.

Mr. Kelsey, senior partner of Kelsey, Wheelock, & Smith, general insurance agents, came to the tiny cubicle housing the four girls.

Mr. Kelsey was sixty-some, spare, and unsmiling, with iron-grey eyebrows that drew together in a threatening bar over his eyes when he was annoyed. Which was often. He attempted a smile now. He said, "We're hiring another secretary. It will be all right with you girls if we put a fifth desk in here, won't it?"

Dorothy Naull said, "Why, surely, Mr. Kelsey."

Anne Rees said, "Why, certainly, Mr. Kelsey."

Bea Spooner said, "Why, of course, Mr. Kelsey."

During the thoroughly predictable responses, Peg had been thinking. The office was about ten by ten. They almost walked on each other's desks now to get to the door. And summer was coming.

"No," said Peg.

"Eh?" The iron bar formed above his eyes.

"No, Mr. Kelsey. There isn't room."

"Well, of course," sputtered Mr. Kelsey. "If that's the way you . . . Your frank opinion . . . Come to my office in a few minutes. A letter to dictate."

"Honey!" Bea exclaimed when he had gone. "Don't you feel well?"

"It was nice knowing you," murmured Anne.

"Why?" demanded Dorothy. "Well, it's too crowded in here now, isn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"It won't be any less crowded with another desk?"

"No, but—"

"Can you imagine what it'll be like in August?"

"Yes, but—"

"So band together, girls. You've nothing to lose but the humidity."

In Mr. Kelsey's office a little later the iron bar was still above his eyes.

"Miss Barney, I wanted your opinion, or I wouldn't have asked, but you know there isn't room for another desk anywhere else."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kelsey."

"I must say I'd expected co-operation from you."

Not being clairvoyant, he couldn't have known that this was about the worst thing he could have said.

"But Mr. Kelsey, there's plenty of room. Three offices in the suite next door are for rent."

Mr. Kelsey jumped as if he'd sat on a bee. Or vice-versa.

"Next door! Have you any idea how much a thousand feet of floor space rents for?"

"No, sir," said Peg meekly.

"You'd know much more about that than I do, Mr. Kelsey. But can't things like that sort

Continuing . . . She Learned To Say No

from page 3

of come out of taxes so they don't really cost so much?"

Mr. Kelsey glared. "Take a letter, Miss Barney. 'Damn Mr. Honeywell' I mean, 'Dear Mr. Honeywell' . . ."

No one looking at the austere Mr. Kelsey would have dared hint that he had peeked, but it happened that the other three girls left a little before Peg did that evening, and Mr. Kelsey happened to put his head in their doorway to find her alone.

"Uh, Miss Barney. About the new secretary—I've had an excellent idea. There is some vacant space next door. We'll take that over, knock through a connecting doorway . . . plenty of room, then . . . some

of it out of taxes . . . Good-night, Miss Barney," he concluded sternly.

"Good-night, Mr. Kelsey."

Humming happily, Peg put paper to typewriter. "No no no no no," she wrote.

Next afternoon she was right on time at Lexington and Forty-Fifth and was received with a beaming smile.

"Bless your little heart," Ward said. "Five-twenty on the button. I'm so glad. I promised Mother we'd have dinner with her again tonight and she likes it precisely at six-thirty. By the time we have a cocktail

"No," said Peg.

"What?" said Ward, gaping at her.

"I said, no," Peg repeated in a clear, ringing tone.

Ward frowned. "Are you trying to make a joke of what I told you day before yesterday?"

"I'm just doing what you told me to do. You told me to say no to things people asked me to do if I didn't want to do them."

"You don't want to have dinner with mother?"

"No."

"But . . . I thought you liked her. She likes you."

"No," said Peg. "She doesn't like me. She wouldn't like any girl you wanted to marry, but me she doesn't like good and proper."

"She never intimated a ny such thing."

"She has looked it a lot of times."

"You don't mean what you're saying, Peg. You can't mean it! After all, if we're going to live together in her apartment

Peg stared at Ward McKenny II. Tall and immaculate and a pleasure to the female eye. Something told her that she'd better lay aside that big little word just now or he would be sparking out a few himself. But he had introduced her to it in the first place, hadn't he? The day he called her a jellyfish?

Peg was not introspective nor brooding. She was a warm, pretty, cheerful little thing who did not normally hold grudges. But—jellyfish! She discovered now that it had been rankling for forty-eight hours. "We are not," she said firmly, "all going to live together in her apartment."

Ward stopped, while people flowed around the two of them on the crowded sidewalk.

"Leave mother alone in that twelve-room duplex? We agreed from the beginning that we couldn't do that."

"We didn't agree on it," Peg said. "You agreed on it."

You also told me to quit being imposed on, to learn to say no to things I didn't want to do. This is something I didn't want to do. This is something I want more than anything else in the world not to do. So—no."

"You're being silly and unreasonable," snapped Ward. "Yes, I told you to say no. Once in a while. Not all the time."

"You mean, not to you?"

"I don't mean anything of the . . . But in a case like this . . . Peg, it's important."

"That's what Phoebe said," Peg murmured, frowning.

"Phoebe . . . ?"

"Skip it. The answer is still no."

Ward glared so hard that Peg should have quaked. But she didn't. She smiled at this eminently eligible male whom she could have eventually on his terms. She didn't kid herself; she thought it would be wonderful to have him on any terms. But it would be more wonderful to have him on her own, and if she couldn't get him that way—well, maybe she could convince herself that she hadn't been so much in love with him as she had thought.

"You better call your mother and tell her we can't be with her for dinner, darling," she said gently. "Say it's because of me, if you want to. After all, it is because of me."

Ward gazed at her with a look of a householder who has painstakingly trained his dog to bite burglars and then comes home one evening to get bitten himself. "You're sure you won't change your—"

"No."

"I think you've gone nuts," he grated bitterly, heading for a hotel lobby and a telephone booth.

That was a Friday evening, and the altered dinner plans brought fast action.

Saturday morning Peg sat around the dinky apartment staring with wide, tearless eyes at nothing. That numb spot below her collarbone was where Ward used to be. He might perhaps be persuaded to return if she tried hard and was an

To page 47



Feel warm — look wonderful !



Wear the Aywon Wool Bureau Fashion Winners for 1957

FIRST PRIZE . . .

Wool duffle jacket in scarlet, turquoise, wild rice, charcoal, forest green, tan, light blue, and lipstick, featuring wooden toggles. Price £8/8/0, XSSW to W.

FIRST PRIZE . . .

Wear everywhere set in charcoal or medium grey wool and perlon teamed with red spotted cotton. Hooded jacket (spotted

cotton lined) £5/19/11; blouse 41/6; slacks 90/-; slim skirt 90/-; unillustrated jacket 90/-. In sizes XSSW to W.

SPECIAL MENTION . . .

Car coat in pure wool with knitted collar and leather cord anchors, in scarlet, turquoise, wild rice, charcoal, forest green, tan, light blue and lipstick, buttoned with wooden toggles, £5/19/11. XSSW to W.

Try them on
NOW in your
favourite stores
everywhere

Aywon

(Pronounced A.I.) the most exciting name in separates





IS
YOUR BABY
"difficult"
ABOUT
MILK?

Poor little chap! His digestion just wasn't strong enough to "take" milk. He's taking Benger's now. And he's thriving on it!

Benger's, you see, contains enzymes just like those which work baby's own digestion. When you add hot milk to Benger's, these enzymes go into action. They modify the milk so it can't form painful, indigestible curds in baby's stomach. And they convert the Benger's and the milk into nourishing, strengthening food. There's no strain on baby's digestion because his food is partly "pre-digested"!

You can vary the degree of "pre-digestion" according to baby's age. Easy-to-follow directions, covering every stage to weaning, are included in every tin of Benger's Food. Ask for a tin at your chemist's to-day!

If he won't take milk give him

Benger's

The entirely new and enlarged edition of "The Mother and Her Child," a complete 80-page compendium on mothercraft, will be supplied free to parents sending name and address to:

FISONS CHEMICALS (PTY.) LIMITED, 499 Pitt Street, SYDNEY



There's a simple line
to loveliness

— as simple as keeping your skin
always healthy. And there is no better
way to a healthy skin than a twice
daily lather with rich, medicated
Solyptol Soap. Solyptol Soap is so
gentle—it refreshes as it cleanses,
clears away skin blemishes, brings out
your natural beauty. Solyptol is the
World's Best Medicated Toilet Soap.

**Solyptol
Soap**

"If it's
Faulding's—it's pure"

Bulky winter jacket

● This attractive jacket, warm and easy to knit, is ideal for winter sportswear

THE jacket is knitted in panels that give an unusual tailored effect. It is a perfect companion for slacks and for the heavier-weight skirts of winter. Made in white, in pastels, or in a bright warm color, it would look equally effective. This jacket is illustrated in color on page 37.

Materials: 24oz. Villawool "Speediknit" sports wool; 1 pr. No. 8 needles; 4 buttons; 2 stitchholders.

Measurements: Bust, 34-36in.; length from shoulder, 24in.; sleeve seam, 18in.

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in. (over rib).

BACK

Using No. 8 needles cast on 115 sts. Work in rib of k 1 t.b.l., p 1 for 24in.

(Note: All knit sts. throughout rib are knitted through back of loops.)

Cont. in rib, dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row till 103 sts. rem.

Next Row: Cast off 30 sts., work in rib to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 30 sts., work to end of row in rib.

Cont. on rem. 43 sts. in rib, inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every following 10th row till 63 sts. are on needle.

Cont. even in rib till work measures 24in. from commencement.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then cast off rem. 27 sts. for neck.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles cast on 71 sts. Work even in rib for 24in.

(Right side facing) dec. 1 st. at beg. of next row (side edge) and every following 4th row till 65 sts. rem.

When left front measures same as back to cast off sts., cast off 30 sts. at side edge on next row.

Cont. in rib on rem. 35 sts., inc. 1 st. at side edge on fol-



SPORTS GIRLS will be delighted with this practical jacket for winter wear. Its heavy, bulky appearance is the latest fashion news for the coming winter season. Easy-fitting sleeves are ideal to go over thick, casual jumpers.

lowing alt. row and every following 10th row till 45 sts. are on needle.

Now cont. even in rib till work measures 24in. from commencement.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge on next row and following 2 alt. rows. (27 sts.)

Cont. in rib over rem. 27 sts. for 24in.

Leave these sts. on a stitchholder.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as given for left front, reversing all shapings and making 4 buttonholes thus: The first 2in. from cast-on edge and 3 more at 34in. intervals.



CLOSE-UP OF THE PATTERN-STITCH shows the simple design of this easy-to-knit jacket. It is made in panels that give it a smart and unusual tailored effect, so it is the perfect companion for slacks and other casual wear.

New Knitted



"BUT YOU PROMISED!"

CAROL was close to tears — after all, a formal dance is a big occasion when you're only seventeen.

"You've been putting it off for weeks," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "You promised! Now we've only got until to-morrow night — and my dress isn't even half-done!"

"I know, I know!" snapped Mrs. Allan, her mother, "but I can't do everything!"

Supper was silent — except for a muffled sniff or two from Carol. Then Mrs. Allan got up and gave her a big hug.

"I'm sorry darling," she said. "I'll see your dress is ready in time — if I weren't so tired these days, I'd have finished it long ago... and I wouldn't be so edgy, either, I suppose." Carol looked worried. "Mum, why don't you see the Doctor? Let me make an appointment for you!"

Mrs. Allan's Doctor was able to reassure her. "There's nothing organically wrong with you," he said, "I suspect Night Starvation. You see, while you sleep, your body goes on working—demanding more energy, after a hard day's work has already exhausted you. You wake tired and nervous and worry even more. Take a cup of hot Horlicks every night at bedtime." Soon Mrs. Allan found she was waking refreshed and ready for the hardest day. Right now she's working on a dream of a frock for Carol.

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the tin Horlicks contains protein — essential to the growth of the body... carbohydrate — probably our best source of energy... mineral salts to help build tissue and regulate body activities... calcium, to build sound bone and good teeth... Vitamins A, B1, B2 and D. Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tonic food drink for all the family.

HORLICKS NOW
IN RE-USABLE
JAR!



only
Horlicks
guards against
"NIGHT STARVATION"

**REMOVE ACHING
CORNS!**

★ Painlessly!
★ Quickly!
★ Safely!

**CARNATION
CORN CAPS**

AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

**BACKACHE
swiftly checked**

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

extra-good little girl and unlearned the lesson he had taught her.

And that would be better, wouldn't it, than going round with a busted mainspring? But then she thought of all the living-together that he had planned, and how small a say she'd had in it, and of how increasingly smaller a say she'd have if things went on unchanged. Just like a jellyfish.

"No," she said. "No and no."

At two the telephone rang and a commanding voice said, "Peg Barney? This is Mrs. McKenny. Will you have tea with me? About four-thirty?"

Peg started to say no. It seemed the perfect spot for it.

However, she was curious as to why Ward's mother had called. She had never telephoned before.

"Yes," she said.

The McKennys lived in a duplex apartment not far from Washington Square, a co-operative family which the McKenny family had owned since it was new in 1921. Four times the tenants had wanted to sell to real estate syndicates eager to erect a more towering and modern building, and four times Mrs. McKenny had said no and made it stick.

The McKenny houseman let Peg in and ushered her to the living-room, which may not actually have been forty feet square but certainly looked it. Mrs. McKenny rose, grey and majestic, all flags flying. "So nice. Won't you sit down? Beautiful April weather, isn't it?"

"Divine," said Peg. She sat down, the kitten beside the mastiff, the lamb and the lioness.

"Jasmine, Ceylon, or Peking?" Mrs. McKenny inquired.

"First one you come to," said Peg.

One brow went up a trifle. Mrs. McKenny pouted. Then she leaned back, well in command. "Ward told me last night that you had a slight headache and couldn't come to dinner."

"It wasn't a headache, really."

Mrs. McKenny nodded. "I

hardly thought so. If it had been that, he'd have taken you home early, and he didn't get in till after one."

"It was," said Peg, "a slight tiff."

Mrs. McKenny sat quite still, and a tiny upcurl appeared at each corner of her determined mouth. She didn't actually say "Hah!" but she might as well have.

"A slight tiff. Dear, dear. What about?"

"You."

"Me?"

"You," Peg said, "and living here with you after we're married."

"You mean, Ward doesn't want to live here at home? But he has always agreed that it was a good idea."

"I'm the one who doesn't want to."

"You! The wonder that Peg would dare express such an opinion with such a marital morsel as Ward at stake was not tactful. Peg stiffened."

"I want my own home, Mrs. McKenny."

"But with all the room there is here, plus the fact that I do not choose to live alone, I think Ward's future wife might well agree."

"No," said Peg. Lovely word.

Mrs. McKenny looked at the small blond stenographer with whom her son had misguidedly argued himself into being in love and did her the honor of unlimbering the 16-inch guns.

"I'm sure a wife of Ward's would want to live in the McKenny home and tradition, surrounded by McKenny

Continuing . . . She Learned To Say No

from page 45

memories and antiques. If not, I scarcely think Ward would want her for a wife."

"That's up to Ward," said Peg.

"We're very close, my dear. I don't think he would take your side against mine."

Peg could have fired some beauties back at that. But if she had she wouldn't have been Peg, intuitively feeling and usually understanding the emotions that drove people sometimes to scratch.

"No one wants to take sides against anyone, Mrs. McKenny. A husband and wife aren't 'against' anybody, it's just that they are for something. Their own lives, lived in their own way. Messed up, maybe, but all theirs . . . Why, how would you have felt if Ward's father hadn't stood up for what you wanted, and for your lives together, when you and he were married?"

The result was surprising. A magenta hue seeped slowly into Mrs. McKenny's neck and on up to her face, and her gaze suddenly fixed with painful intensity on a spot over Peg's head.

Oh, golly! Peg thought. She hadn't meant . . . This chance shot, hitting straight home to an ancient wound . . . But how could she have guessed that long ago Mrs. McKenny had been clamped into the same position she was now pressuring Peg to accept?

Peg wouldn't have thought the time could come when she

would feel sorry for this woman who from the first had slighted her as much as she had dared slight a son's fiancée.

Impulsively she got up and put her hands on the formidable shoulders. "I didn't know it before, but you're nice. You really are. Of course, you want your son, and, of course, you want him under your roof. And I think you'll have him, all right, because we're not going to be married. I guess I've known for weeks that it wouldn't work, and, because I was afraid, I've tried too hard. I've tried to do and be everything I thought Ward wanted; I've given in to him on everything. And given in to you. But I'm not going to any more, and I guess that will cut me out with you two McKennys. So tell him for me, will you? Tell him g-good-bye, and the best of luck . . . and here's the ring . . ."

She twisted the solitaire from her finger and left, with Mrs. McKenny sitting there in the big room, regal, victorious, and alone.

Peg got home all right and told Tess in a fairly normal tone of voice what she had done. Then she stared, stricken, at Ward's picture on her dresser. The solid McKenny jaw, relieved by the nice mouth; the level McKenny eyes; with the traces of humor at their corners . . .

The numbness and dumbness faded out and the hurt began, like an anaesthetic wearing off. "Oh!" she wailed, beginning to shake.

Tess, creeping about on mouselike feet in order not to disturb her distressed pal, had been rather expecting it. She hurried to Peg and put her arm around the shivering shoulders. "Now, now, honey, it's not as tough as it seems. You're too good for that stuffed shirt, anyhow."

"He's not a stuffed shirt!"

"A mamma's boy."

"He is not, either. It . . . just seems that way because he's never learned when to say no."

For a moment Peg was almost jarred out of her grief. Why, it was true. Ward had counselled her about the use of the big little word, and yet he'd really never mastered the use of it himself. But there was more to it.

Learn to say no. She thought of Phoebe Jones, and how miserable she'd felt at saying no to her, and she'd felt then that there was something kind of fouled up about this, and here it had just slipped out, of itself. The real answer. Learn when to say no.

But anyway, it was too late now, and besides she was defiantly sure that she would have said no to Ward all over again in just the same places because any girl with pride would have, and darn pride anyhow, it was

no substitute for Ward McKenny II, and—

It was at this point that Ward McKenny II burst into the room. Only he didn't look like Ward McKenny II now. His coat buttons were in the wrong holes, his tie had slipped sideways and his hair looked as if he had been chasing one of his own fire engines.

"Peg!" he said. "Darling!"

"Go away," said Peg, with the crystalline logic of the weeping woman.

Ward wrapped his arms around shoulders just discreetly relinquished by Tess Moore. "Mother told me . . . you . . . this afternoon . . . the ring . . . But you can't!"

"I hate you," Peg said, fishing the handkerchief from his breast pocket.

"I don't blame you, dear," Ward said meekly. "Here I go and advise you to say no, and when you say it a couple of times, I get mad, and Mother . . . But Mother isn't mad. She seems to think you're pretty smart and that I'm not if I let you get away."

"No," said Peg.

"No what?"

"Just plain no. To everything."

"You mean you don't love me?"

"No."

"You mean you refuse to marry me?"

"I . . . No."

"You mean you don't want your own home and your own things and your own life with your own husband?"

"Darn you," Peg wailed.

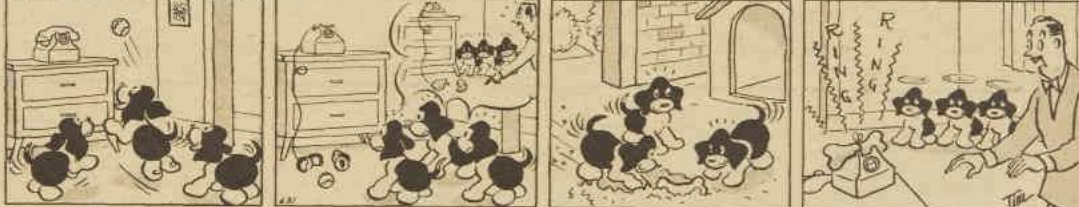
"Yes! I mean no. I think."

Tess Moore coughed. I guess I'll run along. A date I just remembered."

Nobody seemed to mind. In fact, nobody seemed to know that she was still there. She slipped out, this time closing the door instead of leaving it off the lock as she had done earlier—just in case some character with his coat buttoned wrong and his tie under one ear had wanted to barge in and yell, "Peg, Darling!"

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

BE RIGHT ON TOP this summer

with a Toni HOME PERM

lanolized to bring your hair new soft beauty-curles, new lustre

Your hair never waved and gleamed like this before, looked so silken-soft, proved so beautifully behaved. Toni waves every type of hair, perfectly, because there's Super Toni for hard-to-wave hair . . .

Regular for normal hair . . . Gentle for hair that loves to wave.

And, of course, with Toni you can have a glorious wave in any style you wish—casual and sleek, medium firm, or with crisp, definite curls.

There's a **Toni HOME PERM** just tailor-made for you!

SUPER FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR

REGULAR FOR NORMAL HAIR

GENTLE FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR

Remember, too, your Toni wave lasts till it grows out.

13/6 each

USE Toni - IN YOUR OWN TIME - IN YOUR OWN STYLE - IN YOUR OWN HOME

H102A

"Thank you very much," she said. She had a strong Yorkshire accent.

"You're a long way from Huddersfield," he ventured.

The massive face cracked across in a delightful smile. She had beautiful teeth. "Big enough for a porpoise," he thought, "but all in proportion with the rest of her. I do wish she would stand up."

As if she read his thoughts, she rose, towering above him. The orange dress had a jade-green belt.

"Could I help you with your bag?" he asked politely.

"I doubt if it weighs a pound," she said, "but I'm tired of struggling with this foreign language all day long. I wouldn't mind a chat in English. Carry it up to the hotel for me if you like." She pushed the knitting more firmly into the purple receptacle and handed it over to him.

As they walked up the hill together she told him about herself. She was an orphan and she worked at the Institution in Huddersfield where she had been brought up. "I've never left Yorkshire before," she said. "But my mother's sister married a Frenchman. And when she was dying they sent for me. Goodness knows why. She never took any interest in me. But I suppose she wanted to hear a bit of Yorkshire before she went. I told her what was going on in Huddersfield. She seemed glad enough to hear it."

"And then you stayed on with her family?"

"Oh, no. They didn't have much room. I moved across the road to the small hotel. I like this place, you know. It's warmer than it is in Yorkshire. And I learned a bit of French at the orphanage."

"So you're settling here?"

She laughed. "Oh, dear me,

no! I'm only staying until my money runs out. Then it's back to the orphanage for Hannah Parsons. Another week, I should say, the way things are going."

"Miss Parsons..." He hesitated and she stopped in the middle of the road and looked down at him kindly. "I was wondering if you would care to have lunch with me?"

"We haven't been introduced," she said primly.

"I know," he answered her solemnly. "But I once passed through Huddersfield. Won't that do?"

"In a tourist coach or train?"

"In a car," he apologised.

She looked doubtful, then gave in gracefully. Seated opposite him Hannah seemed entirely at her ease. She had for him the fascination of the curious collection of inanimate objects he had gathered, but what he had not realised when she had bowed him over on the quay was the kindness of her nature.

And Hannah, in the brilliant dress she had made herself since coming to France, so unsuitable for an orphanage, so improper just after a funeral, Hannah was gay.

The magenta jersey progressed during the week and so did their acquaintance. Hannah's fling did not reach as far as her feet. She continued to wear her sensible Yorkshire brogues and she and Christopher walked for miles in the glorious autumn weather. She carried her knitting, he carried the lunch. At first she had expected to take her turn with the heavier bag.

It seemed unfair to the hard-working Hannah that this little man should bear the burden. But he was outraged

Continuing . . . The Best of the Bargain

[from page 5]

at her suggestion, and from then on she allowed him to treat her like a duchess and enjoyed the experience.

On Hannah's last day they climbed the hills and went up through the woods until they came to a cleared space which gave them a magnificent view of the harbor, a small blue jewel below, and beyond it the open sea.

"Isn't it lovely?" sighed Hannah, sad for the first time in the week.

"Yes. Wonderful." He shared her melancholy. All night he

very easy, but Christopher felt unaccountably shy. How would Hannah herself react to his declaration?

"Yorkshire is nice, you know," said Hannah. "And until now I've never known anything else. But I hope I remember this all my life. This sun and this sea and the different food. And being so free. And going for walks with you."

The words were spoken so softly he could scarcely hear them. Hannah sat with her hands clasped round her knees. Her Huddersfield training did not permit her to cry, but her broad face was full of sadness.



"Rosine, Rosine—wake up, wake up! The baby slept through the night!"

Christopher said gently: "Hannah, will you marry me?"

There was a long silence. Then she turned and looked at him, and her face was merry again. "You're daft!" she said.

They argued about it most of the day, giving the subject a temporary rest only while they ate their cold chicken and drank their white wine.

"Yes, I like you," she admitted as they strode downhill together. "But you wait until you're back in London with a Yorkshire lass from an orphan-

age. It won't do, you know, it won't do."

She was a determined girl was Hannah, but holiday magic had worn her down and Christopher took advantage of this. So in the end he had his way.

Years of training came to Sefton's aid when he saw Mr. Blackdowne's bride and he made no sign of astonishment. The little man was excited and darted about the house, here, there, everywhere. The lady followed at a more even pace.

"What do you think of it all?" he asked triumphantly as they sat at last at tea by the study fire.

She looked round the room once again before answering. "It's much too grand for me," she said slowly. "But it is not quite so grand as I thought it would be." She nodded towards the text on the wall. "We have one like that at the orphanage." And then, happily, she helped herself to a buttered crumpet.

Christopher telephoned to the elderly cousin, who came round obediently next morning. "Help Hannah to get a lot of clothes," he instructed. "It doesn't matter what they cost. But you've got to let her choose them herself."

Hannah and the cousin took to each other once she had overcome her astonishment and Hannah her reserve. The idea of spending a great deal of money appalled Hannah. One good coat of a dark tweed which would wear well was the height of her ambition. But something of the stardust of the French autumn was still in her eyes and she could not rub it away.

The coat was dutifully bought but, with Christopher's injunction in her ears, a highly

unsuitable red hat with a feather was acquired with it and an evening dress that rivalled a peacock's tail. Christopher insisted that she went forth again and, one after the other, dress and hat boxes were delivered and she shook out the brightly colored things from their tissue-paper with oh! and ah! of delight and reassurances from Christopher.

She wore the peacock dress for their first party and stood resplendent beside the figure heard with Christopher to receive their guests. Her Huddersfield upbringing did not allow her to tremble, though her intense nervousness filled her with a strange quiet and, while society gazed when they saw her, something of her native dignity quelled their twitterings a little as they passed through to the next room.

They did not suspect Hannah's gaiety, which she reserved for those she loved, but they agreed that, while she was awfully peculiar and was it really all a joke of Christopher's, nevertheless this massive young woman had something. And Hannah, watching them, learned a great deal.

It was Sefton who showed her the attic some weeks later. Christopher had gone down to the country for a night to have a look at a sick horse.

"And what are all those things, Sefton?" asked Hannah, who was gradually overcoming her instinct to address the butler as "Mister."

"We used to have them in the house when the mistress was alive," Sefton explained, almost apologetically. "Mr. Blackdowne has sent something upstairs each time he picked up something odd abroad."

Hannah wandered about, turning a picture to the light,

To page 54

It stopped the game!

When you see Persil whiteness you simply have to stop and stare. Compared with it, ordinary whiteness can't take a trick. How does Persil get things whiter? Simply by washing them *cleaner*. Millions of busy suds work through and through the weave, carrying off the dirt, not some of it, not most of it, but all of it. And Persil is gentle with ALL the wash — kind to hands, too.

In copper or washing machine

Persil washes

whiter



Steiger says: Success wins women

● Rod Steiger, whose name was linked for a time with Diana Dors as the "other man" in her recent marital upset, has started his first British picture. And what they are doing to Steiger!

THEY have given him a miniature walrus moustache, fitted him with rimless glasses, and slicked and parted his frizzy hair.

They have also given him a heavy German accent.

Even when he comes away from the cameras to nibble some lunch Steiger talks a guttural German-English.

"I beleaf you haf got to get eense der chaaracter und shtop dere," he said.

And that's exactly what he is doing.

It's the well-known "method" of the now-celebrated New York Actors' Studio, of which he and Marlon Brando are the foremost exponents.

This can't have been much fun for those close to him, because ever since Rod Steiger shot to fame he has been portraying crooked fixers or ruthless magnates. Staying inside those parts after working hours must have made him unbearable.

And he is at it again in "Across the Bridge," the film he came to Britain to make. The story sketches the downfall of an international financier who takes refuge in Mexico.

He says—and I give it to you minus the guttural Teutonic inflections—"It's a wonderful character study. The guy starts out as a crooked millionaire and winds up as a hobo in the park."

The surprising thing about meeting Rod Steiger is that he is almost the opposite of the film creatures he has played.

He is, sad-poly and gentle, absent, roly; he has an air of bewildered torment. The things he has to say confirm that he is a dedicated actor and a puzzled human being given to much soul-searching.

"A very real talent like Marlon Brando's is often confused by his imitators," he said. "Believe me, actors like Brando and me are fighting hard to stop being typed."

"The method" in acting you hear so much about nowadays does not mean wearing dirty dungarees and not washing, as some people think.

"It means this: When I play a scene and I'm supposed to have been running after a girl and I'm out of breath, why, I run around the studio and I really get out of breath. That gives the right feeling."

"This British part offers me a difference. I hope to be able to put some pathos into it—make the character more sympathetic, however crooked and hard he has been."

Steiger walked moodily round his suite in the Dor-



ROD STEIGER pictured in character for his role as Carl Schaffner in his first British film. His co-stars are fellow Americans, David Knight and Barbara Bates.

chester—a heavy fellow in dark trousers, red shirt, needing a haircut.

As soon as he starts to talk about work he begins to think about it, and forgets everybody. On the mantelpiece stood three framed oil paintings he had bought from the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition.

"I like to buy other people's works—unknowns," he said. "I can't afford expensive masterpieces."

But now that his annual income has soared to more than a quarter-million dollars he has allowed himself the luxury of an occasional Renoir etching.

"I paint in oils and water-colors myself," he said. "Impressionistic stuff. I write poetry, too. Don't know if it's any good."

"What I really want to do myself is direct films. There's only a few parts I still want to play—biographical parts."

"I'd like to do Beethoven. And Thomas Wolfe, the American writer. And Jack London. After that they can bury me."

Though there was talk down at Pinewood that Mrs. Rod Steiger also had arrived secretly in England, the fact is that she and Steiger are still estranged. She is actress Sally Gracie.

To cure his personal prob-



AMATEUR artist Steiger copes with sketch-pad and box of paints in his London hotel room. At home in America he's a keen backyard artist. As well, Steiger writes poetry.

lems, Steiger has been consulting a psychiatrist.

"Yeah, sure, I've been going to the psychiatrist for about five years," he said. "People still get the wrong ideas about them. They think if you're taking treatment you must be a nut."

"I went to one because I was kind of mixed up. My career had shot up suddenly, and I'd just got married. Getting adjusted to both things at once was too tough."

"I haven't changed with success, though, just become more sure of myself. I used to feel rejected. I didn't talk much. Now I talk a lot. But I'm still moody; anything can depress me—a place, a person."

But he admits with a reluctant, shy grin that success has cured him of a lot of things.

"When you meet another actor you've admired and he treats you as an equal," he

said, "that makes you feel good."

"Women throw themselves at you when you become a success. That's natural enough. We're a tribe, and women go for the warrior-chiefs. Of course, I like it. It appeals to the vanity in every man."

"Successful men are more attractive to women than pretty men. The only thing is you don't know whether the woman is attracted by you—or your name."

He admits that five years on a psychiatrist's couch have been very instructive about what goes on inside humans, and this knowledge he has put to shameless good use in his screen characterisations.

But Rod denies that being mixed up was worth while.

"It's better to be happy and a bad actor," he said heavily, halting and staring absently at the carpet.

Be quickly
and correctly
fitted at your
favourite store

Jenyns
PATENT CORSETRY

UNEQUALLED
FOR COMFORT
BEAUTY
AND HEALTH...

You'll look your best
You'll feel your best
in a Jenyns



SPECIALLY DESIGNED
FOR ALL WOMEN
WHO NEED CORSETS

SUPERIOR HEALTH GIVING DESIGN. Only Jenyns make Corsets with such skill, such knowledge of correct support, fit and comfort, with such exacting care in cutting and making up the essential multiple sections that ensure the correct contour fit.

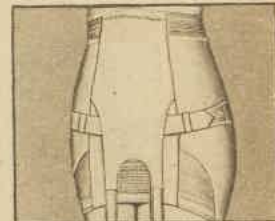
THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTIFUL LINES. This popular reducing and supporting Corset, gives the smooth line, the correct posture, the social confidence every woman desires.

BEAUTIFULLY FEMINE LONG WEARING MATERIALS. In the Jenyns range you have a choice of the most beautiful finest quality imported materials, stronger, non-sag elastic that lasts longer... Jenyns Corsets are made to wear and wear.

FOR WHATEVER NEED, THERE IS A JENYNS and it is available in your particular figure type, in your exact fractional fitting.



An Exclusive Jenyns Advantage.



Extra Tummy Control.

Jenyns Superior Patent Lacing is specially designed to give comfortable, uplifting abdominal support with firm control of hips. It permits quick, simple, daily adjustment to the required firmness. You have perfect fit with complete comfort during the whole life of the garment.

The front of the Jenyns Patent Corset is so designed that it gives comfortable but firm uplift and support to the abdominal muscles. You will note the covering apron front assures a sleek fashionable line.

Jenyns
PATENT CORSETRY



ENDORSED
BY LEADING
SURGEONS
RECOMMENDED BY
THE INSTITUTE OF
HYGIENE, LONDON

The Jenyns Patent Corset Pty. Ltd.

MODERATELY PRICED
AT ALL LEADING STORES

Gregory Peck and a designing woman



SOPHISTICATED honey-blond Honey King displays an evening confection of cerise-and-white printed satin. The full-length coat is of American-beauty satin lined with print to match the sheath gown.



STAR Lauren Bacall, a New York model herself at one time, in a hostess gown of violet, black, and white satin-striped faille taffeta with an enormous skirt. A cummerbund links the skirt and the blouse of white silk organdie.



GREGORY PECK and Lauren Bacall as the romantic and battling lovers of "Designing Woman," which is filmed in color CinemaScope. There's never a dull moment during their entire film courtship and marriage. The fashion sketches above are by Helen Rose, who did all the clothes for the picture. The models who display the gowns are all professionals and cover girls. They are all six feet tall.

Fashions, fisticuffs tangle in new comedy romance

★ When Metro signed Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall for the new romantic comedy, "Designing Woman," the entire script had to be rewritten to suit the personalities and the acting style of the two stars.

ORIGINALLY the picture had been scheduled for Grace Kelly and James Stewart. But Grace went off to Monaco, and after that Stewart dropped out of the deal.

Faced with the task of finding two other "names" to replace them, the studio was lucky to strike Mr. Peck, one of the busiest actors around these days, during a free spell.

So Peck became Mike Hagen, the two-fisted sports-writer of the story, and the role of Marilla Brown, the designing woman of the title who draws and wears clothes with con-

summate ease, fell into the elegant lap of Lauren Bacall.

It's a part that must have reminded Lauren of her own early days when she really was a fashionable model in New York.

The lighthearted courtship and marital mix-ups of Peck's shirt-sleeved journalist and Lauren's career-woman form the theme of "Designing Woman."

A highlight of the picture is a complete show of lavish ball gowns created by Helen Rose, Metro's fashion expert. Some of the gowns are pictured on this page.

Film Fan-Fare



ABOVE: Raven-haired brunette Maruja Ploss models scarlet chiffon, beautifully moulded and draped. Red taffeta lines the white coat of corded faille, which has wide-flaring elbow-length sleeves.

LEFT: Extravagant confection of chartreuse satin is worn by Betty Koch, a strawberry-blond model. It is teamed with long white gloves and features a long matching stole lined with black-and-white satin.

RIGHT: Symphony in green and red. Jane Lynn, a red-pepper redhead, models elegant dark green velvet with a graceful sweep of skirt and emerald-embroidered trim on the bodice. A muff of fashionable Arctic fox, long gloves, and delicate jewellery are chic accessories.



Talking of Films

★★ Anastasia

AN older-looking but always skilful and charming Ingrid Bergman is the enigmatic character star of Fox's widescreen CinemaScope production "Anastasia."

Just about everything that any actress could wish for is wrapped up in this role.

There is drama, a touch of mystery, deep sorrow, and Svengali-like romance, as well as the chance to change from a sad and forlorn wail of the Paris slums into a regal creature who might be the only surviving daughter of Czar Nicholas II of Russia.

Miss Bergman, making a comeback after almost eight years' absence from the world screens, builds her portrait of this bewildered woman with understanding and appealing sincerity.

20th Century-Fox is hoping that Ingrid, who has already won the New York Critics' "best actress" award as well as that of Hollywood's Foreign Press Association, will also take out this year's Academy Award with "Anastasia."

The picture itself, filmed in widescreen color against settings of Paris and Copenhagen, has been directed in a rather dishevelled way by Anatole Litvak. It has a shabby sort of elegance that seems suitable. It is theatrical and entertaining.

As well as telling of Anastasia's pretensions to royal rank, the fanciful plot deals with a well-organised attempt by some rascally White Russians to get their hands on a huge fortune—a fortune that really reposes in English vaults to this day for a proven Romanoff heir.

The topnotch cast includes

Helen Hayes (the Russian Dowager Empress), Yul Brynner (the intriguer-in-chief), Martita Hunt (stagily amusing as a court lady), Akim Tamiroff (one of the crooks), and Felix Aylmer as the ex-Lord Chamberlain of the Russian Court who does not accept Bergman.

Some of the film's best scenes are those between Bergman and Helen Hayes, who is a Dowager Empress in every fibre of her small frame.

The disappointment is Yul Brynner, the somewhat heroic villain of the piece.

In Sydney—Century.

★★ Julie

"JULIE" (a Metro release) is a noisy thriller that puts star Doris Day, the title character, on the high road to hysterics from the very first and keeps her there.

Miss Day's role is that of a newly married woman who realises her husband is a psychopathic killer and so jealous that she is likely to become his next victim.

So, with her nerves in shreds and tatters, the tear-smudged Julie makes a run for it and seeks help from the police.

But the authorities are unable to act on her unsupported suspicions, and Julie must go on alone with that lethal pursuer never more than a split second away.

Though it does not emerge as exactly a good film, "Julie," with its remote and moody backgrounds, nevertheless has its moments.

The pace is fast, and though it is probably crammed with enough material for three films, it is impossible not to get caught up in the suspense.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

This is especially true of those climactic sequences in which Julie, in her former job as an air hostess, has to take over the controls of an airliner and land it under the directions of the control tower.

As the killer, Louis Jourdan, the charming French actor, seems rather routine.

Barry Sullivan is the dependable friend, and Frank Lovejoy the detective-captain. In Sydney—St. James.

★ Without a Reasonable Doubt

R.K.O.'s suspense melodrama "Without A Reasonable Doubt" has a plot that teases the imagination at first.

But then it drifts away into pat contrivance in spite of the presence on the job of director Fritz Lang, a veteran of the thriller field who can usually keep you sitting right on the edge of your chair.

The plot tells of an attempt by a crusading newspaper tycoon (Sidney Blackmer), who is against capital punishment, and a promising novelist (Dana Andrews) to prove the inadequacy of circumstantial evidence that has enabled an ambitious district attorney (Philip Bourneuf) to obtain a series of convictions in court.

To do this they cook up what must be regarded as a dangerous scheme, and plant clues to fool the police into the belief that Andrews has



A SPOT of foolery on the set of "The Helen Morgan Story" by stars Paul Newman and Ann Blyth is watched by Mike Curtis (left).

murdered a burlesque singer recently found dead in mysterious circumstances.

When proof of the evidence-plant is destroyed, Mr. Andrews is in real trouble, and without giving anything away I can tell you that he seems a certainty for the gallows.

But then there's that unexpected ending.

Joan Fontaine, the tycoon's daughter and for a while the fiancée of Dana Andrews, seems most interested in her changes of wardrobe.

In Sydney—Esquire.

★ Between Heaven and Hell

THE arms of his spoiled young bride (Terry Moore) and their mansion home in the picturesque South are the heaven, and wartime service in the Pacific is the hell endured by star Robert Wagner in "Between Heaven and Hell" (Fox).

Throughout it all, young Wagner, who is an arrogant Southern playboy in peacetime and a mixed-up kid during combat, settles for a mood of glum resignation.

The story shows how this young man eventually discovers humility through his wartime associations.

Quite the most outstanding impression of "Between Heaven and Hell," which is very well produced, is the rugged realism of a fighting front that is filmed in color CinemaScope and seems to be padded with strips of authentic footage.

The picture is true to tradition in casting its tough characters. Some of them are immediately effective. In the long cast no one is more neurotic than Broderick Crawford, unkempt and unsympathetic as a raving bully of a man in a remote outpost.

Buddy Ebsen's drawling sharecropper is pleasant enough.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

News from studios

TYRONE POWER, whose name has been linked with gentle Swedish star Mai Zetterling ever since they made the shipwreck drama "Seven Waves Away" recently together, are denying that they intend to marry.

Though they have been seen holidaying in Sicily and Sweden, Ty says: "From now on I am only married to my career. I have only one love—my daughters." He has just been visiting them at Saint Moritz, where they are skiing with his ex-wife, Linda Christian.

AVA GARDNER'S close friend Walter Chiari is scoring a big hit in the stage musical "Buona Notte, Bettina," which is a take-off of Francoise Sagan's book "Bonjour Tristesse." Chiari makes his film debut with Ava in "The Little Hut," which was filmed partly in Rome.

sovereign

\$5 popular size refrigerator
powered by the world-renowned
Tecumseh Sealed Unit

A new size that everyone's been waiting for!

Sovereign add a distinguished new model to their famous Crisp-line series . . . the S5, a compact quality-built sealed unit with all the BIG features of the Sovereign 8 and 10.7 cu. ft. models, powered by the silent, powerful Tecumseh Sealed Unit guaranteed for 5 years. Full width freezer chest—extra freeze tray—ample storage space—big capacity door racks. Wide choice of new colours. Sovereign S5 is a wonderful refrigerator . . . wonderful value . . . **£126**

(slightly higher in country areas)

- for smaller homes • flats • weekenders
- doctors' and dentists' surgeries • schools
- executive offices.

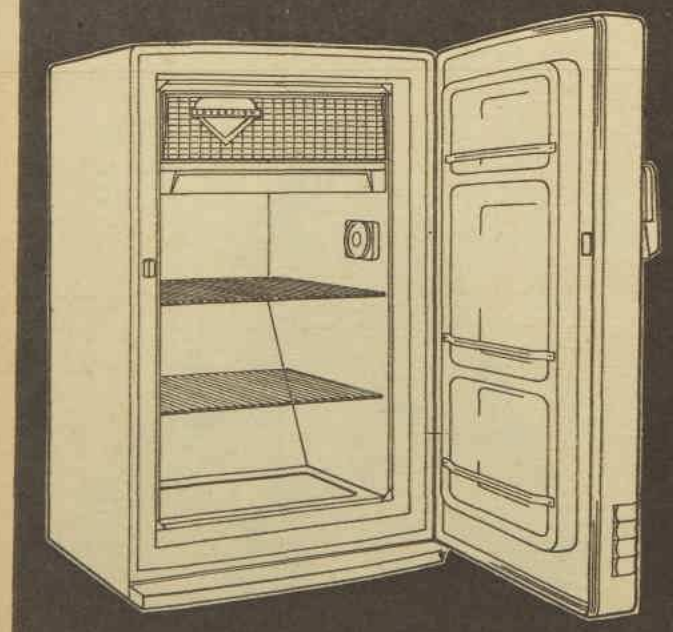
Sovereign Appliances Pty. Ltd. An associate company of Metters Ltd., Gow Street, Bankstown, N.S.W. Tel. UY3343 • 476 Church Street, Richmond, Victoria. Tel. JB4884 • 10 Helen Street, The Valley, Brisbane, Queensland. Tel. L4079 • F. W. Hille, 172 Seaview Road, Henley Beach, South Australia. Tel. LM2353 • E. J. Costley Imports Pty. Ltd., 102 Charles Street, Launceston, Tas. Tel. 81467. • Musgrove's Limited, Murray Street, Perth, Western Australia. Tel. B2071.

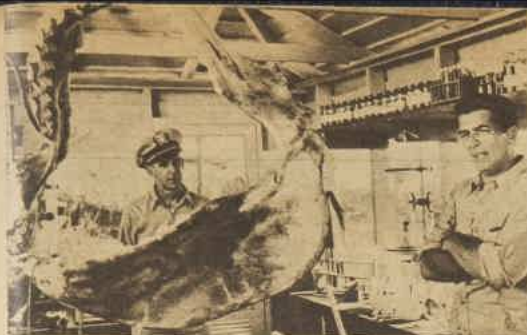
Post coupon in your State for free brochure for the new Sovereign S5 Sealed Unit.

NAME
ADDRESS



See how the S5 can fit in neatly with any kitchen layout.





1 ASSIGNED to a top Navy project where researchers are trying to develop a chemical to repel sharks, Lieut-Commander Ben Staves (Victor Mature), right, examines a shark's jaw in the laboratory of the former chief, Leonard Evans.



2 ABOVE. Tests begin with a bait of tarpon put down in shark-infested waters and surrounded with a solution perfected by the project chemist, Ensign Harold Duncan (James Olson). Later Staves sends off a compound to Washington.

3 RIGHT. A celebration seems in order after the deciding test, although Leonard Evans, contrary to everyone else, is not convinced that they really have the answer. Carlos (Rafael Campos), a young native helper, falls overboard.



4 DISASTER follows. The men on board shout to the boy to swim into the chemically treated area, but the chemical dissipates and fails to protect him completely. It is apparent that the compound is ineffective when there is a human bait.



6 WITH HIS WIFE, Martha (Karen Steele), in nearby Havana, Staves neglects to tell her that he plans to act as a human guinea-pig to try out a new compound that has passed all tests.

WARTIME ADVENTURE

★ Set on the Isle of Pines off the coast of Cuba, "The Sharkfighters" (United Artists) is a Navy saga of World War II filmed in technicolor CinemaScope.

It co-stars Victor Mature and Karen Steele and introduces newcomer James Olson.

There is action and drama in the story which tells how, in 1942, the U.S. Navy established on the island a scientific project to develop a shark-repellent to be used by fliers shot down at sea.

Victor Mature plays the role of Lieut-Commander Ben Staves, assigned to command a group of Navy experimenters who are not getting results quickly enough.

In the months that follow his appointment many chemical tests and changes are needed before the shark-repellent's efficiency is proved.

As events turn out, this is also a proving-time for Staves himself.

Husky, blond, blue-eyed James Olson, who makes his screen debut in "The Sharkfighters," is a product of the famed Actors' Studio in New York. He is a performer of considerable talent.



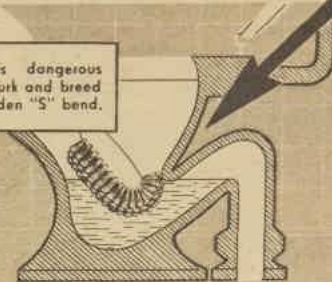
5 VIEWING the film of the attack, Evans, Staves, and Duncan (right), knowing some other compound must be found, decide on a different mixture, which includes the black fluid an octopus uses to protect itself from sharks.



7 MADDENED by a sudden rifle shot, shark pack forces him out of the safety zone. Staves saves himself, and proves the formula by swimming to the boat through a path of the repellent.

No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous germs which lurk and breed round the hidden "S" bend.



Keep your toilet clean and bright with a little HARPIC every night



HARPIC disinfects and deodorises—as it cleans



NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

How to beat attacks of ASTHMA and HAY FEVER

Pollens and dusts irritate membranes of nose and throat, cause gasping for breath, "running" nose and eyes, exhausting sneezing and open the door to germs which may cause deep-seated bronchitis and catarrh. Extracts of pollens and house dusts in Lantigen 'E' desensitise the tissues—prevent attacks. You can thus be free from asthma and hay fever misery. The proof! "... over 30 years a constant sufferer from hay fever. I started Lantigen 'E' on 25th November, 1941. By 2nd December I was completely free, and have been since." No injections! No drugs! Economical!

Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., York Street, Sydney, Australia.

Ask your chemist for

71E

Lantigen 'E'

Rheumatism

Don't suffer a moment longer. Iodised Balmosa cream brings blessed relief—quickly, easily. Just s-m-o-o-t-h it in. Iodised Balmosa cream is non-staining, non-irritating.

Ask your doctor about

IODISED BALMOSA

AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

LENTEN MENUS

New ways to cook fish are always welcomed by home cooks. See next week's cookery pages in The Australian Women's Weekly for interesting fish recipes, so useful for meatless days.



When you buy this
... **BIG** family tin!

It's smart to be thrifty... smarter still to enjoy real skin luxury at such little cost. When you buy this big economy tin of Johnson's Baby Powder you get so much more. You buy days and days of skin comfort for all your family, yet you spend so little.

Follow the lead of 4 out of every 5—enjoy complete skin comfort and lasting personal freshness in this thrifty economical way. Buy YOUR large family size tin of Johnson's Baby Powder today. It's a wonderful money saver!

**Johnson's
Baby Powder**

SOAP • CREAM • OIL • SHAMPOO • LOTION

all Best for Baby... Best for YOU

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Continuing . . .

The Best of the Bargain

[from page 48]

lifting an ornament from a polished table. "I see," she said, and "I see."

And then she gave her first order in her husband's house. "You must arrange to have all these things dusted," she said.

"Yes, madam," said Sefton, a new respect in his eye.

At the door she turned and went back for another look at the Gainsborough portrait.

Alone for the evening, Hannah went early to her bedroom. She opened her wardrobe and looked at the bright clothes that hung there and then she tried on the plain tweed coat. "Something odd he picked up abroad," she said to the woman in the mirror. "Hannah Parsons, you fairly lost your head."

Christopher's return was delayed for a week. Hannah listened contentedly to his tales of the country estate. "I've told them we're coming down soon," he said. "I'm looking forward to taking you for long walks." He broke off, exclaimed and jumped to his feet. "Good heavens! How did that get back again? Ring the bell, will you, Hannah? Whatever is Sefton thinking off!"

"It wasn't Sefton," said Hannah calmly, regarding the Dutch flower piece that hung upon the wall.

Christopher gazed at her in surprise, and her courage failed her a little so that she compromised. "I had the text put up in the bedroom," she said. "I . . . I was homesick. It was comforting up there."

Her husband stared. It had never occurred to him that she might not be entirely happy. And looking at her he realised that in the week that he had been away she had grown different. Her hair was still an outrageous orange, but it was drawn back smoothly in wide, becoming waves. Her dress was sage-green, unrelieved by any other color.

He had been so full of his own affairs he had not noticed even these small changes, and he felt an acute dismay. "Homesick, Hannah? Oh, no! I tell you what, we'll cancel dinner here and go out and be cheerful."

Hannah laughed, and to his relief quite naturally.

"I'm cheerful, all right," she said. "You don't need to worry, lad. But you know I like those flowers. They're pretty. Shall we leave them hanging here?"

Christopher winced, then laughed, wondering what the dealers would have said of

Hannah's comment on this art treasure. "Yes, they're pretty," he said. "You are quite right."

Hannah had vitality and took to London life. She ignored small snubs, mimicked snobbish idiocies for Christopher's benefit when they reached home, and gave to Christopher's world a salty freshness which the best part of it enjoyed. Christopher was amused and often proud. The wistful look in the eyes of the fair American, the scorn of the earl's daughter, moved him not at all.

One evening they were giving a small dinner-party in honor of a wealthy Norwegian in whose firm Christopher had just invested a considerable sum of money. On that evening Christopher came in late and had only just time to scramble into evening clothes and join his wife by the figurehead in the drawing-room.

Hannah smiled at him as he came in and immediately the guest of honor arrived. Hannah was in black, a stately but almost unrecognisable figure. It was only her hair that flamed still, but even that was more like the fire in a domestic hearth than a great field of gorse all ablaze. She read his thoughts as they sipped their sherry and compared Norwegian and English weather.

"I'm getting less of an oddity every day," she said to herself, and her big brown eyes were dancing. "Poor Christopher!"

At dinner, soup-spoon half-way to mouth, he saw that the Gainsborough portrait was back again. "I put the lighthouse picture in your dressing-room," she explained to him later. "It's the only seascape in the house and I thought you might like to have it there. It reminds me of our honeymoon." And she put her arms about his neck.

A week later she saw him off on the plane for Norway. "I wish you would change your mind and come, Hannah," he said as they drove to the airport. "I believe the Norwegians go in for bright jerseys and things. Sort of clothes you like to buy." And looking at her he realised that under the fur coat Hannah's dress was leaf-brown.

She shook her head. "I've promised to visit the orphanage. It's better done while you're away. I must take an interest in old friends, you know, and I wouldn't want to go while you

are here." She slipped her hand into his.

As they waved good-bye the Norwegian businessman said to him: "A shame, my dear fellow, that your beautiful wife couldn't come too."

Christopher stared at him. The man was in earnest. They turned to wave again to the smart, tall woman in the fur coat. "I suppose one would wear brown for an orphanage," he thought uncertainly.

The month in Norway was interesting, but life without Hannah, he was beginning to find, was not the life he wanted to live. She met him at the airport. She was dressed in amber-colored corduroy and she was considerably thinner. "Good God!" he said. "Have you spent the whole month at the orphanage?"

She laughed and turned her face to his again. "Oliver Twist asks for more!"

As they went up the steps to the house she suddenly lost her nerve. "Christopher, promise you won't be angry with me."

He turned, the key in his hand. "Angry? What do you mean? Have you been unfaithful?"

He meant it as a joke, but somehow it didn't come off.

"I suppose I have, in a fashion," she said, and there were tears in her eyes.

He opened the door quickly to find Sefton hurrying towards them to welcome him back. "I've put tea in the drawing-room, madam, as you wished," he said, and Christopher saw a conspiratorial glance exchanged between them. Slowly he went into the drawing-room, then paused on the threshold. The figurehead was gone and so was the wreath of wax flowers in the iron frame. The hat-stand, it occurred to him, had vanished from the hall.

All his oddities had disappeared. Except that there were more flowers, the rooms were as his mother had left them. And Hannah, the greatest oddity of them all, was standing by the fireplace, looking rather frightened, all her Huddersfield training deserting her.

Christopher switched on the lights and wandered round the room. "Where are they?" he asked at last.

"In the attic," Hannah murmured. "That is, all except me."

Christopher sat down and stretched his legs to the fire. "It's good to be home again," he said.

(Copyright)

IRON-ON TRANSFER, PATTERN

● Dainty green baskets with trailing sprays of red flowers are the motifs featured on Iron-on transfer No. 1004C.



THESE baskets would make attractive decorations for house dresses, aprons, guest towels, lingerie, duchesse sets, and other items.

Full instructions come with each transfer sheet, which is priced at 2/6. These transfers are colorfast and washable.

Also available is the pattern for the dress shown at left. The dress has a cross-over bodice with full-length button-front opening, and comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price, 2/-.

Order your transfer and pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning March 11

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in keeping your eyes open.</p>	<p>★ Outside influences set the pace this week. Grasp trends at once and use your intuition to forecast well in advance situations likely to arise.</p>	<p>★ The tendency to wish things were better can be paramount. You would like to deal with long-standing problems, but feel you will find little support.</p>	<p>★ Unexpectedly you run into a former boy, or girl, friend. You may have drifted or disagreed. After a few moments of embarrassment, the old attraction returns.</p>	<p>★ Keep ambition and enthusiasm burning. You may need both for tiresome duties, perhaps in connection with an organisation. For relaxation read a whodunit.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck through a friend.</p>	<p>★ Temper aggressiveness with common sense. You are inclined to be hasty in speech and action. While self-confidence is valuable, swagging hinders.</p>	<p>★ Strings of visitors make extra work. If a parent you are willing for children to bring pals home, yet dislike impeded schedules. Keep youngsters outdoors.</p>	<p>★ For some, a romantic understanding. If quite young, marriage may be deferred. You tell the family, but don't announce the engagement yet.</p>	<p>★ Be considerate to your friends. See them frequently. Go out of your way to meet friends with similar interests. One may invite you out.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in high places.</p>	<p>★ Discuss your hopes and wishes with the persons that be. Look for present opportunities and advantages. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Be alert.</p>	<p>★ You want to cut a dash socially, but petty annoyances crop up. Certain people may be taking advantage of your good nature. If you must, give them the brush-off.</p>	<p>★ Perhaps you can't make up your mind which of two people you love best. This means your heart is not deeply engaged. Chances are you'll just have fun.</p>	<p>★ Avoid haste while contradictory views are being aired. Control your thoughts and ideas or you may go off on a tangent and bring criticism on yourself.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck on the highway.</p>	<p>★ What baffled you in the past could become clear now. Do not repeat old mistakes or feel discouraged if efforts fail to produce immediate results.</p>	<p>★ Escape domestic problems by going out for the day and allowing other members of the household to tend home fires. Otherwise, do essential tasks, then relax.</p>	<p>★ If the beloved has gone all high-brow, better tag along. This indicates that he, or she, is about to grow up and take life more seriously. You'll be glad in the end.</p>	<p>★ Regardless of how busy you are, find time to write one or two letters of thanks or appreciation. A little courtesy can grease the social wheels admirably.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in finding a lost article.</p>	<p>★ Everything you have learned of recent date should be gird to the mill. As your efficiency increases tasks will be easier. Soon you will wonder why you grizzled so much.</p>	<p>★ You are in your true element counting your blessings. While in this mood you can accomplish worthwhile work, and achieve what your hobbies.</p>	<p>★ Give your best beloved a chance to get some sleep. It is bad for both of you to arrive at school or at work tired. The girl must end the evening reasonably early.</p>	<p>★ If you run around with a crowd who have more money to spend than you have, you are headed for trouble. Pride might bring disastrous results. Fade out soon.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in romance.</p>	<p>★ Concentrate on yourself. How do you appear in the eyes of others? Do you look your best, are your clothes suitable, your hair neat? This brings co-operation.</p>	<p>★ If this is a diet, a trying-out of new hairdos, clothes, or colors which suit you best, there's a new deal for the homemaker, so make the most of it.</p>	<p>★ If the one you love comes to a family celebration, elders regard it as an indication of deep attachment.</p>	<p>★ If your methods fail to bring desired results socially, apply glamour, enhance your personality and watch for reactions. Details count heavily.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 — OCTOBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a job well done.</p>	<p>★ Assert definite opinions when your ideas are consulted. If you have anything to contribute to a discussion, do so at the right time and place, then drop the subject.</p>	<p>★ A romantic approach to your daily round would be of immense help. Drudgery will deaden your awareness of life. You are the kingpin in several lives.</p>	<p>★ Your chief problem may be to fit in dates with a tight schedule which includes your family, work, and social activities. If dates must be cancelled, explain why.</p>	<p>★ Don't believe that you can get away with anything. You can't. While self-confidence is always a great asset, there are times when easy methods please your friends.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 — NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in social distinction.</p>	<p>★ Something exciting will brighten your working hours, whether at home, office, or shop. Your thoughts may anticipate good times ahead.</p>	<p>★ You may experience certain troubles in keeping up with social dates, but this only adds to your joy of living. If you can't get away, ask the crowd to your place.</p>	<p>★ The big thrill, the handsome hero, the dashing athlete may inspire you to dance or to join his crowd. Be ready for romance.</p>	<p>★ This week favors artistic and musical activities, working with children, constructive planning for future group efforts, and harmonious personal relationships.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck through a suggestion.</p>	<p>★ Avoid depression. Keep working at a steady pace. Nursing grievances will merely kick back on you mentally and physically. Try for an occasional diversion.</p>	<p>★ You might prefer to relax at home, catching up with neglected interests and preferring your own company. Younger members of the household may co-operate.</p>	<p>★ Remember your last love was not the only boy in the world. If the horizon looks bare, be philosophical and cultivate general social interests in the meantime.</p>	<p>★ Your emotions may need venting, but keep them sealed in your own mind. This does not mean that you should smother your enthusiasm.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 — JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in looking forward.</p>	<p>★ You are enjoying a quick flow of ideas. Plan your work so that you do not waste time correcting mistakes or attending to incidentals because of absentmindedness.</p>	<p>★ There may be conflicts between home and outside interests, but they can be ironed out. Do not sacrifice too many personal wishes to please the family.</p>	<p>★ Do not write silly lovesick letters. Eventually others may read them accidentally, your own feelings may cool off, or when you are older, the letters may turn up.</p>	<p>★ Imagination may put new zest into social activities. This, spiced with persistency, is hard to beat. Some of your remarks earn dividends.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 18</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in a crowded building.</p>	<p>★ Your business instincts are alerted and you make time and money-saving suggestions. The possibility of extra cash through a sideline exists.</p>	<p>★ One must pay either in purse or in person. The do-it-yourself club still flourishes among homemakers, but do not attempt the impossible. Leave some jobs to experts.</p>	<p>★ Are you being cultivated by a certain person for what you can give in the way of social prestige, important contacts, or because you have money or a car?</p>	<p>★ Favorable for raising money for charities, visiting the needy and lonely, associating yourself with those people who are busy with community welfare.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 19 — MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in following intuition.</p>	<p>★ Whatever you accomplish will be through personal influence. Since, for some, a new career is opening, the first steps may be hesitant. You learn by doing.</p>	<p>★ Whoever knocks at your door this week should find you in the best of spirits. Your home should present an inviting picture. Good fortune may come to you.</p>	<p>★ Happiness may be elusive, but this week you should be able to grasp it. That important invitation could play a permanent part in your life.</p>	<p>★ It should be easy and pleasant to do the right thing at the right time. A cherished wish may come true, bringing increased responsibility and a fresh outlook.</p>

AUSTIN A50 CAMBRIDGE

NOW "STYLIZED" FOR 1957

The Austin A50 Cambridge is now more beautiful than ever! Bold distinguished styling; new colourful upholstery with accenting trim; and a new de luxe model, the Austin A50 Cambridge "Special", as illustrated. Drive this Austin of advanced styling — drive the smartest car in its class, a car you will be proud to own.

Austin A50 Cambridge £881 plus tax. With heater, £902 plus tax. De luxe "Special" also available.

Serviced and sold by Austin Distributors and Dealers everywhere. The Austin Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd., a unit of The British Motor Corporation (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

THE SPOTLIGHT FOR STYLE SHINES ON...

ONILE



SINGLET
AND
SLEEPS



COLOURFAST
HANDKERCHIEFS



SHEETS
AND
PILLOW CASES



TOWELS
AND
BLANKETS

NILEDISTRIBUTORS PTY. LTD.

Pharos at Souchez, these few live and individual names of men who had never worn uniform for their best fighting, and who had chosen their part with a deliberation and independence proper to man.

There had been no conscripts in Alsace, at least not upon their side.

Parked beside the hotel he saw three cars with GB plates, and an unexpected coach from Huddersfield, and before the windows of the restaurant the men of the coach party were drinking beer, while their womenfolk bought postcards at the kiosk opposite. Colmar beers are respectable, at least, and Jonathan would have liked to join them, but this was not, perhaps, the best place to make a halt.

Up to this point she would not even have to inquire after him, there being only one likely road for him to take; beyond, she might hesitate, wondering if he had gone over the saddle and down through the village of Le Bonhomme towards Colmar, or turned right into the long, airy, lonely stretch of the Route des Cretes, which unrolled along the summits of the range, shrugging off cars variously at the lakes and hotels along its forested sides. So he drove on, over the pass and into the first curving descent.

To the motorist this was a land of two or three major roads, with blank country between, but on foot a populated and comfortable mountain district threaded with tracks and paths, where losing a pursuer should present no great difficulty, and before now men's lives had depended on their ability to make good use of its cover.

Le Bonhomme lay about three miles beyond the pass, a quiet village drowsing in a hot bowl of woods and meadows in the noon sun. The scent of sawn wood was heavy and aromatic on the air, and from all the windows of a farmhouse geraniums flashed scarlet as he slid by.

Another mile beyond, where the forests opened for a moment into a gentle level of fields, a narrow track turned

Continuing

off to the right. It seemed to him that it was navigable, and on impulse he turned into it. In a few hundred yards it widened a little and became a reasonable road, though it proceeded downhill rather more abruptly than the main road.

He had never succeeded in shaking off Hilary yet, and doubted if this manoeuvre would do much more than delay her for a time, but at least he might be able to eat his lunch somewhere in peace.

The road, once having detached itself from all its kind, proceeded, like all mountain roads, to create a world of its own, full of vistas which could never be recaptured from any other viewpoint. Sometimes it turned the Vosges into mountains on an Alpine scale, sometimes it sauntered through mere upland meadows.

In a little while the lie of the land became clearer, and he saw that he was moving by randomly graded traverses down one slope of a deep valley, while the brook which had cut it out lay lost to sight beneath him, silent under bushes and close-growing grass at the bottom of its miniature gorge.

On his left the hillside rose in soft, rounded folds of woodland, darkly colored and richly scented in the hot sunshine, and scarred here and there in the steeper places by little runnels of stones.

It was on one of these raw slopes that the girl appeared. He was driving peacefully round a left-hand bend, hugging the outer edge of the road dutifully, and as the stretch ahead opened before him he saw the reddish-brown color of stones in perceptible motion, and a flash of alien coloring, a vivid green, sliding with it.

Jonathan braked hard, for he thought for a moment she was going to be carried out

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

A Lift Into Colmar

from page 9

into the road, but she came down the slope still on her feet, moving with long, balanced, lunging strides which made it clear that she was no stranger to scree-running, and arrived at the edge of the track with every movement so perfectly under control that there was really no need for him to stop.

He sometimes wondered afterwards why he had done so. It was not that she had yet made any sign to him, or indeed shown herself aware of his presence at all; the initiative, if stopping accurately beside her could be called an initiative, came from him. Perhaps it was simply that she was so astonishing that she could have been nothing else but the beginning of an adventure.

She was perhaps twenty-four or twenty-five, he thought, tall and fair and handsomely built, her coloring not the pale fairness of the Nordic blonde, but a red fairness of the Celt, sun-burned and vigorous. The vehemence of this coloring made more remarkable by the dignified calm of her movements and her face, which emerged in perfect repose from the exertion of the descent.

She lifted her head and looked at Jonathan with large, speculative, and intelligent eyes of a golden hazel color, fringed with darker brown lashes and arched over with spacious reddish-brown brows, not at all disconcerted by the suddenness of their encounter or the peculiarities of her arrival on the scene.

It was not that such a girl did not belong in such a country but rather that at this moment she was so plainly not dressed for it. Whatever she had intended to do with her day she had not foreseen this downhill rush, cutting the corners upon this almost forsaken road. She was wearing all the country-town elegance of France, a fashionably cut green summer dress with moulded body and a skirt that flared. A

pinch of white straw clipped the back of a head gleaming with red-gold hair, and she carried a large white handbag in one hand.

The long legs which had made such easy work of the run down the stones were smooth in sheer nylon, and the dusty sandals, high-heeled and consisting largely of a few twisted strands of plastic, had once been white, too.

What she saw in the course of that mutual inspection, apart from his GB plates, which she certainly did not miss, he always wondered but never asked; but at the end of it, and it lasted only a second, she asked in competent English, in a voice low-pitched, quiet, and quite matter of fact: "Monsieur is going to Colmar?"

"That's the intention," he said, with equal simplicity, "but I don't know this road. It does bring us there finally, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, the road is all right, it comes out on the main road just beyond Kientzheim, on the other side of Kayserberg. If Monsieur would be so kind as to give her a lift into Colmar—"

He had opened the door for her already, but on an impulse he paused and looked up at her again, more intently.

"Forgive me, but are you in some trouble?" he asked. "If there's anything more urgent I can do to help—"

The calm eyes regarded him without a smile, though with friendliness, and continued to contain their own disquiet.

"Thank you, you are very kind," she said, "but all I wish is to get to Colmar."

"Of course I shall be delighted!"

She installed herself with composure in the front seat beside him, folding her hands in her lap over the white handbag. But he noticed that she looked back as they reached the next curve, and searched the climbing sweeps of road behind them with one alert

To page 58

New hair beauty for Mother and daughter with...

Twink

THE NEW ONE-LOTION HOME PERM
WITH SPECIAL OIL CONDITIONER

Silky-soft waves without frizz
— in only 15 minutes

No wonder Twink caught on "quick as a wink" with thousands of women! For Twink not only does its proper job of waving hair into shiny-soft waves and silky curls, but gives it a delicate oil treatment. Even the fine-spun hair of a little girl comes out of a Twink wave as silken as ever. Whether your hair is easy or hard to wave, Twink suits every type and colour.

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING DEPARTMENTAL STORES

FULL HEAD SIZE 13/6 END CURL SIZE 9/-



A CURL'S BEST FRIEND

The charming mother and daughter "twosome" are Mrs. P. Writer, of Dettman Avenue, Longueville, N.S.W., and her 13-year-old daughter, Sandra. Mrs. Writer gave herself and Sandra a Twink Home Permanent on the day the picture was taken. Mrs. Writer's hair called for twelve curls on one side, four on the other and fourteen across the back. "And I did Sandra's hair only on the ends," she said. "Twink left our hair so shiny and soft."

QUICK QUIZ ABOUT TWINK

- **Will Twink Save Me Time?** Yes, for one creamy, pink lotion does the whole job of waving — in just 15 minutes. And Twink eliminates the neutralizer. You can go about your business at home for the time it takes your hair to dry naturally. Or go to sleep — and wake up with a brand-new hair-do.
- **How Long Will A Twink Wave Last?** Depending on how short you cut your hair and how quickly it grows, your Twink wave will last as long as a £4 permanent at a hairdressing salon.



NO
NEUTRALIZER
NEEDED

BORDER LOVELINESS

● A perennial border needs careful planning. Sound advice about the habits of perennials is necessary for the new gardener, or a border can become a bed of costly mistakes instead of a year-round pleasure.

SPACE must be chosen carefully, too, and planting allowance made for species that sprawl, grow tall, or become bushy.

Many perennials, such as delphiniums, paeonies, and irises, are regarded as indispensable classics in borders although they bloom for only a short while.

Shrubby plants like paeonies, however, occupy the ground for years and rarely flower, except on the mountains in New South Wales and in the southern States.

Australian gardeners fall back on long-season perennials such as rudbeckias, achillea (Cerise Queen), Scabious caucasica, marguerites of many kinds, anemone, japonica, achillea (Coronation Gold), spiraea (Anthony Waterer), Gypsophila paniculata, and others that give a long display.

For back positions in borders some of the heleniums, with their golden, crimson, brown, or clear yellow blooms, are ideal.

They can be fronted with slightly shorter plants, such as Thalictrum dipterocarpum (lavender shower), and given golden rod for their next-door neighbors.

Next door again, that hardy perennial with the peculiar name—Pychnostachys thyrsiflorus (which produces long spikes of intense blue flowers in winter) is a sound stand-by.

If the gardener prefers shrubs as background, he or she can make a choice from the following list: Cotoneaster watereri, Berberis darwinii, Viburnum carlesi, Kerria japonica, deutzia (Pride of Rochester), forsythia, weigela, or Choisya ternata. There are hundreds of others that could be selected.

For middle-height plants, choice could fall on any of the achilleas (cerise or yellow), perennial lupins, particularly the modern Russell types which have a wide color range and bear 3ft. flower spikes in good soil.



CARNATIONS, with their sweet, spicy fragrance, dianthus, and pinks are popular border perennials. They not only give scent to a border, but also provide an abundance of cutting flowers for house decoration.

Other plants of medium height could be chosen from the tallest of the perennial phlox such as Phlox Brigadier, blue or white delphiniums, golden anemones, Prunella vulgaris (purple flowers), Plectranthus foetidus (lavender-blue), pentstemons of any color, Stokesia alba or cyanea (white and blue, respectively), or Megasea cordifolia, which has waxy pink bells that last for weeks.

GARDENING

Liatris spicata has rosy purple flowers, and makes a fine display, too. Being herbaceous, it dies down to a mass of bulbs in winter. This fine plant is rivalled only by echium or blueweed. There are several in this family, the flowers being mostly blue, purple, rose, or white.

Beloperone guttata, or shrimp plant, is a hardy 3ft. shrub or soft-wooded perennial. It bears brownish pink and white blooms speckled or spotted with maroon, and is most attractive. It flowers throughout the year in any rich soil.

For the front positions or edges, lower-growing plants such as nepeta (lavender-blue), Phlox subulata (white, pink, blue), dwarf mesembryanthemums (many colors), Holcus variegata (silvery green leaves), Helleborus orientalis (purple or mauve), Nierembergia hippomanica (blue), Stachys lanata (lamb's tongue), which has pale mauve flowers and woolly white leaves, and any of the verbenas, make a magnificent display at varying times of the year.

For drifts of sheer gold, few low-growing plants can excel Alyssum saxatile. Gazanias also defy drought and heat, and their yellow, gold, and red blooms, according to variety, are very gay for seven to eight months of the year.

For drifts of sheer gold, few low-growing plants can excel Alyssum saxatile. Gazanias also defy drought and heat, and their yellow, gold, and red blooms, according to variety, are very gay for seven to eight months of the year.

Continuing . . .

Gardener's ABC

POLLEN: The dusty substance found on the anther or terminal part of the reproductive organ of the opening male flower.

POLLINATION: The transfer of pollen from the anther of the male flower to the stigma of the female flower; accomplished by wind, insect, or brush.

POME: A fleshy fruit of the apple, pear, or quince type.

POMPON OR POMPONE: A flower that is button-like in appearance. Example: Pompon dahlias or zinnias.

POROUS: Loose soil easily penetrable by water and air.

POT-BOUND: A stage of potted-plant growth when the roots become a mass of fibres and can no longer reach out freely to make growth.

PSEUDO-BULB: Fleshy bulb-like roots or stemmy parts that are not true bulbs, such as the stems of dendrobium, cymbidium, and other orchids.

PUDDLING: The act of rendering impervious to water by means of clay. Also dipping roots of plants in a mixture of clay, lime, and soot before planting.

Loveliest to look at...
Loveliest to use



**LIGHTEST,
MOST
EFFICIENT
OF ALL**

**STEAMS
& HEATS
FASTEST**

**FINGER-TIP
HEAT
CONTROL**

**LARGEST
IRONING
SURFACE**

**MOST
COMFORTABLE
HANDLE**

THE NEW

Sunbeam
STEAM OR DRY IRON

with exclusive
steam-flow
vents that
give an



**ALL-OVER CUSHION
OF ROLLING STEAM**

You have your heart set on a steam iron—now you needn't wait another day. For here is the ultimate in steam or dry irons, brilliantly designed and engineered by Sunbeam to give you professional-looking ironing with no hard work at all!

Weights only 3 lbs.—lightest of all steam irons. Heats faster! Hot in 30 seconds . . . steam in two minutes. Thanks to Sunbeam's all-over cushion of rolling steam, you can do 90% of your ironing without sprinkling or damping-down!

And it's TWO irons in ONE! Thumb-tip control lets you switch instantly from steam to dry or from dry to steam.

See it today—and get an entirely new conception of what a steam iron can do!

Yours on EASY TERMS at your Sunbeam Dealer's



**Exclusive
Sunbeam
Steam-Flow
Vents**

make it easy to do
a better ironing job
in less time and
with fewer strokes.

Mum's back was turned so . . .

The Quads raided the wardrobe

The Sara Quads are the happiest, healthiest youngsters under the sun. No wonder! Wise Mrs. Sara makes sure they enjoy vitamin-rich Vegemite on their breakfast toast every morning — on their school sandwiches, too!



PHILLIP — enveloped in Pop's shawl-neck sweater, puffs at an old unlighted Briar!

JUDITH has decided to go up to the corner store and get Mum an extra jar of Vegemite!



ALISON — wants to look her slinkiest for the Ball tonight.



MARK ("Buffalo Bill") is a rootin'-tootin' cowpoke! He's borrowed his father's work-clothes for the occasion.

You DON'T have to be a quad to thrive on delicious Vegemite—it's good for all the family. Vegemite is a concentrated yeast extract, easy to spread, economical to buy. Vegemite is vitamin-rich (B₁ for healthy nerves; B₂ for body tissue; Niacin for good digestion, clear skin). An added plus: vital Amino-Components, the nutritive food elements often missing from our diets. Every day, every member of your family needs Vegemite for Vitality. Better check your cupboard, now!

VEGEMITE for Vitality

In 2 and 4-oz. jars, 6-oz. re-usable fluted tumblers, and the 8 and 16-oz. economy sizes.



Continuing . . .

A Lift Into Colmar

from page 56

glance before she settled her shoulders back in the seat and relaxed with a quick, thankful sigh.

She could not have said more plainly: "So far, so good!"

All the way down the long coils of the road he watched her and wondered about her, and wanted to ask questions, if only he could have found an opening; but as often as he ventured the first tentative lead she would turn the conversation back upon him.

"You are touring in France? How do you like it here in the Vosges?"

"I am finding it," he said with a deliberate glance, "extremely interesting."

"Colmar is a very beautiful city. And now it is the time of the Wine Fair, too, so most of Alsace will be there."

"You are going to the Wine Fair?" That was a shade too direct. She could not ignore it, but the grave glance of her eyes and the brief, sternly suppressed smile which visited her mouth forgave him his curiosity, even returned, he thought, restrained thanks for it, recognising its friendly intent.

"No," she said, making what turned out to be a bad guess, "I do not think I shall be visiting the Fair this year."

"You live here in the Vosges?"

This she answered readily, and turned to gesture back towards the heights with one gloved hand.

"I live in one of the villages up there near the crest. My father has a farm and some forest property up there." She did not pretend to miss the way his glance flickered to her dress and her soiled sandals. "You are right, in this toilette one would not milk the cows or take forest walks. One does other things on occasion—some on rather rare occasions."

"I beg your pardon!" said Jonathan, astonished to find himself blushing, a thing which had not happened to him for years. "I've no right even to look questions at you, and you're quite right to snub me."

She was disconcerted for the first time. She laid her hand protestingly upon his arm, conveying in the touch something which deepened his involvement where she had meant rather to absolve him.

"Oh, no, please! It was not meant so!" she said anxiously. "I was surprised myself, that look you gave me made me think how I must seem to you. Why should we pretend I am anything but strange, dressed for a family gathering, and now here on this road, going the quickest way down the mountain? It is not human not to wonder."

"It would be politer to contain the wonder," he said, ashamed. "I'll try, at any rate."

She recovered herself so readily that she encouraged the attempt by making cheerful conversation about the cooking at the Maison des Teetes, and the year she had spent in London, perfecting her English. He began to wish that he had not withdrawn all his claims quite so precipitately, with nothing gained. The girl had such an uncompromising singleness about her that there was no way in; whatever had sent her plunging down towards the valley, she had no intention of sharing it with anyone.

He hoped, he was even beginning to believe, that what he felt was not merely curiosity but concern on her account, an anxious presentiment that what she had on her mind might prove to be more than one person could be expected to carry. But she had declined, gently but firmly, to give him any part of it.

What more could he do? Was

she running away from actual pursuit, or merely from something she preferred to forget, and which with every mile they drove was left farther and more securely behind her? There was no way of guessing; she sat watching the road unroll before her with such opaque composure that she might have been going down to collect the groceries.

Was she even in a hurry, now that they were well launched on their way? He felt an urgency about her, certainly, but could find nothing in her bearing to justify his conviction.

When they rounded one more corner and came upon the sudden little sweep of gravel with its small umbrella-shaded tables, and the unexpected cafe behind, with its low wooden eaves and its crisp, colorful cotton curtains, he seized the cue with eagerness.

"Have you had lunch? I suspect you haven't."

She was taken by surprise for a moment, and looked startled out of her composure. Its loss made her look younger, and for an instant he believed he saw a gleam of fear in the golden hazel eyes. It wanted only that tiny jolt to allow it to show through.

BUT before he could even be sure of his own vision she had adjusted the resolute calm of her face, like a dowager straightening a hat to recover her mastery of a situation. A delicious face, he observed now, that could make tranquillity more exciting than vivacity.

She looked him squarely in the eye, and said with a smile: "That means, I think, that you haven't, either."

"I asked about you." And he was already wishing that he had not; it was too much like dropping a challenge in her lap, and she was clearly not the girl to refuse a challenge.

He wanted to say: "Don't take any notice! Don't humor me! You're desperate to get on into Colmar, and I'm happy to take you, and as fast as you like. Tell me to drive on, and I will, and I'll ask no more questions, and do no more angling, either." But he was not yet on the kind of terms with her which would have allowed so much candor. He'd done it, and he had to abide by it.

"I haven't!" she said. "If you would like to try the lunch here, you won't be disappointed. They will give you as good trout as in Colmar." And she gathered up her bag and put her hand to the handle of the door, ready to alight.

So where did he stand now? She had shown no reluctance, and no hesitation.

Maybe, after all, she was not in haste. Maybe this was already escape from whatever was troubling her. If so, she might just as well eat and enjoy her lunch as go hungry into Colmar. All the same, he was not easy as he drove in and parked the car on the stretch of gravel, and jumped out in haste to help her alight.

A futile gesture—she had already slid out with a long, smooth motion, and was shaking her skirts into order, and stamping dust from her sandalled feet. She smiled at him with clear but still unrevealing eyes, and led the way into the restaurant.

After the hot sunlight the little dining-room was cool and dim, with crisp gauze inner curtains, and checked cotton tablecloths. It held only four tables, and a narrow bar at the far end, where a swing door led into the back premises.

They sat down at one of the

To page 59

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOLIDS from your chemist or store for 15/- or 5/- and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save five shillings by buying the 15/- ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOLIDS.



DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

M11

SO EASY SO QUICK
A family dessert in 3 minutes

Not only is Hansen's the quickest dessert to prepare, it is easiest to digest and so rich in proteins. Serve it often—kiddies love it.



HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS
Fruit flavoured & plain

MARIGNY Smart Set
The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.
3/11 everywhere



LENTEN MENUS
New ways to cook fish are always welcomed by home cooks. See next week's cookery pages in The Australian Women's Weekly for interesting fish recipes, so useful for meatless days.

inner tables, and a middle-aged waiter, who had observed their entry through the glass panel of the rear door, approached unobtrusively as soon as they were settled.

Jonathan could never afterwards remember if the lunch came up to her promises, for the truth was that neither of them was capable at the time of appreciating the trout, or the Sylvaner that went with it. Her mind was certainly upon whatever it was she left behind her up there among the plumed heads of the hills, and his was absorbed more and more in the contemplation of her, and in wondering uneasily what her problem could be.

Since she so clearly preferred not to be the subject of conversation, however, it was of him that they talked.

"Are you on business here in France, or just on a holiday?" she asked, studying him over her coffee-cup.

"Oh, just a holiday. I'm not one of the lucky ones whose work takes them careering about the Continent, but at least I can take my time off when I want it, within reason. It's the chief advantage of working for yourself. The chief disadvantage," he said with a smile, "is that you can indulge the disinclination most of us have got to working at all, ever."

"What is it, this work of yours?" she asked, with more genuine curiosity. "You are a writer?"

"Nothing so glamorous! I'm doing experimental work in industrial design—mostly for makers of household equipment. I do a lot of work for makers of electrical gadgets, for instance."

He thought for a moment of Hilary Prescott, heiress-apparent to the Washing-Machine King, rolling up the miles of the winding-road to the Col du Bonhomme in her bright red car, and smiled, astonished to realise how completely she had slipped out of his mind from the moment that this girl had invaded it.

"I also have three little patents of my own," he added, "but I don't manufacture, myself. This way I can stop when-

Continuing

ever I have enough money saved up."

"And come and disport yourself in the Vosges," she said, a small and charming smile burning up in the clear eyes.

"With delightful results!"

IN the very moment when they had achieved, he thought, a degree of ease and intimacy, she stiffened. He saw her fingers tighten upon the edge of the table, and her head rear itself suddenly in an attitude of intent listening which set him straining his own ears in sympathy.

At first he could distinguish in the quiet noon sounds about the inn, nothing to disturb her contentment; then he heard, as she had heard, the distant throb of a car, approaching from the direction of the pass. The note was leisurely but purposeful. She followed it with strained senses for a few moments, while he watched her anxiously and made no attempt to pretend that he did not observe her disquiet.

The car grew steadily nearer, it was turning the last corner now, and the removal of the final barrier caused the note of its engine to leap at them with sudden insistence. The girl snatched her handbag abruptly from the chair where she had laid it, and jumped to her feet; but even now she moved with a controlled grace which forbade him to comment on her flight.

"Will you excuse me, please?" Her calm was the most admirable thing he had ever seen, and left him helpless to match its dignity and independence with any word or action of his own. Before he could even reply she was walking rapidly to the rear door, through which she vanished with a flash of green dress just as the tyres of the advancing car hissed suddenly upon gravel.

She had made no mistake, the newcomer was driving in from the road, with the intention of coming in here. For lunch, or to make inquiries about a runaway girl? Had

A Lift Into Colmar

from page 58

she known the note of the car, or fought shy of even the mere possibility of being pursued? Now the engine stopped. Neither car lay within Jonathan's range of vision from the windows, which in any case were so gauzily veiled against the sun, and so ringed round with potted geraniums, that the outer world shone in upon them only as a hot brightness, without form.

A glint of white caught his eye, lying upon the floor a yard or so from the table. She had dropped her foolish little nylon net gloves in her flight. He snatched them up without reflecting how deeply the instinctive action committed him, and thrust them into the pocket of his gaberdine jacket, and

looked round to see if she had left any other sign of her presence.

Apart from the coffee-cups the table had already been cleared. He transferred the girl's cup with a hasty movement to the next table, and, looking up, caught the waiter's bland, dark, intelligent eye fixed speculatively upon him. He beckoned him over urgently and slid a folded note out of his wallet.

"Monsieur?"

Jonathan's fingers casually pushed the note to the edge of the table, where the waiter from force of habit was straightening the slightly disarranged folds of the checked cloth.

"Mademoiselle was not here. You understand?" he said. "I arrived alone, no lady has been here."

"I understand perfectly!" The note slid into the capable short fingers as smoothly as cream into a pot. The tolerant black brows did not even rise beyond the fraction of an inch needed to express sympathetic comprehension. "Monsieur himself is not known?"

The stranger, whose assured footsteps were already audible as he crossed the gravel to the door of the cafe, was cast, naturally enough, as the inconvenient husband; but perhaps it was as well not to examine the implications too closely. Jonathan contented himself with a shake of the head, and asked aloud for more coffee.

Alone, he had no reason for haste; better to wait, and see what followed. He was sure that if this was the enemy the girl would not come back. But should the whole incident be a false alarm, and the car be-

long to some innocent traveller, she would surely reappear and continue her journey.

Thus, no doubt, providing a puzzle over which the waiter could rack his sharp brains for months to come, whenever he was at a loss for occupation. In the meantime, wait, and listen!

The waiter, magnificently imperturbable, turned his head towards the door as he marched away for the coffee, and presented the most staidly correct of greetings to the man who was just entering. Probably in his own family life he used the Alsatian patois, but his business language was French.

"Bonjour, monsieur!" he said with his slight, professional smile, and continued his progress to the service door without another glance.

The figure outlined against the sunlight was tall, and in a heavy style athletically built. Until he came into the room, fully, and ceased to be a mere blackness, man-shaped, his features could not be distinguished, nor his coloring, nor anything about him except this first impression of a powerful bulk cutting off the light.

When he moved, he moved with a youthful ease which was light as a cat's, but also with an aggressive confidence which disdained its own capacity for grace. And when he had crossed the room to lean back against the little bar, and survey the scene at his leisure, so that the light fell upon his face and form instead of obliterating their features, Jonathan found himself looking at a very personable young fellow indeed.

A large, hard, fit body, with country movements and town assurance, in a light grey summer suit, with the jacket slung round his shoulders over a white silk shirt open at the throat. The dark russet-gold of his muscular arms and thick, strong neck against that whiteness was startling, and he was probably aware of the artistic value of the contrast.

And why not? He had a certain beauty to offer the world. His hair was just too dark to be flaxen, too light to

To page 60

A40/55-2751

Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

GRATEFULLY I fell into bed and was quickly asleep, after an exhausting hot day with a teething baby. Minutes later I was gently shaken, propped up, and given a glass of milk. Not wanting it, but touched by such masculine concern, I forced it down. Then he explained: "I had to get rid of it somewhere to put four empties out tonight."

£2/2/- awarded to "M.M.G.," Simla Ave., Geebung, Qld.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

MY wife wanted to give me a surprise one day when she produced a shirt she had made for me, and told me to try it on. To her dismay she found it was too high at the neck.

"There is nothing the matter with the shirt," she cried. "Your neck is too short."

£2/2/- awarded to R. Khuri, c/o 72 Crisp St., Hampton, Victoria.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

she's happy... she took 'ASPRO'

You have to be well to be wanted.
'ASPRO' gets you there every time—
and looking your loveliest.



Headache and pain need not rob you of a happy life. Go out when you feel like it! Enjoy your evenings and your weekends without interference from nagging headache and pain. Look your loveliest at all times. Enjoy the admiration that comes from a happy, laughing expression unclouded by nerves and pain. You have to be well to be wanted. It's amazing what 'ASPRO', the gentle but powerful modern medicine, can do to keep you attractive. With 'ASPRO' there are no harmful after-effects, no 'let-down'. 'ASPRO' brings swift relief from the dull nag of headache, a blessed relief that wipes away

the disfiguring lines of pain.

Why do so many thousands of mothers give 'ASPRO' to their children when fevered and fretful? Because gentle, powerful 'ASPRO' is pure — free from harmful drugs. Young girls are foolish to resort to complicated compounds containing harsh drugs they don't need. 'ASPRO' contains everything the body needs to quieten pain. 'ASPRO' does not set up a habit or craving.

Two 'ASPRO' tablets are the normal dose for most people. For nagging, persistent conditions of pain or chill, 'ASPRO' should be taken frequently — two 'ASPRO' every 3 or 4

hours until relieved. If the pain still persists or recurs you should consult your doctor.

Keep 'ASPRO' in your handbag— always ready for when you need it. Don't put up for a moment with aches and pains. 'ASPRO' does so much for you, helps to keep you well, your headaches and pains eased, the ill-effects of colds and chills prevented, your nerves soothed and your sleep better. Taken with a cup of tea 'ASPRO' puts new heart into you at any time of day, leaves you cheerful and ready to tackle whatever is ahead of you.

Nothing can take the place of 'ASPRO'. It's more important to have 'ASPRO' with you than your lipstick.

'ASPRO'
A Nicholas **N** Product

MANUFACTURED IN THIRTEEN COUNTRIES AND SOLD IN OVER ONE HUNDRED

Where do you ache today?



Do your arms and shoulders torture you? Do your knees and ankles feel stiff and sore? Do your neck and back rack you with pain? Is every movement a stabbing torment, keeping you aching and miserable day and night? Then here's new hope—

New Hope for every man or woman who suffers the crippling pain of rheumatic disorders.

Rheumatism, Neuritis, Fibrositis, Sciatica, Lumbago

Sensational Lantigen "C" oral vaccine attacks the basic cause of pain and inflammation by action through the bloodstream. No rubs! No massage or drugs! Simple! Natural! Just a few drops in water as directed.

Science Approves Basis of Oral Vaccine Treatment. Dr. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal as follows: "In my experience, the oral antigens (oral vaccines) have been mostly employed in cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

If you suffer from these symptoms Lantigen "C" can help you



Read these personally written testimonies

Now Back at Work

"I feel it is my duty to inform you of my recovery of arthritis after using Lantigen 'C'. I might state I was under continual treatment but could not get relief. Thanks to Lantigen 'C' I am now back at work." — M.J.B., Orange, N.S.W.

CRIED WITH PAIN

"I was bad with rheumatics in my hands, shoulders and legs. My feet were swollen three times their normal size. I had to shuffle round almost crying with terrible pain. I have nearly finished my second bottle of Lantigen 'C' and can only say there is no swelling and not a pain or ache anywhere." D.B., Beaudesert, Qld.

FEELS FINE NOW

"It is with thankfulness that I let you know what Lantigen 'C' has done for me. Four years ago I was so bad I could not get out. A chemist told me of Lantigen 'C' and since taking it I have been well." L.P., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Stops Pain and Suffering after years of Torture!

Yes, the evidence shows that Lantigen "C" oral vaccine has given relief from pain to thousands of people who had suffered rheumatic pains for years.

Pain-free for years!

Not only so, but users write to say that they remain pain-free often for years.

What Causes Rheumatic Pain?

A leading authority on rheumatic disorders has written in a special text book, "We are convinced in every case of rheumatism and neuritis there is an infective factor." Germs release poisons in the system. These poisons cause inflammation to the tissues and nerves. Pain, swelling and stiffness result in various muscles and joints, depending on the area most affected by the poisons. Nervous irritability follows the poisoning of the nerve tissues and is often succeeded by digestive upsets, general ill-health and sleeplessness. You may get relief from drugs or rubs, but the infection continues and the toxins remain in the system until you are able to neutralise their effects.

Prepared by Skilled Bacteriologists.

Lantigen "C" is prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical supervision for the sole purpose of combating the germs that have affected you and neutralising their poisons by stimulating the natural antibodies or antitoxins in the system. No other treatment but a vaccine works in this way and no other vaccine is so convenient to take as Lantigen "C"—just a few drops in water as directed.

ECONOMICAL—SAFE

No expensive injections. The cost of the recommended treatment is only a few pence per day. Lantigen is safe, non-toxic, harmless to the heart and the other organs. Never habit-forming. Lantigen contains no drugs.



FREE BOOKLET about Lantigen. Write to Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 103 York Street, Sydney.

GO TO YOUR CHEMIST FOR

Lantigen C

THE ORAL VACCINE

that's taken like an ordinary medicine for Rheumatic Disorders of a germ-born origin.

OVER 5 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

Continuing . . .

A Lift Into Colmar

[from page 59]

be straw-colored; honey, perhaps, came nearest to its shading. He wore it rather long, but without much indication of vanity, for its thick waves clearly took care of themselves rather than owing anything to his tending.

His face was tawny, russet over the hard, wide cheekbones, a strongly marked face with long, arrogant mouth and light blue eyes, which roved slowly and considerably over the whole room, and dwelt for a long, thoughtful minute upon Jonathan sitting at his table.

Their stare was not insolent but achieved a nice status on the edge of insolence, and maintained it. Jonathan thought, with deliberation, calculating minute by minute the effect it would have upon its object.

The waiter came back with Jonathan's coffee, and, passing by the newcomer in a waft of rapid air, floated back a placid: "Immediately, monsieur!" in response to his demand for notice. When he returned to the bar, undisturbed by suggestions of impatience, the stranger ordered his own coffee.

"You're new here, aren't you?" he asked. "What happened to old Jules?"

It seemed strange that it had not occurred to Jonathan until that moment that the girl might be known here, and his request for the waiter's discretion more than ever an equivocal one. It seemed he was spared that complication. The stranger had expected to find here someone who could recognise him and would know for whom he was inquiring; instead, he found an Algerian-born Frenchman—that guess about his native tongue had been a long way from the correct one, who was willing enough to tell his whole life story, to explain that old Jules had gone into hospital for an operation, and to deplore his own too rash exchange of the comparatively lively scene of Luneville for this backwoods village.

The stranger brushed half the story away with a thrust of his hand and a heave of one wide shoulder.

"My name is Eisinger. I'm from the sawmills up at La Croix. I'm looking for Mademoiselle Becher. You don't know her?"

He was perfectly equal to the task of describing her, and did so with so much detail that it was clear he had seen her this very morning, and knew everything about her down to the gilt clasp on the white handbag.

The waiter listened with bright-eyed attention, never once letting his gaze stray to Jonathan in his corner, smoking at leisure over his coffee. He shook his head regretfully at the end of the recital.

"I am sorry, monsieur! Mademoiselle has not been here. I opened the restaurant myself. I have been here all the morning. There was a middle-aged lady with her husband here, perhaps an hour ago, but since breakfast no other lady has been in."

"You are sure? And you have not seen Mademoiselle Becher pass by on the road?"

"No, monsieur. It is not impossible that she has passed, but I have not seen her."

"So—very well!" But the light blue eyes, not a little vexed at being thwarted, wandered again about the room as he waited for his coffee, and settled with silent insistence upon Jonathan. It seemed for a moment that he might walk across the room and ask the same questions of the unexpected and somewhat suspect Englishmen, but he did not. He sat down with his coffee in such a position that he could without actual rudeness keep his gaze fixed unwaveringly upon the only other occupied table.

Like Jonathan, he was wait-

ing. Borne upon the air, in the strongly suggestive manner some personalities have of projecting their thoughts so that they fill a whole room with uneasiness, came impressions of the movements of his mind. The girl had vanished at such and such a time, he knew when, he knew virtually how, he had by inquiry discovered in what direction.

It was hardly possible that she could have gone beyond this point on foot, even by cutting the corners of the road, which was by no means an easy or safe way of hastening her progress. There was no trace of another car having passed this way, therefore it remained unlikely that she was at this moment rolling merrily along towards the valley with some other benefactor.

Much more likely that she had been with this man, and that she had removed herself only when she heard the pursuing car arriving. In which case she could not be far away.

Perhaps they had some prearranged rendezvous. If so, one



"I told you this morning, remember? You were supposed to eat dinner downtown."

had only to wait. Either she would come to the Englishman, or the Englishman would come to her.

He was not, after all, Jonathan now perceived, such a very young fellow as he had at first appeared. Such a face remains constant at the same age for years, changing only by a gradual hardening and fixing of the same harsh but handsome outlines. This face was already advanced in this process, the cheekbones, the jaw, the jaw braced rigid as ivory under the stretched skin. He must be over thirty, perhaps round about Jonathan's own age, which was thirty-four.

JONATHAN

was amazed to discover how much relief he derived from the consideration that this fellow had no advantage over him in the matter of years. A completely fruitless consolation, as he realised the next moment; for Eisinger was quite certainly wrong, and the girl, who alone could create a state of rivalry between them, was surely gone.

She had left his life when she left this room, as unaccountably as she had entered it just over an hour ago in a shower of stones. They had no secret rendezvous, and he would never see her again. The adventure was over, and she, no doubt, had made use of this interval to put as great a distance as possible between herself and this place.

He realised then for the first time what a dismaying weight of regret he was going to carry away with him in the direction of Colmar.

There was no longer any point in lingering. She would not come back. The only service he could hope to do her now was to draw Eisinger after him down the road to Kientzheim, on the offchance of picking up her trail again.

He beckoned the waiter and paid his bill, relinquishing with a raised brow and a significant glance more change than he would normally have abandoned so cheerfully. There might be still more silence to buy after he had gone. To do the waiter justice he believed he would have maintained in any case the brief he had once accepted, but there was no harm in making sure.

Then he patted the little, smooth, cool coil of nylon in his pocket, the sole souvenir of this too brief adventure, and rose and went out into the sunshine.

In the full bloom of heat on the yellow gravel outside the door he paused to put on his sunglasses, and to see if Eisinger would also show signs of leaving.

He did. The waiter, on his way to the table, slanted one eloquent look through the doorway, and was reassured by his client's saturnine smile. Evidently the situation, whatever its exact definition, was well in hand.

Jonathan's car stood at the far end of the curve of gravel, ready to push on again downhill, and making use also of the only fragment of shade before the inn, the attenuated shadow of a birch tree by the road. Its bonnet was still protected, but the rear part of the body lay in full sunlight, and the upholstery was burning hot to the touch.

His two cases and his raincoat lay tumbled in the back seat; the metal hasps gave off a reflected heat that quivered on the air.

He took his time over settling himself, adjusting his seat and polishing his glasses before he started the engine, to make it clear to his newly acquired shadow that this was in no sense a flight. It did not occur to him that in playing such an elaborate pantomime of deliberation he was tacitly declaring his belief that the adventure was by no means over, that he was doing his best to draw it after him.

Watching his mirror, he saw with satisfaction that Eisinger had come out into the doorway, and was sauntering across without haste to where his own car stood, a battered grey Renault, probably an early postwar year. Jonathan let him lay his hand on the door before he started his own car and slid it gently away down the hill.

The next bend was sharp and blind, about a hundred yards away, screened by an outcrop of rock and trees. All the way to that bend he watched, but the Renault had not moved, nor could he hear its engine.

Well, he had given Eisinger every inducement to follow him, and every opportunity; now it was up to him. Jonathan's part was to behave normally, and drive crisply away towards Colmar. He did so, and, rounding the curve with care, put the incident regretfully behind him; beyond the screen of rock, and turned his mind with an effort to the onward journey.

The trouble with this incident was that it would not stay thrust behind him. He was two coils of the road divided from it, and beginning to distinguish a meagre thread of relief among his disappointment, when there was a rustling and sighing in the rear seat, and a breathless voice exclaimed in his ear, with inconsiderate suddenness:

"I am so nearly dead!" it said. "I thought you would never leave the place."

Jonathan's car, plunging under his hands, swerved in astonishment towards the river-valley, which lay tangled in bushes fifty feet below them. He wrenched it back on to its course, brought it clear of the

To page 61

next curve, and stopped it on the edge of the narrow grass verge.

She was kneeling on the back seat, leaning forward with a placating hand on his shoulder, when he turned to stare at her. He had to make the movement with some deliberation, so that she should not see too clearly how little of his expression was exasperation and how much was delight.

"I am sorry! I thought you might guess that I was here," she went on apologetically.

"I could not leave you like that, could I? And besides, how was I to get to Colmar without you? I did not realise I should surprise you so much."

She was ruffled and flushed from that stifling wait under his raincoat, her corn-red hair was a bush of tangled curls, and the ridiculous wisp of a hat was gone, he never found out where. It had impeded her and she had jettisoned it.

She looked hot and tired but as collected as ever; and when he opened the door and urgently bade her come in beside him she answered reassuringly.

"Don't worry about him, he will not be following us," she said. "There is now no need to be in such a hurry, though of course we should not lose any time."

"You're wrong, he does intend to follow," Jonathan told her. "He came out to his car as soon as I started up mine. Come in here, and let's get on."

She obeyed him placidly, saying not a word more until they were on their way again at the car's best speed, so that he should be satisfied, while he listened to her, that they were doing all that was necessary to deal with the situation. It was nice having her beside him again, and he was astonished at the pleasure her presence gave him.

"But he won't follow us," she assured him gently, "at least, not in that car."

"Why? How can you be so sure about it?"

"Because his distributor cap is somewhere down in the brook, and I don't think he

will find another one there at the cafe. When I left you I went round into the kitchen garden until I saw him go into the dining-room, and then I went and arranged for his car not to go, and hid myself in here under your coat to wait for you. I was never so hot in my life," she added, sighing happily in the breeze of their progress, "and certainly I never waited so long for a man before. I thought you would never come."

"If I'd known what you meant to do I could have been a little more of a help. But you had no time to drop me even a hint, and I'd hardly collected enough data to give me much of a chance of guessing, had I?"

She gave him a long, thoughtful look, between compunction and reproach; for she was all woman, and any failures in co-ordination would inevitably be at least half his fault.

"I know, but I did not know myself what I would have to do. I was almost sure it was his car, but, you know, one Renault is like another, and have you seen how many of them there are here? So I had to wait until I saw him, and even then it was necessary to watch what he would do."

She added with satisfaction, "If he had even put his car where it could be seen from the window, then I could not have managed the affair in this way. But I had great luck, and now we have a good start, for I think there is no car there at the cafe, and very few ever come by this road."

Jonathan suffered one of those sudden remembrances which visited him now regularly whenever he felt too complacently at peace, too sure of his well-being. One car, at least, unless Hilary's normal ingenuity had failed her, might very well be cruising down the traverses of this road at this moment, somewhere between them and the Col du Bonhomme.

Worse, it was a competent and fast car, which might easily provide Eisinger with precisely the speed and power

Continuing . . .

A Lift Into Colmar

(from page 60)

he needed to overhaul his quarry. And, worst of all, it was driven by a young creature of the most impetuous kind, for whom he, Jonathan, pity help him, felt in some degree responsible, and who was perfectly capable of running her hot head into trouble, even without the complication of a passenger who bore all the signs of a potentially dangerous man.

However, he said nothing to his companion. What was the use? She had enough on her mind already.

"What happened in the cafe?" the girl asked practically, leaning back with relaxed shoulders in the seat beside him.

"You dropped your gloves."

Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on.

—Lord Lytton

He saw her stiffen a little in quick concern, and went on hastily: "No, it's all right, they're in my pocket. He didn't see them. Whatever he may think, he can't possibly know you were there. I cleared away the traces of you, and bribed the waiter to tell anyone who asked for you that you hadn't been there—though to give him his due I believe he'd have done as much just for the asking. Sure enough, this fellow came in and asked after you, and got the answer I'd paid for. The waiter thinks we are runaway lovers."

She smiled.

"He is new. We had luck there, too. The old man would have known me, and it might not have been so effective. I think he would have done what you asked, but I can imagine with what a bewildered face.

He would have known—him—too, you see."

"I think I ought to tell you," said Jonathan scrupulously, "that I heard both your name and his. He mentioned them both."

"But if you had asked me I would have told you." That, he thought, was just like a woman, too, to turn round and reproach him, however gently, with failing to demand a confidence she had done everything in her power to withhold from him.

But her voice was very soft, and the tranquillity of her face had become a little less guarded. Soon the anxiety, the uneasiness which was not quite fear, though he felt that it ought to have been, would begin to show through in all candor, so completely would she be trusting him.

"You have been very good to me," she said in a quiet voice. "Just by giving you a lift into Colmar?"

"You know quite well that is not what I mean. When you picked up my gloves," she said, "perhaps you fell into deep water."

"I can swim."

"Ah, but it might be as well to swim ashore quickly, otherwise later the distance might be rather far. When you make it so clear that you have trusted me and made my cause yours," she said seriously, "without asking a single question, you make it very hard for me not to tell you everything. And I know that that might be a very suitable compliment, but I think, too, it might be a very dangerous one."

"For you, or for me?"

"For both, perhaps."

"If you mean that," he said, "I won't ask you anything. But if you mean simply that it might extend to me a danger which at the moment threatens only you, then I won't be quiet until you tell me everything. Sharing something like that might prove to be halving it, anyhow. Suppose you begin

To page 62



Innards out on strike today?
Lady, this is NOT the way. . .



This natural way to keep in step
Will quickly give you back your pep.

A nut-sweet natural FOOD—
not a harsh, habit-forming medicine

All-Bran, Kellogg's crisp, natural breakfast cereal, reaches the cause of constipation by supplying bulk your system must have for daily regularity without medicines. At the same time, All-Bran builds up your health and energy with Vitamin B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron.

Accept this friendly offer: Get All-Bran from your grocer, enjoy it every morning and drink plenty of water. If, after 10 days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and get double your money back.



All-Bran is a trade mark of
Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
A954-12

Are you in the know?



What's the cure for this coiffure?

☐ A cloche. ☐ Hair lacquer. ☐ A good thinning out.

This bush-woman's top-not is strictly barber-bait! The cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If your locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Confidence goes with good grooming—and (on those days) with Kotex® Sanitary Napkins, too. That exclusive safety centre of Kotex gives you plus protection. And Kotex has no wrong side to confuse you and cause accidents.



Do the boys rate you—

☐ Affectionate. ☐ Affected.

☐ A femme to follow.

Since smooching won't improve her date rating a gal might improve her conversation. Don't keep saying "You know . . . I mean . . ." And your popularity takes a nosedive—when you try the affected, "Do you rah-ly" approach. Shun mannerisms. Be rated a femme to follow. You can keep up with the social whirl even on "difficult" days with Kotex. For Kotex softness is designed to stay soft while wearing, to give you extra absorbency without extra bulk.



More women throughout the
world choose Kotex than any
other sanitary napkin.

*Registered Trade Mark



Who should follow the head waiter?

☐ The girls. ☐ The boys. ☐ The couple.

When a head waiter beckons, it's no time to be confuddled. Confidence is such a help . . . like being sure the girls should follow first. The eyes of patrons are upon you! That's when (at certain times) you bless Kotex for those flat pressed ends that reveal no outlines, for the special Kotex safety centre that guards against accidents. You can face your public comfortably, confidently, without a shadow of a doubt . . . with Kotex.

Bought a new belt lately?

If not, why not—especially with ten Kotex belts to choose from. You're missing something if you have not seen the new white

Kotex belts, tried the new can't-scratch nylon grip. Choose your favourite when next you get Kotex. They are priced at 1/11 to 3/9.

GOT THOSE

stale tobacco blues?



Quick! the Air-wick

Isn't it amazing how quickly a couple of smokers can fill a room with that blue, stale-smelling haze? And those dead butts — and pipes! Ugh! But there is a fast, easy, economical way of killing all strong or stale smells ... Air-wick!

You can stop any smell at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, go to work—give you garden-fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day ...



AIRWICK KILLS SMELLS FAST!



JUST TELL THE WIFE to buy FORD PILLS in the larger economy Family size, and get over twice the quantity for only 6/- EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

For delicious, non-fattening recipes, buy *The Australian Women's Weekly Low Calorie Cookbook*, on sale at all newsagents, price 1/6. It contains a complete calorie chart.

Page 62

with the name that goes with Becher. And mine," he said, "in fair exchange, is Jonathan Craig."

"Mine," she said, "is Marianne. I told you my father has a farm back there below the crest road, near La Croix—that is where you must have turned on to this road. Did you see the cross? Only an old broken shaft, really, just a hundred metres or so from the main road, close to the woodland."

"I didn't notice it, but there was a wood there, just off the road, I remember."

"That is the place. By the old cross there is a new rough stone. There would be flowers—there are always flowers."

"A monument to the Resistance?" he asked.

"As always here. One must live as near to the frontier as we do to remember with so much passion what it means to be French. Seventeen Resistance prisoners were murdered in that wood. My brother was one of them. My young cousin, Jean-Marie, got away with two broken ribs and a bullet in his shoulder after the shooting began, and went to get help. He was twelve at the time. Her voice trembled. She paused briefly.

"He is really a third cousin," she went on, her voice controlled again. "Not Alsatian, but from Nancy; his family moved to Colmar only two years ago. But then he was staying with us to be safer, because he was of a nature to look for trouble, and his mother was worried. She would have been even more worried if she had known that these hills were so full of people of the same temperament. You see, this incident was the climax of our war. For all of us who live near La Croix life was altered by it."

He saw that she was considering, with gravely levelled brows, how it had altered her own life, not only by the loss of her brother but in some other way no less drastically.

"You were wondering," she said, looking up at him suddenly, so that he felt the gold of her gaze as an added brightness even in the radiant sunlight of the afternoon. "about my dress, which was so clearly not for walking the mountains. And you were right. It was really for an engagement party, a little ceremonious gathering of the two families. That was what the massacre of La Croix did to me, you see—it engaged me to be married."

"Ten years after the event?" he asked, trying to suppress the somersault his heart had essayed at this announcement, and clutching greedily at certain curious comforts. If she had ever reached that party she had left it in haste, and if there had ever been an engagement he doubted if it had survived that flight.

His mind went back to the arrogant blond athlete leaning on the bar at the cafe. "Eisinger?" he asked.

Marianne said, with a distinct note of pleasure in her voice: "How very strange! Now you are angry!"

"I'm not angry!" he said, immediately perceiving that he was, and growing momentarily angrier.

"I had better tell you how this happens, because you must remember I myself was only fifteen in 1945. You understand, it was later, the war was already won and lost, it remained only for the Germans to realise it, and they were just beginning—if not to realise, at least to fear it. So then there was no more point in treading softly to appease local feeling, they were harassed and afraid, and they killed very easily."

"There was a lot of fighting all round, some new detachments of German troops were moved here from Strasbourg, all was chaos. Some of the prisoners they held were men of influence, they decided it

Continuing

would be better if they were all dead. They were brought by night to this wood of La Croix—there were five men of La Croix among them. Our Jean-Marie was out that night with a message, and he saw the column entering the wood."

Again she broke off, her voice trembling, then controlled herself with an effort.

"He followed," she continued, "wishing to find out what this was, and before he could realise what was happening he saw the shooting begin, and he ran towards the village to give the alarm. They fired at him, and he was wounded, but he got away and raised a rescue party before he collapsed. Of course they were too late to prevent the murders, but at least they killed the murderers."

Jonathan nodded sympathetically.

"After the fighting was all finished they found a heap of bodies, and the soil already broken for the digging of the grave. And they found one man alive underneath the dead, shot through the upper arm near the heart, but not vitally wounded. He was the only survivor. He was not one of our local men, he said he came from the Bas Rhin. All his family were dead, and he had no ties anywhere to draw him home. When he came out of

Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; exercise, go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good life.

—Abraham Lincoln

the hospital after the end of the war he was taken in as a son by an old friend of my father's, a wealthy old man who has two sawmills near us, and who lost both his own sons in that one night, as my father lost his only one.

"They made an agreement between them then," she concluded slowly. "All in good time I was to marry Johann Eisinger, and join up those two properties. It was very practical, as well as satisfying to them."

"And you," asked Jonathan, with some difficulty, and fixedly regarding the road ahead, "you were quite complacent about it?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "We were consulted, it was not an imposed match. Johann was willing, and I—I had no other in my mind, and I did not object to him. He is personable, and he is the old man's heir, and I liked him, he was lively and good company."

"Do you know," said Jonathan, himself astonished, "that you are talking about him as though he were dead?"

"He is very much alive. You have seen him—you said that he mentioned his name, you cannot fail to know who he is. He does not show any sign of that bad shoulder wound now, does he?"

She gave a little sigh. "It is strange what people can survive. Jean-Marie lost so much blood that it took them a month to be sure he would live, and after that he was nearly a year under treatment, and his parents took him back to Nancy straight from the hospital. But when he was old enough for military service he was quite fit, and he has been two years

A Lift Into Colmar

from page 61

in North Africa without a day's illness. He is just back in France after his service, as strong as an ox. And to look at Johann Eisinger you would never think he had been shot and left for dead, would you? Human beings are very durable."

She fell silent upon such a sombre note that he waited with held breath for her to continue, afraid to disturb her thoughts too roughly; but minutes passed and she did not take up her story.

"Finally he said gently: 'You can't leave it there. That's either too much or too little to tell me. I know now how you came to be engaged. I don't know yet why you changed your mind and ran away from the engagement.'"

"You think I should marry him?" The level brows had risen, she was smiling at him provokingly, but he saw that she had repented of her confidences already. She was in recoil from the first touch of his curiosity; not, he thought, from his indignation.

He did not mind his being angry, he was not sure that it did not give her pleasure. She minded only his wanting to know.

"Certainly not!" he assured her. "But I think you should tell me why you felt you had to get away from him."

She leaned towards him suddenly, and laid her hand upon his arm with a touch so candid and kind that his heart lurched at its intimacy.

"Please, bear with me!" she begged. "The less you know, the better for both of us. I should have known better than to tell you even so much. Only take me into the city, and I give you my word everything will be well with me."

He wanted to protest further, but he did not. After all, it was not an affair of seconds. She was there in the car with him, and there were many miles yet to go to Colmar.

"Where do you want me to take you," he asked soberly. "When we get there? To the police?"

"No, Jonathan!" Her voice, relieved and grateful, gave an odd lilt to his name. "Not the police. I would like it if you will drive me to Number 11, Rue des Limacons, off the Rue Turenne, near the Petite Venise. Do you know it?"

"I can find it. I know the Petite Venise. I'll deliver you to the door."

"Afterwards," she said. "I promise you, if you still wish it, I will tell you the part which I have not told. Afterwards, if I have judged correctly, everything can be told."

Hilary Prescott drove down the by-road from La Croix singing at the top of her voice, her little Triumph's obliging and accomplished hum providing a smooth accompaniment. Jonathan, poor lamb, no doubt thought she was proceeding blamelessly down the twists of the main road all this time, forgetting, because he himself had never tried trailing someone else over these passes, how many folds of the way below can be seen from a well-chosen viewpoint.

She knew he had passed through Le Bonhomme, because she had inquired for him at the crest, and the woman at the kiosk had remembered an old Morris with GB plates, and been quite sure that he had passed the narrow, mysterious opening of the Route des Cretes.

Below Le Bonhomme, however, she had made inquiries again here and there, and had been unable to find anyone who remembered having seen him. So she had found herself a high point from which, with

glasses, she could keep watch on an open stretch of the road, several miles below. She was reasonably sure he could not have passed that spot earlier.

She watched it for nearly twenty minutes, and still he did not pass it. She turned the Triumph as soon as she could, and raced back up the hill, keeping a sharp look-out for a turning on the left, that being the descending side, and the only probable direction in which he could have left the main road. And it had not taken her long to discover the modest little turning past the wood of La Croix.

It was lonely, and hot, and still, and very beautiful. The

folded forests in the niches of the hills, the rounded, plummy crests, blue with heat-haze, throbbled softly in the mid-afternoon drowsiness.

Hilary sang because she was nineteen, and in love, and felt no doubts at all that she would get her own way in the end. Her mind, while she trilled suitable lines about the blue Alsatian mountains, carried on a tender conversation with the absent and obstinate darling.

She told him that she loved him, that in the end he would realise the force of her love, that she would always love him, that there would never be any one else in the world for her.

This was by no means the manner of her address when

To page 63

When food upsets you



restore digestive balance with De Witt's Antacid Powder.

THE SAFE, QUICK-ACTING TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, DYSPEPSIA, HEARTBURN AND AFTER-MEAL PAIN AND DISCOMFORT

If you can't face a meal without the fear of pain and discomfort, you are most likely suffering from gastric acidity. This means that the stomach is producing too much acid, which prevents your food from being properly digested. While it is very difficult to control the amount of acid produced, it is, however, a simple matter, with the aid of De Witt's Antacid Powder, to neutralise the excessive quantity and thereby

restore digestive balance. With the very first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder you feel an easing of pain and discomfort, and in minutes the distressing symptoms have abated. Get a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder from your chemist or storekeeper today and start to enjoy food as others do.



When away from home always carry De Witt's Antacid Tablets. Packed in handy, tear-off, cellophane strips, these pleasant tasting tablets give quick, sure relief when dissolved on the tongue.

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER AND TABLETS

POWDER . . 7/- large economy size—Regular size 3/6
TABLETS . . 3/3 large economy size—Regular size 1/9

for **HEALTHY** **Cuticura** **ATTRACTIVE SKIN** **MEDICATED & TOILET** **SOAP · OINTMENT · TALCUM** **REFRESHING · SOOTHING · COOLING** **PROTECTIVE** **FRAGRANT**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 13, 1957

she was with him, but sometimes she was afraid that he knew only too well how to make the necessary translation. But he couldn't spend his life on the run, could he? And certainly she was never going to give up, so he would have to surrender in the end.

Meantime, perhaps because of the excitement, perhaps because of the weather, she found herself quite surprisingly happy.

She rounded one more bend, and the road opened out a little to make room for a sweep of yellow gravel, and a little wooden cafe with two outdoor tables shadowed by umbrellas, the paint on the legs of the chairs blistering in the heat. The windows had bright cotton curtains drawn back straightly, and within those draped curtains of gauze, and a ring of geraniums in pots; and there was a solitary car standing upon the gravel, a long grey Renault with a dented wing.

Opposite the cafe, on the side of the road overhanging the descent to the invisible stream in the bottom of the valley, a shoulder of ground rose sharply, cutting off the view below. At the top of this hillock grew two or three trees; and in the crotch of the largest trees, side-saddle and apparently at ease, sat a big young man in slacks and an open-necked white shirt, calmly scanning the world below him through impressive field-glasses.

The duplication of her own performance of a half-hour ago caused Hilary to sit staring at him for a few moments in rapturous astonishment after she had stopped the car, and the splash of assertive red seemed to draw his eye, so that he abandoned the glasses for an instant to inspect the intruder.

The impact of his eyes afforded her a distinct shock; she found their assurance, and the authority with which they studied her, pleasant but daunting. Disappointing, but not new, that he should appear to find the car so much more interesting than its driver. She was used to having the Triumph admired.

She went into the cafe, and

Continuing . . .

the waiter at the bar, at any rate, opened his eyes wider with pleasure at the sight of her.

It was probably in spite of the deplorable modern haircut and her sometimes absurd clothes, rather than because of them, that Hilary had that effect on middle-aged men.

Unbecoming wide necklines exposing her emaciated little bones, and sawn-off ends of hair like those of a child dragged into court as being in need of care and attention, could not obscure the vigor and liveliness and innocence of her face.

Thin, vivid, and bold, she

A Lift Into Colmar

from page 62

It took him almost a minute to answer her at all, and then his reply had an odd note of baffled regret about it.

"No, mademoiselle, I have not seen this car."

She was a little dismayed. Was it possible that there was another turning from the main road, nearer to Le Bonhomme? Must she turn back yet again, or acknowledge defeat and go on into Colmar alone?

"Could he have gone by, do you think, without your seeing him?"

The look of helplessness and extremely puzzled protest on the

ing. One hears them long before they pass. They do not often go unremarked."

Her face fell distressingly. She thanked him in a small voice, and went out with her chin on her flat little chest, frowning at the ground.

The young man had come down from the tree, and was leaning negligently against the sun-baked wall beside the open door. He watched her cross slowly to her car, and linger in miserable indecision with her hand on the door. He was smiling, and, meeting his eyes, she was held fast by the frankness with which they confronted her.

In a moment he lifted his weight lazily from the wall, and came towards her. She saw the thick, flat, powerful brown wrist ripple with smooth muscles under the watch-strap as he turned at the screw that closed the glasses.

He was so big that she had to tilt back her head to look up at him when he drew near, and perhaps it was because he was aware of this that he drew so dauntlessly near. It made her feel very young, yet she found it pleasant.

"I think you are looking for someone," he said directly, looking down at her with a challenging smile. "I think you were asking about a certain car. Please believe I am not merely being impertinent. I have a reason for this intervention. Will you not repeat your inquiry to me?"

His English was correct, though sometimes strangely pronounced, academic English out of the book. She liked his directness, it was the way she approached situations herself.

"Yes, I was looking for someone," she repeated her description of Jonathan and his car, relieved to be able to do it this time in English. "But the waiter already told me he hasn't been here."

"The waiter, for quite respectable reasons, is lying. Your

To page 67



"I'm afraid I'll have to put you on a diet."

looked the admiring waiter straight in the eye, and assembled the erratic school French which always deserted her when she got excited but otherwise stood by her well enough, considering how little attention she had ever paid to the subject at school.

Had a car with GB plates passed that way, driven by a tall, distinguished man with dark hair?

She found her vocabulary unequal to a more detailed description, but gave the number of the car, and its make, and smiled trustingly at the waiter, wondering why he should gaze back at her for such a long and bewildering moment in silence, as though she had somehow placed him in a rather awkward situation.

waiter's face grew every moment more pained. He was no longer even sure of what his client would have required of him in this situation. The man Eisinger was one problem, but this charming black kitten with the sharp little face and the large, soft eyes was quite another.

However, there was undeniably already a lady in possession in the Englishman's car, and a lady no less delightful than this one. Odd, he thought, that the Frenchwoman should be an heroic red blonde, and the English girl a glittering little dark creature who could, once cured of her tiresome and unbecoming modernity, have passed for French.

"No, mademoiselle, I do not think it likely. I have seen no car go by since mid-morn-

Fashion FROCKS

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ullimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"SUZETTE."—Tailored, long-sleeved blouse made in sanforised poplin. The color choice includes black, ming-blue, tangerine, red, lipstick, coral, and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 63/6, 36 and 38in. bust 66/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 37/3, 36 and 38in. bust 39/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

"CELIA."—Smartly styled mid-season pinafore made in cotton tartan. The clan choice includes Royal Stewart, Dress Stewart, McDuff, Victoria, and Prince Charles.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 75/-, 36 and 38in. bust 77/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 48/3, 36 and 38in. bust 49/11. Postage and registration 4/- extra.



FEDERAL FABRICS . . .

- resist bagging and sagging
- hold the shape of the garment
- are permanently wrinkle resistant
- dry clean perfectly
- wear wonderfully well



The way you feel in clothes has a good deal to do with the way you look in them. The luxurious softness and firm, non-sagging weave of Federal Fabrics gives comfort and confidence.

Make sure your new winter suit, your skirts, your husband's new suit and top coat, the kiddies' clothes, are made of pure wool Federal Fabrics.

Most of the best known designers and manufacturers use Federal woollens and worsteds these days—because, quite frankly, the Federal Mills at Geelong produce fabrics equal to the best in the world.



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL—YOU CAN'T BUY BETTER VALUE AT ANY PRICE



Makers of the finest woollen and worsted fabrics in Australia:

FEDERAL WOOLLEN MILLS, GEELONG



Haven't you noticed?
Good things go together . . .

More than just a tempting combination—a nutritionally balanced breakfast! Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and fruit supply the protein, vitamins, minerals and energy-values you need every day.



Plump, luscious fruit . . . cool, creamy milk . . .
 and crisp, golden-toasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

Doesn't it make your mouth water? Doesn't it make you itch to pick up that spoon and start tucking into those big rustling-crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes? It's a pretty wonderful idea, you know — not just for breakfast but for busy-day lunches, children's

teas and easily-digested bedtime snacks. Of course you've heard about Kellogg's Corn Flakes, but have you discovered them for yourself — how good they taste, how good they make you feel? Why don't you, then — *tomorrow, if not sooner?*

FULL OF
 ENERGY
 FROM THE SUN



Recipes from a Glamor Ship



FOCAL POINT of the liner Mariposa's charmingly furnished, air-conditioned dining-room is the captain's table, pictured above. The table holds nine people. As on every liner, some of the passengers are invited to sit at this perfectly appointed table, enjoy luxurious food, faultless service, and good company.

French chef Guy Brault, of the U.S. luxury liner Mariposa, gave us these recipes for gala dishes, all of which are suitable to prepare and serve at home on special occasions.

THE exotic dish called Papaw Mariposa was created by chef Brault for the Mariposa's maiden voyage to Australia when it reopened the shipping line's trans-Pacific tourist service for the first time since the war.

Papaw Mariposa is now one of the most popular dishes on the ship's extensive menu. Chef Brault believes that Australian hostesses will find the dish "irresistible."

All spoon measurements are level in these recipes.

RARE BEEF TENDERLOIN

Four slices (each 1 in. thick) of tenderest beef fillets, 1½ tablespoons melted butter, 1 lb. fresh mushrooms, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 1 teaspoon finely chopped shallots, 1 4oz. glass sherry, 1 teaspoon flour, ½ cup whole peeled almonds, extra tablespoon melted butter, 12 dark cherries (either tinned or stewed and removed from syrup), salt and pepper, rice pilaf (see recipe), 4 lettuce cups, parsley.

Remove all traces of fat and sinews from the meat. Place butter in pan, allow to become smoking-hot, and brown meat well on both sides. Remove and place on dish to keep hot. Add mushrooms and onion to pan, cook 5 minutes. Then add shallots and flour, simmer 1 minute. Add sherry, season well, cover pan and simmer 5 minutes.

The sauce should be thick enough to coat a spoon—if not, add a little extra blended flour. Sauté almonds in extra melted butter until golden brown. Heat cherries. Pile the rice pilaf on heated platters. Arrange on top the cooked fillets and cherries and almonds with the curled lettuce leaf. Spoon over the sauce, sprinkle with a little chopped parsley, and serve hot.

Rice Pilaf: Two cups rice, 6 tablespoons butter or oil, 1 clove garlic, 1 onion, 3 cups hot stock or water, salt, pepper.

Sauté the crushed garlic and finely chopped onion in the butter or oil until lightly browned. Add rice, stir well, and pour in the stock or



SKETCH shows rare beef tenderloin ready to serve.

water. Cover pan with lid and simmer very gently or place in a moderate oven for 20 to 30 minutes. Remove, stir well, and season to taste with salt and pepper.

PRAWNS A LA FRANCINE

Two dozen prawns in shell, 4 teaspoons finely minced onion, 2 teaspoons chopped shallots, 1 teaspoon chopped garlic, 3 teaspoons chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons best Indian curry, 2 4oz. glasses white wine, 3 tablespoons drawn

melted butter (see note below).

Put the melted butter into a pan; when hot, add prawns, onion, curry; allow to simmer 5 minutes. Add garlic and shallots, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add wine and parsley, cover with lid and allow to simmer a further 5 minutes. Spoon on to a bed of rice pilaf and serve immediately. The prawns are picked up in the fingers and peeled at the table.

Note: Drawn butter is that which has been melted and allowed to stand so that all salt residue settles to the bottom of the pan and the oil only is skimmed off and used. Thus, when reheating the butter for use, it can be heated to a higher degree without burning.

PAPAW MARIPOSA

Two medium-sized papaws, 2 cups diced cooked chicken, ½ to 1 lb. lightly fried mushrooms, 1 pint curried chicken veloute sauce, 2 lb. sweet potatoes, 4 egg-yolks, whipped cream, 2 teaspoons melted butter, salt, pepper, and nutmeg.

Cut the papaws in two, remove seeds. Place on a tray and bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. Combine the diced chicken and mushrooms with the sauce and pile into the papaw. Boil the potatoes in salted water, drain and mash. Beat in the egg-yolks and season to taste with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Add melted butter, put in a piping bag with a star nozzle and



decorate the edges of the papaw. Place in a hot oven for 5 minutes, remove, top with a little stiffly whipped cream, and return to oven to brown top lightly. Fold a table napkin decoratively on each heated serving plate. Place the papaw on the folded table napkin and serve immediately.

CURRIED CHICKEN VELOUTE

Two ounces butter or margarine, 2oz. flour, 1 pint chicken stock, 2 teaspoons curry powder, salt and pepper. Melt butter in a saucepan, stir in flour and cook slowly for 3 to 5 minutes. Add curry powder and chicken stock, stirring continuously until thick and smooth. Simmer 10 minutes, season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover with a lid and stand aside until ready for use.

BREAST OF CAPON VERONIQUE

Four chicken breasts, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 3 teaspoons chopped shallots, 3



FRENCH CHEF GUY BRAULT displays a tray of hot savories to be served with cocktails. The tiny pastry crescents contain a curried prawn mixture. Gaily colored cocktail sticks are used to pierce the oysters, which are breadcrumbed and deep fried.

THIS PLATTER of open-faced sandwiches, decorated canapes, stuffed eggs, piped celery sticks with tiny onions and olives is much in demand on all gala occasions. In background are choux pastry means.

teaspoons flour, 1 4oz. glass sweet white wine, 1 cup concentrated chicken soup, salt and pepper, ½ pint stiffly whipped cream, 4 slices bread, butter or fat for frying, 1 cup seedless white grapes.

Heat the melted butter in a deep pan, add chicken breasts, fry until lightly browned, cover and cook until tender. Remove chicken and keep hot. Add shallots to pan, cook 1 or 2 minutes. Stir in flour, chicken soup, and then wine. Allow to simmer until thickened, strain and season to taste. Fold in the whipped cream. Cut slices of bread into rounds the size of the top of a champagne glass and lightly fry on both sides in melted butter or fat. On a heated platter arrange the chicken breasts on

the croutons of bread and carefully spoon over the sauce. Warm grapes slightly and use as an attractive garnish to the chicken breasts.

PRAWNS EN MARIPOSA

Four dozen peeled prawns, 1 lb. softened butter, 4 cloves garlic, 2 tablespoons chopped spring onions, 2 "heads" shallots, ½ cup soft white bread-crumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Cream the butter slightly and add the crushed garlic, spring onions, and finely chopped shallots with the breadcrumbs. Season to taste and place in refrigerator to chill slightly. Remove, place on a sheet of grease-proof paper, and shape into a roll about 1 in. in diameter.

Continued on page 68

Country home problems

● Two Victorian country readers have sought advice about their building problems this week. One wants to screen a verandah, and the other to build a dinette.

MRS. W. W. INGLIS, of Pine Lodge, Victoria, plans to build a farmhouse with open verandahs on three sides that she has decided to enclose with flywire.

She does not like the appearance of weatherboard up to sill height, but is afraid flywire right down to the floor would be damaged by children.

The idea illustrated in the sketch at right is a frame-

work of 4ft. by 2ft. dressed timber with verticals spaced to suit the available width of flywire. A horizontal rail is fixed in between the verticals at a level 3ft. 6in. above the floor. The flywire is secured to the top panels by 1 1/2 in. by 1/4 in. splayed battens that give a neat finish.

The bottom panels are most likely to be damaged, so they have an additional layer of reinforcing mesh. This is available in various types.

The mesh suggested in the sketch consists of heavy-gauge steel wires arranged in 6in. squares welded at the intersections.

The reinforcing mesh would be cut to the required size and secured to the main frame with heavy galvanised staples.

It would be covered on the outside with flywire, and the inside of the frame finished with splayed battens to match the top panels.

Care should be taken that the mesh and battens are well primed and painted the required color before they are installed, thus avoiding the difficulty of painting without spoiling the appearance of the flywire.

Mrs. Inglis' choice for a color scheme for her home is grey with black-and-white trim. For the verandah ceiling I suggest primrose.

Architect's Diary
by
Sydney Architect
W. J. McMURRAY

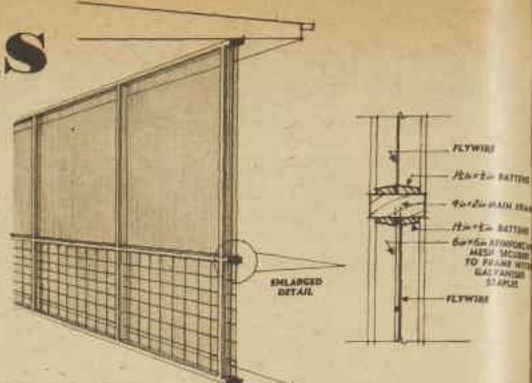
New dinette

MRS. JEAN MARSHALL, of Keon Park, Victoria, would like to build a dinette in the kitchen of her home.

She would also like to enlarge the 6ft. by 6ft. bathroom to provide a shower recess and space for a toilet when the sewer is connected.

The kitchen is 15ft. by 12ft., so is rather large by modern standards. By moving the present doorway (No. 2 in the sketch at left), a 6ft.-long dinette table could be constructed. This would seat six people.

The present positions of the stove and refrigerator seem rather inconvenient because



SKETCH above shows suggested flywire screen to enclose the verandah of Mrs. Inglis' home. Note the extra layer of reinforcing mesh on the bottom panels. A more detailed plan of the framework is shown at right of sketch.

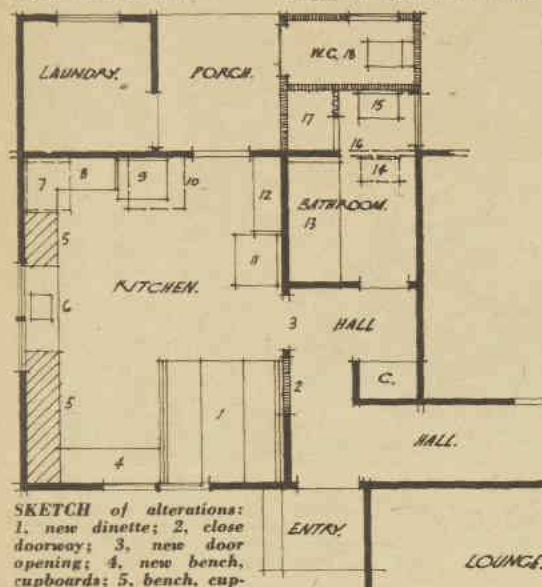
access to the stove is restricted. By moving the refrigerator, the stove could be placed more conveniently.

With this new arrangement, additional benches with cupboard space underneath could be built in positions 4, 8, and 12, as shown in the sketch.

The best and obvious way to extend the bathroom is on

to the back porch. By removing the present handbasin and making a new opening (No. 16), the basin can be placed in a good position to get light from the new window. A shower recess can be built at the end of the bath.

The remainder of the porch could then be occupied by the new toilet.



SKETCH of alterations: 1, new dinette; 2, close doorway; 3, new door opening; 4, new bench, cupboards; 5, bench, cupboards; 6, sink; 7, stove, remove to 9; 8, new bench, cupboards; 10, refrigerator, remove to 11; 12, new bench, cupboards; 13, bath; 14, basin, remove to 15; 16, new opening; 17, new shower recess; 18, new pedestal pan.

SENSIBLE CLOTHING FOR BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

MODERN baby clothes are so simple and practical that all mothers should be able to make them.

The three essentials for babies' and toddlers' clothes are that they should be non-constricting, porous, light, and warm.

Baby clothes should be economical and practical. Long clothes should never be used, because they hamper baby's free movements.

Sleeves in the baby's first little night-

gowns and dresses should be either in magyar or raglan style, both of which have ease and fullness. Sleeves in these styles will allow for the rapid increase in weight in the baby's early life.

Paper patterns of a practical and easy-to-make layette can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 3/6, post free. Please print names and addresses clearly.

Bring variety to your sandwiches and savouries with tasty **KRAFT SPREADS**



Choose from: Cream Cheese Spread — a smooth, creamy, delicate flavour . . . Smokay — distinctive cheese with a smoked "ham" flavour . . . Gorgonzola — rich piquant flavour and nip . . . Cheddar Cheese Spread — fully matured "tasty" flavour . . .

Danish Blue Cheese Spread — a blend of fine cheese with a rich, full flavour. Kraft makes a delicious non-cheese spread, too — Sandwich Relish — a delicate blend of gherkins and spice in a creamy spread.



CHEEZ WHIZ — different from any cheese flavour you've ever tasted. Spread it on sandwiches, heat it for a quick cheese sauce, spoon it over hot vegetables or into mashed potatoes.



VELVEETA — the cheese food in a packet that spreads like butter. In fact, when you spread Velveeta you don't need butter. Saves money — adds extra nourishment to your sandwiches. Velveeta puts back the milk minerals and Vitamin B₂ lost in ordinary cheese making.



get a beautiful set of drinking glasses **FREE!**



Here's all you do: Stock up with the wonderful range of Kraft foods that s-p-r-e-a-d. Each Kraft spread comes to you in a beautiful fluted tumbler. Spread creamy Kraft goodness on bread or biscuits. And

then, after you've enjoyed the spreads right down to the very last morsel, you have a set of fine quality drinking glasses. So sturdy for the kiddies — so smart for your guests.

Continuing

A Lift Into Colmar

[from page 63]

friend was indeed here, perhaps a quarter of an hour ago, or a little more. I saw him myself. And I have just seen him again, passing on the road below there."

Hilary opened her mouth in indignant astonishment; she had not expected Jonathan to go as far as this. It seemed to her a negation of all the rules.

"You mean that—that he bribed him not to tell me—?"

"Not at all—nothing so ungracious! He bribed him, I think, not to tell me something." He smiled again.

"Look, I shall tell you what you will think perhaps a very funny story." His voice was confidential. "I have a fiancée with red hair, and a temperament of the same color. We are very fond of each other, but let us be honest, we fight. Today we fought once too often, and she ran away from me in a rage. I was sure she took this road, and I came here looking for her. Your friend was then here finishing lunch, and it seemed to me that he had not quite the look of a man who has lunched alone. But after all, I do not know him, I can hardly accuse him of hiding my fiancée from me."

"I ask the waiter, but no, Mademoiselle Becher has not been here. I wait. Finally your friend leaves, and I, feeling that I have misjudged him, since to all appearances he drives away alone, also go to my car. Ah, but my car refuses now to start, and it is hardly surprising, for after five minutes of trying this and that I find that the distributor cap is gone."

He shrugged humorously. "So, then," he concluded, "I climb a tree, to see if the car which left here with only one person in it will appear below with two. And it does. And the second has red hair, and, I think, my distributor cap in her handbag."

He laughed outright now at the distrustful tremors of Hilary's face.

"Don't be afraid, it is not so bad as that. Marianne has asked him for a lift into Colmar, perhaps, but nothing more. All she wants is to elude me. And all I want is to overtake her and be forgiven for not losing the last argument. Your friend is at a disadvantage—what can he do but play the chivalrous knight? But if you and I should appear, in a fiery chariot, but not from heaven, I think they would perhaps both be secretly pleased to see us."

His laugh was audacious, but not offensive, and he had been careful not to align her situation too frankly with his own. All the same, she made haste to account for herself, stonily holding back the laughter, and already excited to the first genuine sparkle of pleasure in the encounter.

"With me it's even crazier," she told him, "and much too long to tell. It began with the cars, and ended in a bet. I've got to take the same road he uses, and still get to Colmar before him."

"You have the power to do it, but easily! Is it permitted to me to do as Marianne has done, and ask you for a lift?"

Her dark eyes had begun to dance with amusement. She unfastened the tonneau cover, and whipped it back impetuously from the passenger seat. "Get in! We'll catch them before they get to the main road below!"

They overhauled Jonathan's car towards the end of the steepest stretches of the mountain gradient. Hilary, excited by the chase and in love with

her own driving, shouted that round the next bend they would be able to pass them. Her black hair, short as a boy's, stood erect in the wind of their going, and she was laughing gleefully.

"I'll whip by on the straight, shall I, and then pull across and force them to stop. There'll be no other traffic, what does it matter if I block the road?"

She looked for an instant at her companion. He was staring ahead, braced forward in the passenger seat, one hand behind him gripping the flapping edge of the tonneau cover, which she had pushed back out of the way but not removed. He was waiting for the moment when they would sweep round the curve and be close upon the heels of the Morris. His eyes were narrowed and bright, his mouth was smiling. And here came the curve.

He slid suddenly from the seat to the floor, and with a heave of his arm drew the tonneau cover over him. Startled, she clutched hard at the wheel to correct a swerve, and opened her lips in alarm to demand of him what was wrong, when something small, circular, and hard pressed abruptly into her left side.

She put a hand down to it, foolishly incredulous, and then as sharply snatched it back be-

An egotist is a person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me.

—Ambrose Bierce

cause there was no need to touch in order to know.

It was not really happening. It was some monstrous joke! It only she had not missed some essential clue there would be nothing frightening about it. Afterwards she would be able to laugh at herself for being such a fool. But the gun remained a gun, and at her instinctive gesture it had ground sharply into her ribs, warning her again of its invincible reality.

She felt nothing at all for a moment, only an opaque incredulity through which the man's voice, hard, confident, and alertly calm, spoke like a voice in a nightmare.

"Drive past, and don't stop! You have a bet with him—you are winning it. Wave to him, laugh at him, make sure that he knows all is well with you. Then drive on, and lose them quickly. You understand? It would be wise to be convincing. I think you like this man. So, put his mind at rest about you. And don't forget, because he must think I am not here, that indeed I am here, and this with me!"

The bend was passed, she was on top of the Morris almost before she realised it, so numbed was her mind with shock. Not merely the shock of fright but the horrible shock of having been taken in, made use of, the humiliation of her own fallibility.

If she had not had the car in her hands, and her responses to that need had not been so instinctive, she would have been trembling with that sudden rush of self-disgust. But she never doubted that the man beside her was dangerous. It was something about the gun, the way it seemed not something alien but a part of his body, as though he were not complete without it. The use of it came as readily to him as the use of foot and hand.

"Have you understood me?" The barrel of the gun bored at her ribs deliberately.

She said through her teeth:

"Yes." Her throat and tongue were so stiff that she could hardly speak at all, so strongly did her mind object to surrender. But that girl, the red-gold head now turning to stare wide-eyed as the Triumph swept down upon her, she was at the centre of this affair, and she had as much immediate need of Hilary's submission and self-control as Hilary herself had. You can gamble with your own life, but not with other people's, not even to save your self-respect.

"Your horn! You are winning a bet, let him know it!" the gun directed her, laughing from its hiding-place. It was the gun speaking, the gun laughing, not the man. Without the gun, she thought, the man would hardly exist, it had been the gun directing the operation all along.

She sounded the horn loudly and long. Jonathan, watching her in the mirror, drew well over to the rim of the road, and between curve and curve, in the straight stretch of road shaded here by a thin screen of young firs, the Triumph forged by.

Hilary saw the red-haired girl's face strained and wondering, and caught a flash of Jonathan's broad grin. Evidently it looked all right to him. Whatever glimpse of the man and the gun the cover might have allowed them was screened by her body. Nothing to be done now but make a good job of it.

She gave him two short blasts of the horn, and waved a hand as she swept by.

"Good! You are a wise little girl, you will do well," approved the gun, still laughing. She was becoming more alive to details now, less obsessed by disgust at her own failure of judgment. She could hear the laughter that held no amusement, and never had held any. "Now leave them behind! Let us have more speed!"

She put a sharp spur of hill-side between herself and the Morris. Jonathan was still grinning when she lost the last glimpse of him in the mirror. More speed! She put her foot down savagely, and began to roll up behind them the curling miles of road.

"What now?"

He had put back the cover from over him, and was loling back in the seat, the gun still lazy but alert in his hand, his eyes in the hard, handsome brown face still laughing up at her thoughtfully. It was the gun thinking, too.

She felt now a faint, wondering disgust which was not directed against herself, a desire to giggle at the spectacle of this man, crouching under a rainproof sheet in order to be able to compel the actions of others without being himself in any danger. It seemed to her a curious and revealing inversion of all the values of integrity and dignity. It gave her a feeling of her own strength in the middle of this galling weakness, this infuriating obedience.

"Now you will drive on until I tell you to turn aside. And you drive as fast as this car will go—and do not forget that I know how fast it will go."

She shut her lips then, and drove in silence, furiously. He could be frightened. Not, she thought, by speed, but he could be frightened. There would be a time for her, if she watched for it with sufficient devotion. For her, and for Jonathan, and for the red-haired girl.

In the meantime, she drove as she had been told to drive, at top speed, along the now levelling road to Colmar, in the hush and the vibrating heat of the summer afternoon.

To be continued



it's honest-to-goodness coffee plus chicory!

It's no sleight of hand to make a good cup of Ricory. Ricory has the liveliest, richest, most satisfying flavour you've ever tasted! It's a careful blend of coffee and chicory—gives you the rich, robust coffee flavour you crave! Try a cup to-night. To-night? Make one now—you can't make a bad cup of Ricory!

Ricory

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

RICORY IS NOT AN ESSENCE!
it's rich coffee & chicory in powder form.



* A spoonful of Ricory in a cup, add hot water and presto! Rich, real coffee and chicory. Full bodied! Fragrant! Made in a moment, because Ricory is an instant powder.

Ricory is Nestlé's soluble coffee and chicory product, composed of coffee and chicory solids combined and powdered with dextrin, maltose and lactose.

R-27.HPC

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 13, 1957

Page 67

SPRING CHICKEN SALAD

juice, salt, pepper. 2 tablespoons lemon
chop whites of eggs. Mix with chicken, celery,
pineapple, nuts. Mix oil and lemon juice (or
vinegar), salt, pepper; lightly add chicken
mixture. Leave for 30 minutes. Drain off any
liquid. Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add to
salad dressing. Carefully stir in the salad
mixture. Place in small moulds; chill.
Unmould on lettuce, sieve the
yolk of eggs over the top, adding a sprinkling of chopped
parsley.

FREE
RECIPE
BOOK!

- G.P.O. Box 3583, SYDNEY
- G.P.O. Box 4058, MELBOURNE
- G.P.O. Box 712F, ADELAIDE
- G.P.O. Box 758K, BRISBANE
- G.P.O. Box 588, PERTH

DAVIS GELATINE

THE DAVIS GELATINE ORGANISATION • FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

Luscious
**FRUIT SALAD
ICE CREAM**



MAKE IT NOW, FOR TO-MORROW!
Overnight, chill 12-oz. tin of Ideal. 20 minutes before making, set refrigerator at maximum. Add 1 teaspoon cold water to 1 teaspoon gelatine, allow to swell, heat until dissolved, then cool. Add 2 oz. sugar and dissolved gelatine to chilled Ideal, whip until thick.
Before placing in refrigerator trays, gently fold in 1 passionfruit, 1 banana, 1 pear and 1 orange diced into small pieces.

**NESTLÉ'S IDEAL
EVAPORATED MILK**

10 123.72

Page 68



Readers win prizes

FESTIVE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Cream butter or substitute, gradually add the $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar, beat well. Add egg-yolks, then the extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, raisins, and melted chocolate. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and cinnamon alternately with hot water, sour milk, and rum. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into a greased 8 in. cake-tin. Press almond halves into top, sprinkle with the tablespoon white sugar. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Leave in tin 15 minutes to allow cake

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Kennedy, 112 Sackville St., Greenslopes, Brisbane.

Chop carrot, onion, and celery finely or grate coarsely. Chop tomato, add to meat with other vegetables, parsley, beaten egg, salt, pepper, sauces, and breadcrumbs. Mix thoroughly and fill into greased pudding-basin. Cover with greased paper and steam 1½ to 2 hours. Unmould, serve hot or cold.

Hot Garlic Bread: To make garlic bread choose a long French loaf of bread and cut almost through at about 2in. intervals, brush slits and crust with melted butter which has been flavored with a crushed clove of garlic. Place in moderate oven to heat through before serving with extra butter.



'Savlon'
ANTISEPTIC CREAM
A First Aid Kit in a Tube

Obtainable only from
your chemist

39



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are wild.

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust.

Staisweet

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

THE BEST COOKS



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 13, 1957

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 64-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F3201.—Glamorous three-piece trousseau set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. lace, 6½yds. lace insertion, and 6yds. applique lace. Price 4/6.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4470.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make bloomers. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F3961.—Tailored long-sleeved nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 4/9.

F4468.—Front-buttoned house-gown, designed with a wide floating skirt, moulded bodice, and 4-length cuffed sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material or 7yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4397.—Two-piece sleeping pyjamas, the jacket finished with a lace yoke and matching trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. lace, and 2yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 4/6.



F3201



F4468



F4397



F3961



F4469

F4469.—Waist-petticoat dress designed with a pretty flare. Sizes 24½ to 30in. waist. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 10yds. ½in. embroidered edging, and 2½yds. ½in. velvet ribbon. Price 3/6.



433

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 433.—GIRL'S TENNIS DRESS
Sleeveless one-piece tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white pique and white sanforised poplin.
Sizes: 10 years (28in. bust) 19/11, 12 years (30in. bust) 22/6, 14 years (32in. bust) 24/3, 16 years (34in. bust) 26/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 434.—BOY'S SHIRT AND PANTS
Long-sleeved shirt and tailored pants are obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton Cesara. The color choice includes: Shirt, pink, blue, lemon, cream, and green; pants, green, brown, grey, and cream.
Sizes: 2 years 28/3, 3 to 4 years 30/6, 5 to 6 years 34/9. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

No. 435.—LUNCHEON SET
Attractively designed luncheon set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on cream and white Irish linen.
Sizes: Large mat 11 by 17in., plate mats 11 by 11in., and cup-and-saucer mats 5 by 9in. Nine-piece set consisting of 1 large, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats. Price 19/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set consisting of 1 large, 6 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats. Price 23/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra. Serviettes to match, 11 by 11in. Price 1/11 each. Postage 3d. extra.

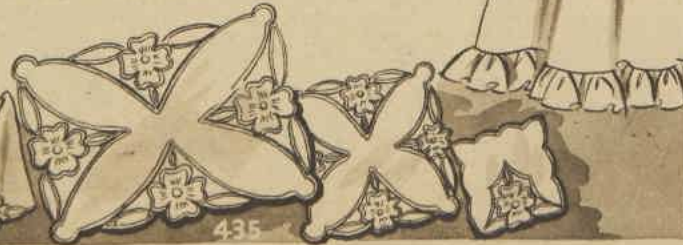
No. 436.—GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN
Pretty ruffle-and-ribbon-trimmed winter nightgown obtainable cut out ready to make in white and colored flannelette. The color choice includes pastel pink and blue, lemon, cream, and white.
Sizes: 2 years 19/9, 3 to 4 years 24/6, 5 to 6 years 27/3, 7 to 8 years 29/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.



436



434



435

It lasts so much longer . . . that's why I buy **MORLEY Velnit** for the family's underwear

SOFT and luxurious knitted fabric. "Velnit" is durable, unshrinkable and easy to wash. That's why women who shop for the family ask for Morley "Velnit" when they buy light underwear. It's smooth, non-irritating, always fresh and comfortable.

WOMEN: V-neck, opera top or short sleeve Vest. Pantees or Briefs with ribbed leg.

BOYS: Athletic or short sleeve Singlets. Briefs with DURA-STRETCH Waistband. Also T-Shirts for men and boys.

GIRLS: Sleeveless Vests, also Briefs and Pantees in school colours.

MEN: Athletics, Shorts, Trunks, Briefs with DURA-STRETCH Waistband. Also Short-sleeved Singlet, round neck or button front.

for all the family

MORLEY Velnit

Interlock cotton underwear

Always look for the name **MORLEY**

Your favourite Knitwear created by

Finlaw

Curlon, the new All-Year-Round wonder fabric made by Finlaw Mills is guaranteed. Curlon never shrinks, stretches or loses shape.



Curlon is scientifically treated for winter warmth

Ask for Curlon, spelt C-U-R-L-O-N, in glorious new styles and colours

Guaranteed by

FINLAW MILLS

Beware of imitations

28 Derby Street, Collingwood, Melbourne



Jatz have the tang which brings out the full rich flavour of Strawberry Conserve or any fine quality jam.

Arnott's
famous
JATZ
Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are close on the trail of Mandrake's sister, Lenore, who vanished when she set out to discover the secret of Witchmen's Peak, the weird and mysterious place where the local witch-doctors learn their trade.

Following her to the peak, Mandrake and Lothar are ambushed by two natives with blow guns and poisoned darts. But, gesturing hypnotically, Mandrake makes the natives flee. Riding further on, they are trapped when two iron gates slide into place. Cages open, freeing savage tigers. **NOW READ ON:**



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



It takes only
30 seconds to
read this

Let you may bless the day you
look just half a minute to find
the facts about Tampax



Here's why internal sanitary protection is so important to so many women: (1) It's completely invisible when worn... eliminates chafing, pins and pads. (2) It gives unparalleled comfort—no chafing, irritation. (3) It prevents odour from forming. (4) Disposal is easy. (5) Wearer's hands needn't touch Tampax during insertion or removal. (6) Tampax is so small that a month's supply goes into the handbag. (7) Tampax may be worn in the bath or while swimming. (8) The pure white surgical cotton which Tampax is made is highly absorbent, firmly stitched for safety. (9) Tampax was invented by a doctor for the monthly needs of all women. Buy a packet from any chemist or store. Choice of two absorbencies: Regular and Super.

Send now for a
TRIAL PACKAGE

The Nurse, World Agencies Pty.
Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send me a trial package
of Tampax in a plain wrapper.
Enclose 3/6d. stamp for postage.

Name
Address

PO77

**FLATTERING Superfine
SURGICAL NYLONS**

Hide • Control
Relieve

**VARICOSE
VEINS**

**Scholl
2-WAY STRETCH
NYLON**
SURGICAL
HOSIERY

Superfine for
**YOU'D NEVER KNOW
appearance**

At last — a lightweight, superfine Nylon stocking that provides 100% correct surgical tension, scientifically accurate support, greatest comfort and relief. Can't be detected under ordinary stockings. Moulds the leg to a lovelier line. Light, cool, feather-soft, ladder-proof, fits smoothly without a wrinkle. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

**Give
Baby
Lovely
Curls**

CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly... removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

Curlypet

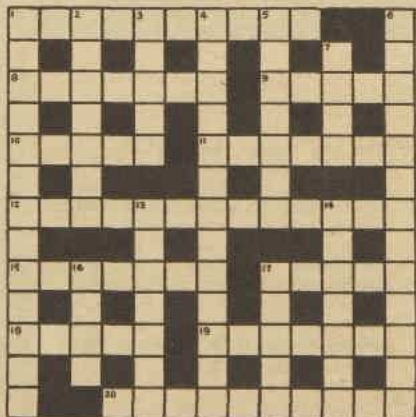
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 13, 1957



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Inhabitants who receive no big raise. (10)
- Essence. (7)
- I produce pounds and shillings for false gods. (5)
- Incriminate falsely with the skeleton of a structure. (5)
- Sue's ire. (Anagr. 7)
- Meddlings placed in free centres. (13)
- Pertaining to marriage. (7)
- Confidence ending in corrosion. (5)
- Fiction mostly broken love. (5)
- Root and a violent storm. (7)
- Edits with a care and extirpates. (10)



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- It's a card and not a first-rate gem. (3, 2, 8)
- Surpass in duration if you put the French in a stirred-up stout. (7)
- Spin a needle and find it inwardly fatuous. (5)
- I lent a red pelt. (Anagr. 13)
- Building the base of which is ice. (7)
- Exemptions from duty laid down. (13)
- So turned between pounds and shillings is a disadvantage. (4)
- A quick talker can be a first-rate specimen. (7)
- Running in a coat of arms. (7)
- Wander in mind and says farewell at the end. (4)
- Card game where a sun god turns in a turned small bed. (5)



Solution of last week's crossword.

BOIL without guessing!
POACH without watching!
with the sensational
Sunbeam
AUTOMATIC
EGG BOILER & POACHER



BOILS 1-6 eggs

POACHES
1-3 eggs

Cooks eggs
EXACTLY as you
like them... the same every time!

Simple as ABC! You use the measuring tube, which serves as a handle—or the graduations inside the lid—to measure the correct amount of water to boil or poach the eggs to your taste. Very little water is used! This is converted to steam, which does all the cooking. The result... boiled or poached eggs with a flavour that's superb. And thermostatic control ensures they're always just right.

Yours for a lifetime of easy-to-get breakfasts



tutu -

His heart will dance to
your tune when you wear tutu -
the irresistible perfume
with the provocative air

a
new
perfume
by

Saville



SAVILLE · PICCADILLY · LONDON

Page 71

"The Softest Smoothest Baby Powder I've ever used!"



MATRON E. M. SHAW, O.B.E., late of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street—Australia's leading maternity hospital at which 5,476 babies are born every year.

Says MATRON SHAW

"In my 34 years at the WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, Crown Street, I saw over and over again how essential comfort and contentment are to a baby's happiness. And that's just one of the reasons why I tell mothers everywhere that there is no better baby powder than NYAL. In all my experience, I found that Nyal is the softest, smoothest baby powder I have ever used. It is so beautifully fine, and brings soothing comfort to baby's sensitive skin!" Nyal Baby Powder, containing Boracic Acid and Alphozone (both gentle antiseptics), is a refreshing deodorant. Relieves skin irritations, too—keeps baby's skin soft and free from chafing. Delicately perfumed. Two sizes ... **2/5, 4/9**

Nyal Baby Powder Repels Moisture

Water "rolls" off when Nyal Baby Powder is smoothed gently over the skin. Unlike ordinary baby powders which absorb moisture, Nyal Baby Powder actually repels it. This moisture-resistant quality lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin.

Nyal BABY POWDER

Keep Baby's Skin Soft, Supple

A daily bath with pure NYAL Baby Soap—containing soothing Lanolin—keeps baby's skin soft and supple ... safe from drying and roughness! Mild, delicately perfumed NYAL Baby Soap produces a creamy, generous lather. And mother—you will find that NYAL Baby Soap is ideal as a beautifying complexion soap for you. **1/4, 2/-**.

Nyal BABY SOAP



Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Soothing Relief From Skin Irritations

When baby "complains" because of Diaper Rash, Cradle Cap or Chafing, provide relief instantly by using cooling, soothing, protective NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream. The modern formula of NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream was compounded especially to ease these painful conditions. As the name implies, NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream contains Calamine, which soothes pain and discomfort, promotes healing; Lanolin to make baby's skin soft, supple again; PLUS a special pain-relieving ingredient which stops the irritation and itching. **FAST. Large Tube, 2/3.**

Nyal CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM



"SOOTHES BABY'S TUMMY"

"Just one teaspoonful of Nyal Milk of Magnesia after feeding is the quickest way I know to soothe baby's upset tummy—prevent 'wind pains' and acidity in infants," says Matron Shaw. "Nyal Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. I have proved it safe for even the youngest baby." Sweetened or Regular. Two sizes, **3/3, 5/-**.

Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA



Take CHOCOLAX to-night—feel right in the morning!

NEW Chocolate Laxative helps you regain normal regularity

When YOU need a laxative, take new, pleasant-tasting CHOCOLAX. CHOCOLAX tastes just like REAL chocolate. In fact, CHOCOLAX IS REAL chocolate with a medically-proven, gentle-acting laxative agent added.

Take CHOCOLAX at night. It acts so gently it won't disturb your sleep—yet is so effective that in the morning you will regain normal regularity. No upset ... no discomfort ... no embarrassing urgency. CHOCOLAX is so good-tasting that children, as well as adults, take it willingly. No medicine-taste at all! Your family chemist sells CHOCOLAX. Regular Size, **2/6**; Economy Size, **4/3**

Nyal CHOCOLAX

